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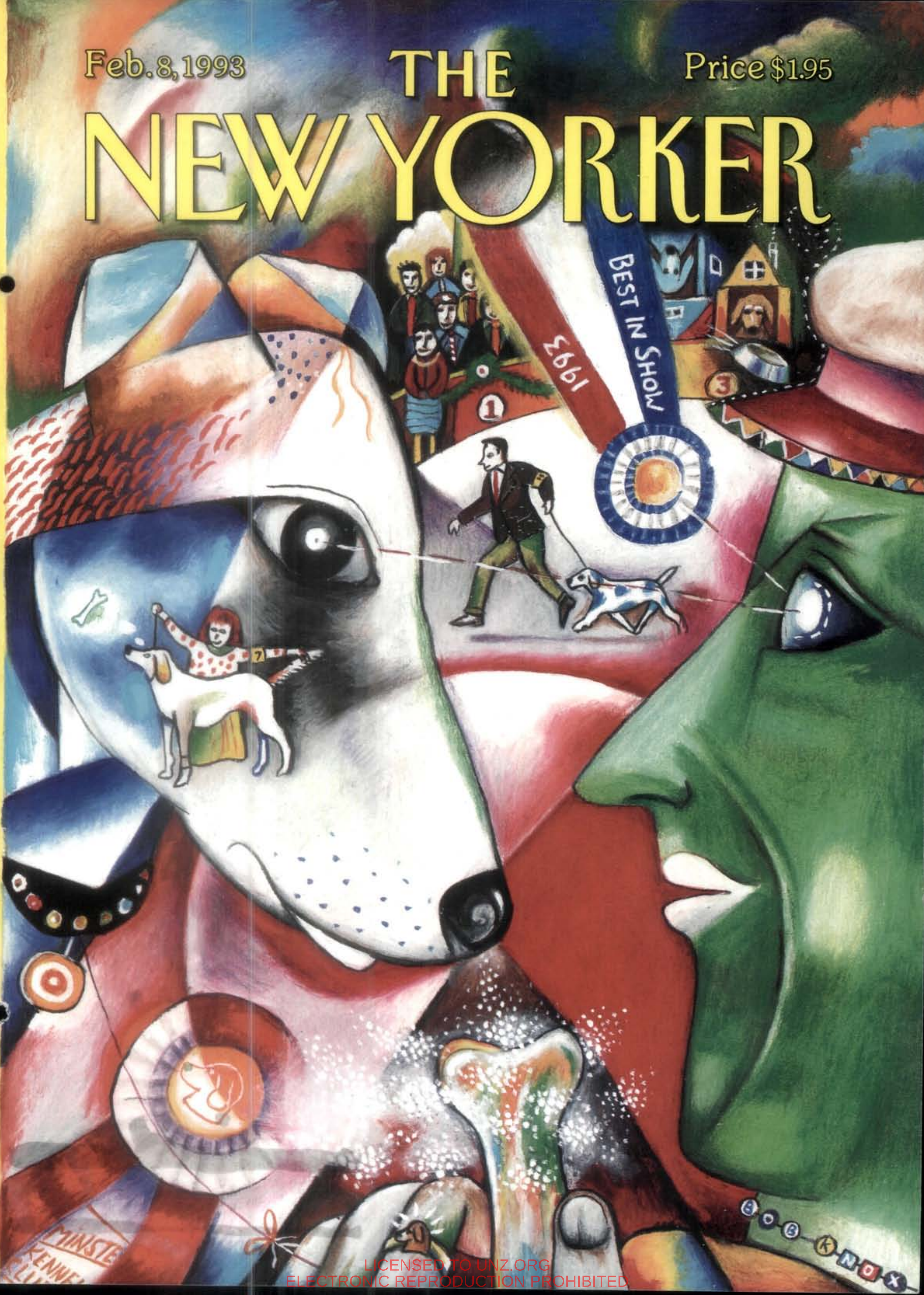
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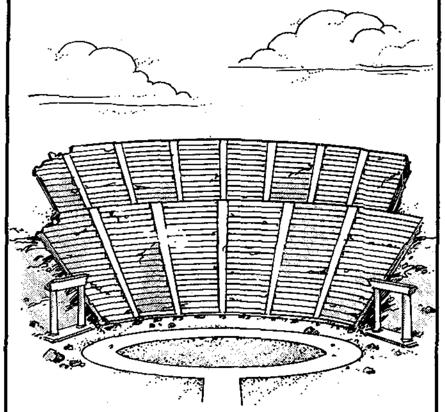

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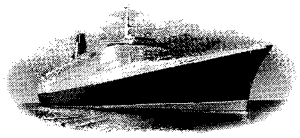

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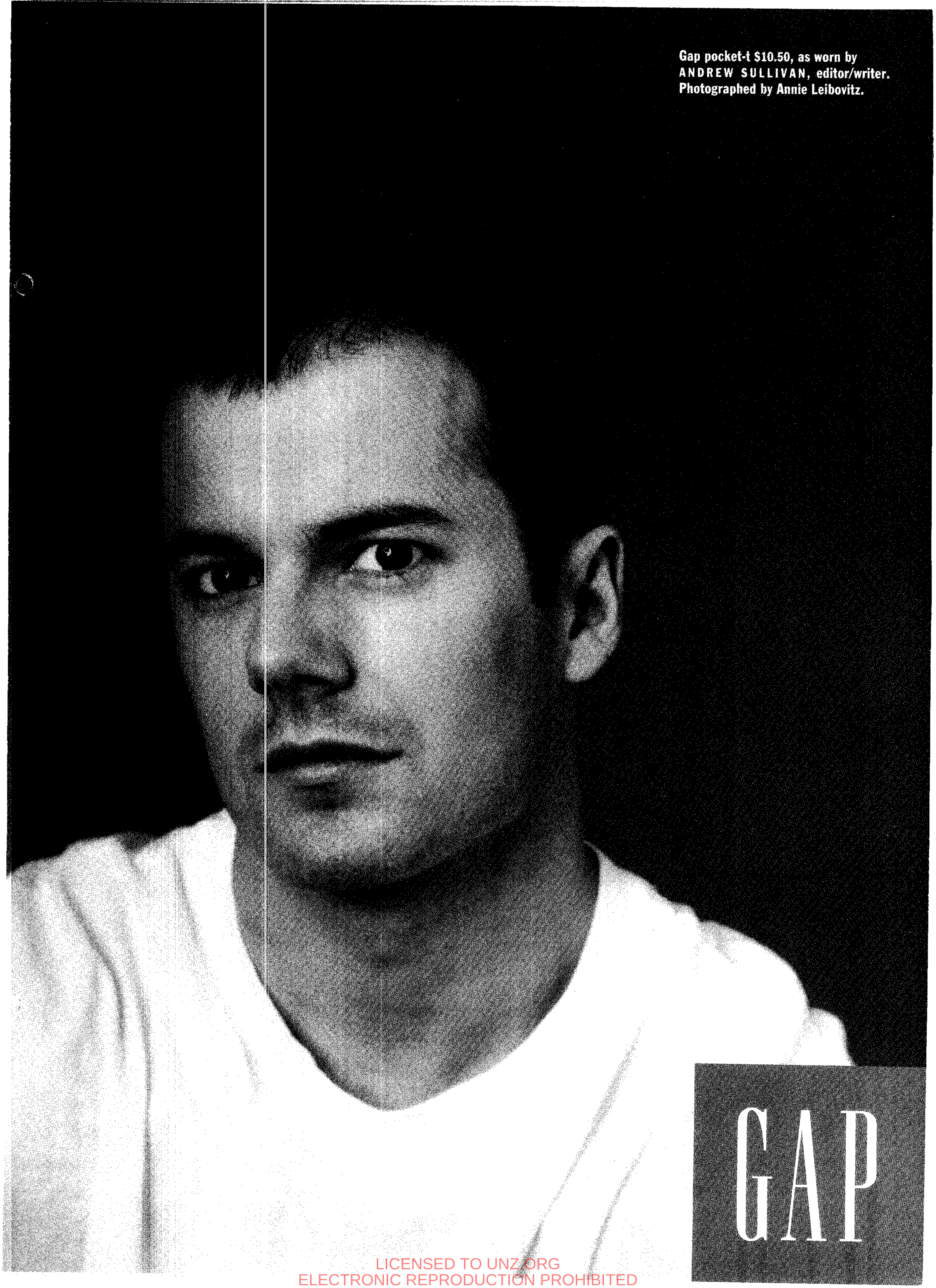

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COMMENT

THIRD PERSON SINGULAR

THURGOOD MARSHALL'S death, at the age of eighty-four, came on January 24th, less than a week after the King holiday and at a time when "Malcolm X" was still showing in hundreds of movie theatres. The next day, a student at the Howard University School of Law, where, sixty years ago, Marshall graduated first in his class, told Karen De Witt, of the *Times*, that Marshall was "a hero around here—part of the triumvirate with Martin Luther King and Malcolm X."

Marshall was a hero to many people in many places. But the realities of his relationships with the two other men make them seem an odd trinity. In life, Malcolm X and Thurgood Marshall had little but contempt for each other. They met just once, at Malcolm's instigation, in Harlem, in the late nineteen-fifties, when Marshall was the celebrated victor in the 1954 Brown v. Board of Education case and Malcolm was the leading spokesman for the Nation of Islam. As Marshall recalled their conversation in an interview with his biographer Juan Williams, "we spent the whole time calling each other sons of bitches." Marshall's dealings with King were more extensive and more cordial. It was the N.A.A.C.P.'s Legal Defense and Educational Fund, led by Marshall, that represented the Montgomery bus boycotters, led by King, and persuaded the Supreme Court that segregation on city buses was unconstitutional. But Marshall and King were also competitors. In 1959, Marshall got more votes than King in a magazine contest to select the "most important" black leader. When Marshall was appointed to the Supreme Court, in 1967, King praised President Johnson for defying the then still predominantly racist Southern wing of the Democratic Party, but if he said anything nice about Marshall himself it went unreported in the newspapers. Marshall, for his part, recognized King's skills as an orator and organizer, but thought that real change had been, and would be, forged in the courts, not in the streets. And, as both men well knew, Marshall had begun winning landmark legal victories—on such issues as the poll tax, the "white primary" system of disenfranchising blacks in the Southern states, and racial discrimination in education—when King was still in grade school. Marshall's appeal to the American Constitution pre-

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pared the way for King's appeal to the American conscience, and helped consolidate the gains of King's movement before, during, and after King's lifetime.

Thurgood Marshall had as great an impact on the history and deliberations of the United States Supreme Court as anyone who has ever lived. That is a statement that could be made with almost equal confidence even if he had never joined the Court. Tall (six feet two), charming (he was a riotously funny storyteller), and physically courageous (his life was often in danger as he travelled thousands of miles a year throughout the hostile South), the young Marshall was, as a legal strategist, farseeing to the point of genius. At the time he joined the N.A.A.C.P.'s legal team, in 1936, its energies were still focussed mostly on the "equal" side of the infamous formula "separate but equal"—that is, on attempts to induce or force improvements in blacks-only facilities. Marshall, recognizing that the formula was oxymoronic, shifted to an all-out attack on "separate"—that is, on segregation itself. His battle plan was worthy of Clausewitz. He devised the canny strategy of first persuading a patronizing white judiciary to grant fair treatment to a small and unthreatening class of blacks: exemplary, eminently qualified applicants to publicly funded graduate and professional schools. He followed his early victories by broadening their scope until they culminated in Brown, which mandated an end to segregation in all public schools—and, for the Court as an institution, expunged the shame of Dred Scott and Plessy v. Ferguson. In turn, just as Marshall anticipated, the Brown decision marked the beginning of the end for all forms of officially sanctioned barriers based on race.

In its own way, Justice Marshall's service on the Supreme Court was as remarkable as his previous career. It was his misfortune—and ours—that he served the bulk of his tenure on a Court that grew increasingly cold to the causes to which he dedicated his life. Even so, Justice Marshall sometimes achieved surprising success with his rearguard actions. In a speech to the Association of the Bar of the City of New York last year, Randall Kennedy, a professor of law at Harvard, traced the extraordinary story of how, in the nineteen-eighties, Justice Marshall, on his own, brought about a revolution in the law of peremptory challenges in criminal cases. Marshall knew that prosecutors often used peremptory challenges, which allow lawyers to exclude jurors without giving a reason, to keep blacks off the juries of black defendants. In his little-noticed campaign, Justice Marshall, beginning in dissent with Justice William Brennan alone, eventually persuaded the Court to hold, seven to two, that the Constitution is violated when a prosecutor uses a peremptory challenge in a racially discriminatory manner.

"And what's the story behind the story?"

Justice Marshall's victory on peremptory challenges was a rare one. On many of the issues that mattered most to him—particularly on civil rights and the death penalty—he lost far more often than he won. But there is a noble history of dissent on the Supreme Court. In the early part of this century, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Brandeis devoted a significant part of their careers to dissenting in important cases. In time, a more enlightened Court came to adopt their views as the law of the land, while their temporarily victorious colleagues passed into obscurity. Someday, perhaps, the same will be said of Justice Marshall.

Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Thurgood Marshall spoke in different voices to America's confused mind on race. There is no gold medal in this unreal competition among black American heroes; the public appetite for black heroes is as telling as the works of the men being lionized. Malcolm, the least of the three, stands as the defiant street-corner Jeremiah of anger and alienation. (Perhaps, if his fame lasts, he will be remembered as a kind of American Guy Fawkes.) King stands as the transcendent prophet of love and moral strength, the Christ-like martyr who lived and died for peaceful but radical social change. Marshall, who lived and struggled longer than the two others combined, stands, Moses-like, as the lawgiver, the man with a hammer who broke apart the legality of segregation and then continued, on the High Court, to insist that the power of the Constitution and the laws must be wielded in the service of justice and of healing the great wound, still red and raw, that was inflicted by two and a half centuries of slavery. In the July, 1939, edition of the N.A.A.C.P.'s magazine, *The Crisis*, Marshall wrote, "While it may be true that laws and constitutions do not act to right wrong and overturn established folkways overnight, it is also true that the reaffirmation of these principles of democracy builds a body of public opinion in which rights and privileges of citizenship may be enjoyed." As he joins the heroes of history, that is Thurgood Marshall's epitaph. ♦

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

London's Calling

BRITISH imports have slowed to a trickle: except for "Blood Brothers," no new blockbuster English musical is scheduled for this season, and other fare is confined to such small-scale shows as "Night After Night," due this weekend at the Public.

The current non-musical production one would most like to make the crossing is the Almeida Theatre's stunning revival of Terence Rattigan's 1952 masterpiece "The Deep Blue Sea." It was the Almeida's inspired notion to engage the director Karel Reisz, whose pioneering film "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" played a part in establishing the Working Class Hero of the sixties, a development that effectively put Rattigan and his well-made West End dissections of upper-middle-class manners on the shelf. Now Reisz has made amends with a production so powerful that it single-handedly puts Rattigan (1911-77) back into the cultural discussion. Rattigan based his play on a homosexual suicide, transposing the emotional stakes into heterosexual terms and producing a dark meditation on the precarious balance of love and intimacy. Reisz, who is celebrated for coaxing great performances from fine actors, brings out the best in this cast, especially Penelope Wilton as the suicidal wife and Wojtek Pszoniak as the doctor who educates her to choose life.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Bargains—A comedy by Jack Heifner, presented by Primary Stages. Previews begin Feb. 4. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471.)

Five Women Wearing the Same Dress—A play by Alan Ball about bridesmaids in a wedding in Knoxville, Tennessee. Previews Feb. 3-7. Opens Feb. 8 at 7. (Manhattan Class Company, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765.)

The Heliotrope Bouquet by Scott Joplin & Louis Chauvin—A play, with ragtime music, by Eric Overmyer. Previews begin Feb. 6. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Night After Night (Part I)—Author Neil Bartlett and composer Nicolas Bloomfield perform a collaborative work on Feb. 4-5 at 10:30 P.M. This is the latest installment in a series that includes "Sarrasine," seen last season at Dance Theatre Workshop. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

On the Open Road—A play by Steve Tesich, with Byron Jennings and Anthony LaPaglia. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Tapestry: The Music of Carole King—A theatrical concert performed by a cast of six singers and a six-member live band. Directed by Jeffrey Martin. In previews. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-9251.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Anna Christie—Girl meets Hunk. Girl loses Hunk. Girl finds Hunk. Terrific performances from Natasha Richardson and Liam Neeson as Girl and Hunk. David Leveaux directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/1/93.) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

The Boiler Room—A play by Reuben González. Three performances a week are in English; four are in Spanish. Staged by Alex Colón. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Feb. 21.)

Born Guilty—Zach Grenier in Ari Roth's adaptation of a 1988 book by Peter Sichrovsky. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Feb. 7.)

Bubbe Meises, Bubbe Stories—A musical in which a granddaughter recalls her grandmothers and their stories. Written by, and starring, Ellen Gould. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

The Destiny of Me—Or "Confrontations with My Father." Larry Kramer's latest work is rarely less than involving, but the dramatic structure—a family-memory play grafted onto the present-day story of an exhausted, love-seeking AIDS activist—breaks down for good in the second act. Many people who stay for the third act, however, claim to be deeply moved by the conclusion. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Down the Shore—A play by Tom Donaghy, presented with a curtain-raiser, "The Dadshuttle." (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Closes Feb. 20.)

Forbidden Broadway 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This new edition is as funny as most of its predecessors. Among the new shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and among the holdovers are "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini, as if you had to be told, is the inspired writer and director, and Susanne Blakeslee, Dorothy Kiara, Brad Oscar, and Craig Wells are the splendid performers, doing a large assortment of roles. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

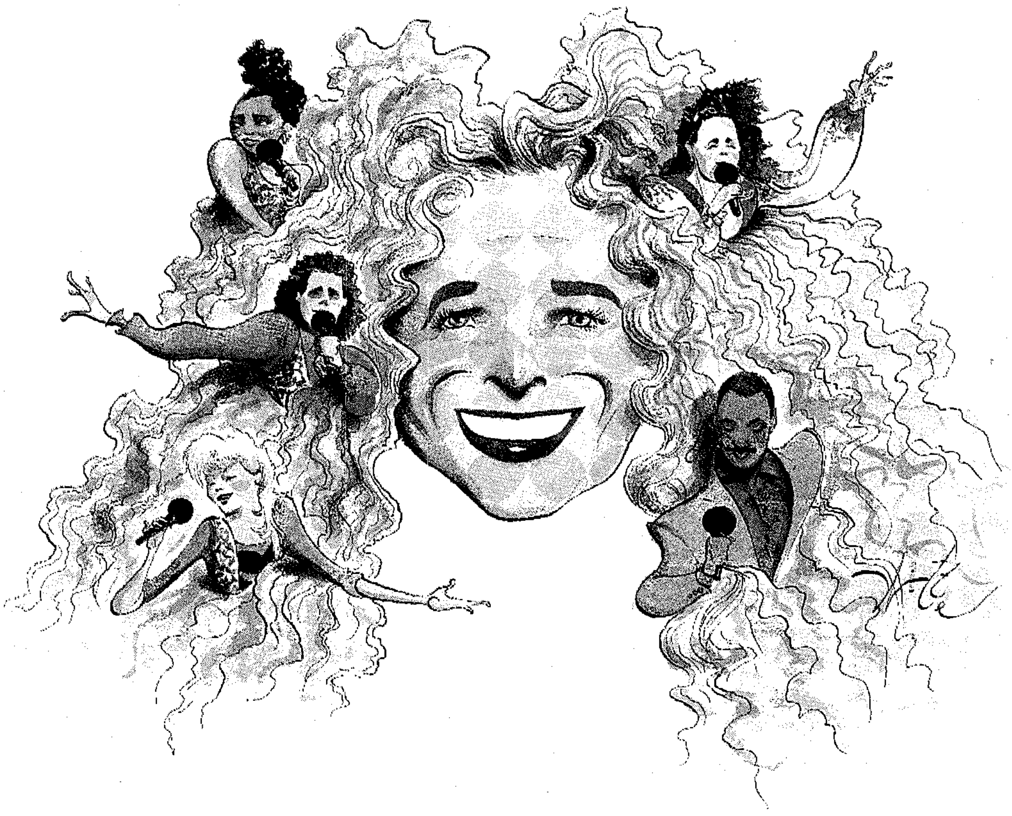
The Good Natur'd Man—Oliver Goldsmith's silly comedy preceded the sublime "She Stoops to Conquer" by five years. First produced in London in 1768, it is anything but a waste of time as mounted by the larky little Pearl Theatre Company, under Anthony Cornish's direction. The characters are clear and the lines are funny, though the plot makes no sense whatever. But who cares? (1/25/93) (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Feb. 6.)

Henry V—In the title role, Mark Rylance displays his verse-speaking ability, as well as unexpected comic timing, in this otherwise uneven Theatre for a New Audience production. Barry Kyle directed. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes Feb. 20.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A stirring, tough-minded revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

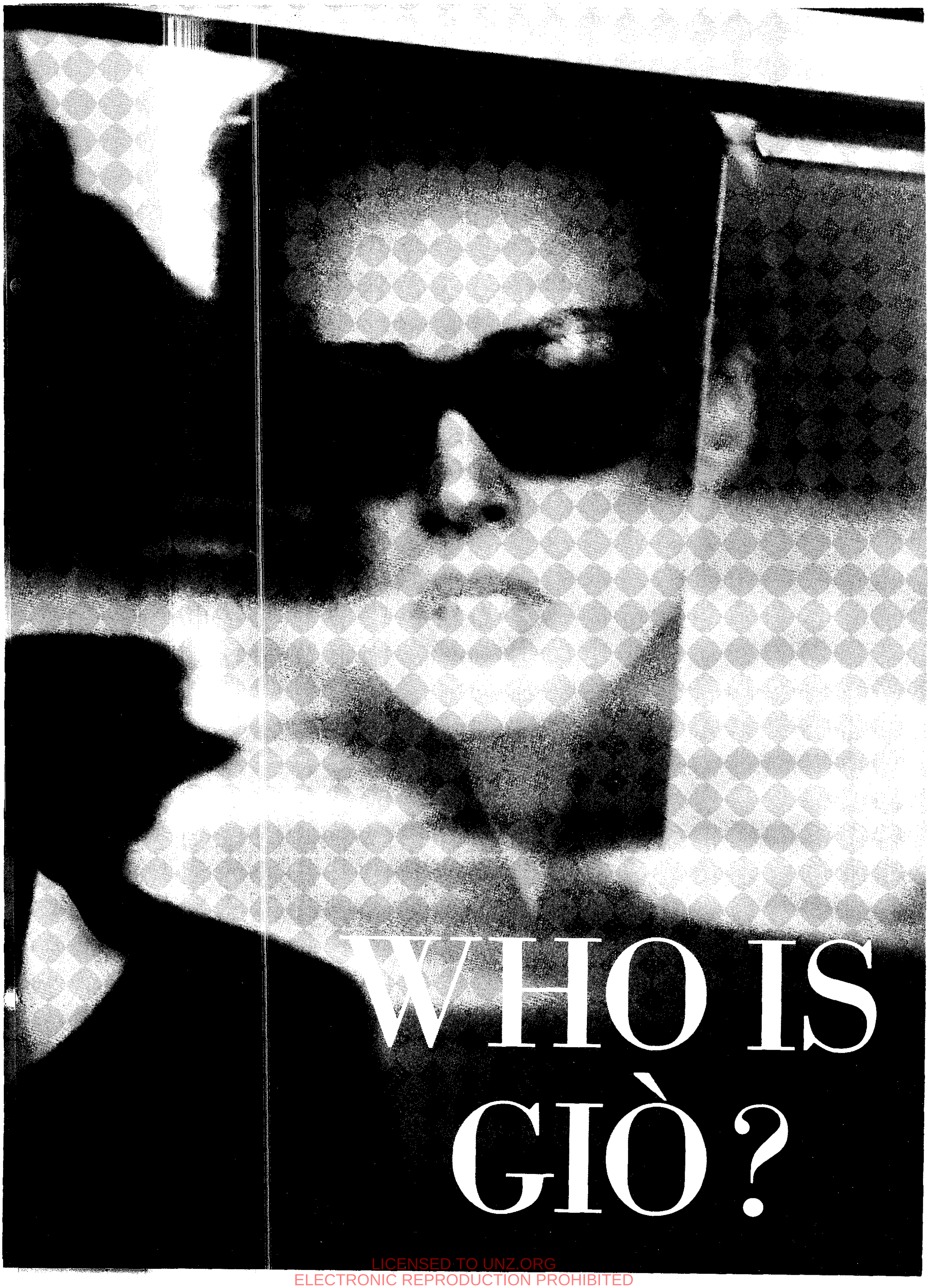
Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes Feb. 14.)

The Last Yankee—The meeting of two couples in a mental hospital, where both wives are being treated for depression, is an occasion, needless to say, for a lecture by the playwright, Arthur Miller, on American competitiveness and other national shortcomings. Never-



"Tapestry: The Music of Carole King" at the Union Square Theatre

MICHAEL WITTE



WHO IS GIÒ?

theless, there are some good—even funny—scenes, and the performances under John Tillinger's direction are first-rate. John Heard and Tom Aldredge are the husbands, and Frances Conroy and Rose Gregorio are the wives. (2/1/93) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A series of vignettes, by the rising writer/performer David Drake, about contemporary gay life. Mr. Drake is more gifted as a performer than as a writer, but his show is frequently absorbing—by turns silly and poignant. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

Oleanna—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other isms in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as even-handed as it is corrosive. With William H. Macy and Mary McCann. Not to be missed. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

Saint Joan—The National Actors Theatre's production of Shaw's play, with Maryann Plunkett in the title role. Michael Langham directed, and the cast also includes Nicholas Kepros, John Neville, and Jay O. Sanders. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

Scapin—A musical production of Molière's comedy, which is lively to the point of mania. Rusty Magee wrote the undistinguished score and lyrics, and Andrei Belgrader, the director, is also partly responsible for the cheesy adaptation. Stanley Tucci is as busy as can be in the title role; his resemblance to Al Pacino does him no harm but not much good, either. Even Mary Testa as Zerbinette cannot rescue this mess. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Feb. 21.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Alec McCowen (English), Stephen Rea (Irish), and James McDaniel (American) give stunning performances as hostages in Beirut in Frank McGuinness's moving and humorous play. Robin Lefèvre directed. (12/7/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Years—The meandering tale of a family and of two weddings and two muggings thirteen years apart. The play, by Cindy Lou Johnson, doesn't arrive at any destination to speak of, but the family members are interesting enough, especially a young fellow who seems to be just a put-upon factotum but mysteriously turns out to be an artist. With Paul McCrane, Frank Whaley, and Julie Hagerty, among others. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes Feb. 14.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER:** Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FALSETTOS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

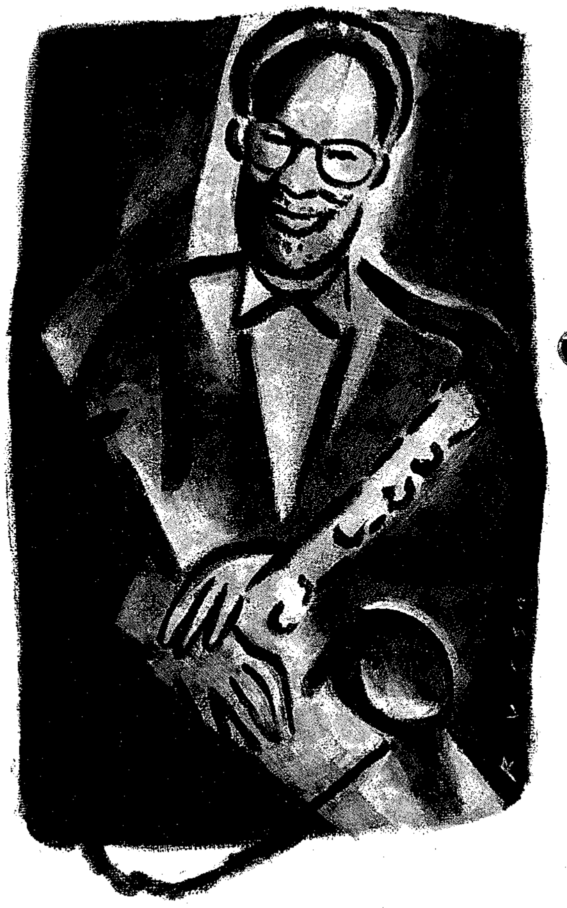
Remembering a Muse

ON February 7, the New York City Ballet will give the season's last performances of the Balanchine-Stravinsky work "Movements for Piano and Orchestra." That work and its companion piece, "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," are closely identified with Suzanne Farrell, who authoritatively danced the principal role in both throughout her City Ballet career. "Movements," however, was not conceived for her. It was made for Diana Adams, the City Ballet star who discovered Ms. Farrell as a student, brought her to Balanchine's attention, and taught her the part when pregnancy forced Adams to drop the assignment.

Diana Adams died in January, at the age of sixty-six. In a recent public appearance, Ms. Farrell paid tribute to her predecessor as "noble and grand." Balletgoers who saw Adams recall her musicality and her purity. Films of her (which can be seen at the Dance Collection of the Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center) show cool, clear, entirely unmannered classical dancing, marked by reserve and touched with drama. Adams was tall, and her long shapely legs looked sensational in profile or on the run. She had a light jump, a fine back, lovely hands, a face of Watteau-like beauty, and flawlessly limpid phrasing. Between 1944 and 1961, Balanchine made roles on her in twenty-four new ballets or revivals, including the lead in "Agon." He is said to have called her the epitome of the kind of dancer he wanted.

New York City Ballet—Feb. 3 at 8: "Ancient Airs and Dances," "Prodigal Son," and "Fearful Symmetries." . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 8: "Delight of the Muses," "Romeo and Juliet," "Herman Schmerman," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 2: "Ancient Airs and Dances," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 8: "In the Night," "Fancy Free," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 1: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements," "Herman Schmerman," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 7: "In the Night," "Prodigal Son," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 8: "Images," "Fancy Free," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. The season continues through Feb. 21.)

Ohio Ballet—In an engagement including "Planes/Configurations," "Andante Sostenuto," "In a Word," "Eight by Benny Goodman," "Cascade," "Duet," "Elegiac Song," and "Earth." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Feb. 3-6 at 8, and Feb. 7 at 2 and 7:30.)



Joe Henderson at the Blue Note

ANTHONY RUSSO

NIGHT LIFE

Sax Appeal

EARLY last year, when Joe Henderson's album "Lush Life" reached the top of *Billboard's* jazz chart, music writers responded with such joy and relief that either they must have truly loved the record or else they were getting royalties. "Lush Life" found the tenor saxophonist trying Billy Strayhorn's catalogue on for size. It boasted a first-rate supporting cast that included Wynton Marsalis as well as some of jazz's latest and most promising arrivals: pianist Stephen Scott, bassist Christian McBride, and drummer Gregory Hutchinson. But it was Henderson's sax work that carried the day.

Though Henderson has been doing his quiet, resolute thing for thirty years, and though his improvisations are among the most highly regarded in jazz, he's never sold many records. With "Lush Life," the world finally put its money where its mouth is. Henderson has just snagged a pair of Grammy nominations, and this week, through February 7, he will be celebrating at the Blue Note with his quartet (the drummer Al Foster, the bassist Dave Holland, and the guitarist Mike Stern). Odds are the foursome will unveil some tunes from "So Near, So Far," a Miles Davis tribute that's due out later this month.

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Call the phone number listed for performance schedules and, since musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change, to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**DAVID STALLER** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Staller's early show is a Rodgers and Hart revival titled "Easy to Remember"; his late show is "Noël & Cole." Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Brazilian-born samba singer **BETH CARVALHO** is in residence just now.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. The **JOE HENDERSON** quartet, which also includes bassist **DAVE HOLLAND,** guitarist **MIKE STERN,** and drummer **AL FOSTER,** will be here through Feb. 7; **HENDRIK MEURKENS** and **CLAUDIO RODITI** are in on Feb. 8; and an acoustic trio featuring **STANLEY CLARKE** comes in for a week on Feb. 9.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The art collection in this neighborhood restaurant, bar, and jazz club is a curator's worst nightmare. Fortunately, the musicians who gather round the Steinway each night are usually more harmonious. A trio consisting of pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** holds sway through Feb. 6. The Brian Lynch trio is in on Feb. 7. The **GARY BARTZ** trio, featuring John Hicks, takes over on Feb. 8. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small, peach-walled storefront, Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or café au lait and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. The café doesn't have a schedule per se, so it's often after the fact that one hears that some great Irish rocker has made a stop here. A frustrating state of affairs, perhaps, but one can have fun just hoping, waiting, and watching the door.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and **EARTHA KITT,** who will be here through March. Kitt has a staggering list of stage, TV, and recording credits. Most of her songs are tales of men and money, and she doesn't so much sing her lyrics as growl them, prowling the stage like a lioness protecting her cubs. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano. Kurt Wieting is in on Mondays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This legendary dump was grungy when the Screaming Trees were riding tricycles. **TH' FAITH HEALERS,** a London-based band, who recently made their Stateside début with "Lido," will be here on Feb. 5. They play three-chord rock—give or take a couple of chords—and they're known for their swift, jagged guitar work, their trippy, minimalist vocals, and their manic live shows. "It really is all about what to do with all that pent-up energy," the band's drummer said recently. "A lot of the bands—the shoegazers—make all this noise and don't do anything with it. It doesn't move. It has no pulse, no direction. It just gets brewed up and sits there, lingering over the crowd like some cloud of anxiety that never gets resolved. I hate that." Performing with Th' Faith Healers will be a promising young alternative-rock outfit called **VELOCITY GIRL,** who are poised to release their first album on the iconoclastic label Sub Pop. Also at CB's this week: the Holy Rollers, Rain Deputies, and Beme Seed (Feb. 6), and Works on Blue, Buttons, Point, and Rattle Teeth (Feb. 9).

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St. (924-0275)—Where swordfish leap on almost every wall. Where a cat with black and white spots sometimes walks the length of the bar. Where barbirds stare at football on the tube. And where, between the Sinatra and Streisand songs that emanate from the jukebox, one can hear snatches of live Irish music floating in from the bright back room on Friday nights. **BRIAN CONWAY** and **JOHN NOLAN,** who play the fiddle and button accordion, will be on the premises Feb. 5.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The seating arrangement in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement makes flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. The cool and energized jazz vet **JON HENDRICKS** is singing here through Feb. 7. In the early fifties, when Hendricks was a student at the University of Toledo Law School, Charlie Parker played a gig with him and offered the following words of wisdom: "You are not a lawyer, you are a jazz musician. Quit school and come to New York." The **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** quartet beings work on Feb. 9. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

PATRICK BLACKWELL

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but perhaps a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many lost, forgotten, or faded rockers turn up here. But the club's busy schedule includes a variety of newer acts, too. **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** which will perform here on Feb. 5, is a Rhode Island-based band that plays jump-blues and swing. Their sets are a sort of road movie with pit stops in Kansas City, New Orleans, and Texas. Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. This week's night of choice is Feb. 6, when **CELL, GREEN MAGNET SCHOOL,** and **SEX POD** share the bill.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** has just begun a monthlong engagement. The singer has, in effect, had two lives in show biz: the first peaked in the early fifties, with a string of hit recordings and a starring role in "White Christmas"; the second began in the late seventies, when she signed with the Concord label. She has made more than a dozen albums with Concord, half of which are tribute albums. Onstage, Ms. Clooney's approach is natural and understated: she has a warm, husky but clear voice, a world-weary cheerfulness, and a disarming sense of humor that bubbles up everywhere. Dining.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. On Feb. 7, Jim Caruso and Sally Mayes will perform. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut decorated with a fruit-and-bamboo motif and dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. S.O.B.'s dance floor is always jumping with Rastas and N.Y.U. students, and there's always someone onstage shouting "Put your hands in the air!" **India** is here on Feb. 6, and **Bob Telson** appears on Feb. 9. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—One seldom sees jazz musicians leaning back to back as they kick out the jams, or craning their necks to harmonize into a mike. That's not to say that they don't interact onstage, but they're usually more subtle about it than rockers are. The nod, the glance, the faint smile are more common gestures, and this brown-toned ski chalet of a jazz club is a fine place to study such group dynamics. **Warren Vaché** plays in a sextet through Feb. 7. On Feb. 9, the **Nick Brignola** quartet begins a week's worth of shows. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **Miles Evans** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden inside this sleek and trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. The **Mingus Big Band** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble, directed by saxophonists **Craig Handy** and **Alex Foster,** concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. On Feb. 3, Drink Me and the Professor & MaryAnn will share a double bill. Mild Thing will take the stage on Feb. 5. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, located near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. The pillared, loftlike room is decorated in a hodgepodge, vaguely Bourbon Street manner, and sight lines are above average. On Feb. 5-6, **Otis Rush and the Burners** will pay tribute to the recently departed guitarist Albert King.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Located on a beery strip of the Village where every day is spring break, this club offers three floors of fun. Since this makes for rather confusing traffic patterns, we recommend using the buddy system. Now playing in the Terrace: the **Vladimir Shafranov** trio, through Feb. 7.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." **Slide Hampton and the Jazzmasters** are at work through Feb. 7, with a fairly heady roster of musicians that includes Jon Faddis, Roy Hargrove, and Jimmy Heath, among many others. The sparkling bebop pianist **Tommy Flanagan** leads a trio as of Feb. 9. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Shows at this psychedeleria can be absurdly sweaty and tight—the club seems to have a hard time turning people away—and it can be hard to get a view of the stage. Still, Wetlands is such a maze of a place that there's always some mellow corner to retire to. This week's offerings include the **Sweet Lizard Illtet** (Feb. 5), Shockra (Feb. 6), Choosy Mothers (Feb. 8), and Border Legion and Half Way Home (Feb. 9).

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. The **Don Bennett** duo is here Feb. 4-6, and saxophonist **Joe Temperley,** pianist **Junior Mance,** and bassist **Paul West** start up on Feb. 8.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

It's a long and winding road that leads to the door of the Thierry Mugler Room atop Club USA (218 West 47th Street), and though the journey may be hastened along by a twenty-yard stretch that affords a balcony-level panorama of the mother club's super-graphic throwbacks and of the club's mallish clientele, what quickens your step even more is the prospect of entering Mugler's multi-levelled, cyclorama'd, dancer-and-percher-friendly indoor playground. Mugler's ingenuity allows promoter Edward Jowdy, who puts together here a Saturday-night party called Smashing, to entice north of the 42nd Street parallel the same diverse group that he formerly attracted to Flophouse (né 108 Bowery). The Mugler crowd is less fascinating to gawk at than Susanne Bartsch's berouged, unbothered, and bewildering troupe of nomads, but, as compensation, they're fresher, less self-conscious, and more likely to savor elements of style. "I walked here!" one of the youngest cast members of "Cats" said, arriving with half his meow-making makeup still on right after curtain call up the block at the Winter Garden. "First someone pays me to move the way I used to on drugs. Then suddenly my friends are willing to meet me after work. Life's too fab. I'm staying feline forever." Well, O.K. Maybe he went to Susanne's once or twice, too.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Ice Capades—Dorothy Hamill, Christopher Bowman, and Cathy Turner star in this year's "Made in America" edition of the ice show. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Feb. 3 at 7:30; Feb. 4-5 at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30; Feb. 6 at 11 A.M., 3, and 7:30; and Feb. 7 at 1:30 and 5:30.)

Bloolips—The British company presents "Get Hur," a whodunit starring Bette Bourne and Precious Pearl. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 3-6 at 8 and Feb. 7 at 3.)

"Point of Debarkation"—A work by John Jesurun that incorporates puppetry, dance, music, video, and film. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Feb. 4-7 at 7:30.)

"Full Support"—P.S. 122's annual benefit features three-minute premières by more than eighty artists, including Quentin Crisp, Blue Man Group, Syd Straw, Deb Margolin, Holly Hughes, and Bill T. Jones. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Feb. 4 at 8 and Feb. 5-6 at 8 and 11.)

Penny Arcade—In her show "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!" (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Fridays and Saturdays at 8.)

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ART

Taking a Hard Look

Frank Moore's crisply drawn and color-saturated paintings, with their updated Adirondack-style frames and various trompe-l'oeil effects, suggest the combined influences of the Hudson River School and American artists like Harnett and Peto, and Europeans like Magritte and Ernst, with perhaps some Jared French thrown in for good measure. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene Street; through February 6.) But his pictorial themes address contemporary ecological and biological crises with such relentless intensity as to seem truly millenarian. "Conspicuous Consumption," for example, is the title of an underwater scene, framed in copper piping, wherein a big trout approaches an angler's lure in a river full of detritus.

Many of the other paintings in this show evoke dream spaces. A lunar landscape of giant tree stumps is dotted with old-fashioned medicine-show stands and resembles a mazelike surgical amphitheatre. Elsewhere, Moore depicts historic forms of persecution. Do not, for instance, fail to read the metal plaque underneath the small painting called "Country Club," whose rustic frame includes a halved golf ball at each corner. Inscribed on the plaque is the explanation of the image, an instrument of torture known as a "rectal pear." Moore, long a remarkable craftsman, has become a sensitive and imaginative artist as well. Amazingly, given their tight style and forbidding imagery, his paintings breathe.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Fashion and History: A Dialogue" is the first installation in the redesigned Costume Institute. . . . ¶ "Drawing for Design" includes sketches and finished pieces by designers, architects, and artists from Christopher Dresser to Robert Venturi. . . . ¶ "The Royal City of Susa: Ancient Near Eastern Treasures in the Louvre." Two hundred works in copper, bronze, stone, and clay. Through March 7. . . . ¶ The third-century works in "Loma Negra, A Peruvian Lord's Tomb" range from small gilt nose and ear ornaments to large headdresses and masks. . . . ¶ Twenty-five examples of elaborately inscribed and decorated medieval Islamic garments. Through March 14. . . . ¶ An installation of works from the museum's large collection of Italian majolica and Venetian glass. . . . ¶ The Robert Wood Johnson, Jr., Gallery has been renovated, and for the first time will be a vehicle for the permanent display of drawings, prints, and photographs. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Since many of the museum's major works have been on reciprocal loan to other museums in exchange for Matisses, the museum has chosen to reinstall a number of its remaining paintings, sculptures, and other objects in a nonchronological fashion. There are several informative passages, such as Picasso's sexually charged "Demoiselles" and de Kooning's fierce "Woman I" displayed next to Louise Bourgeois' defiant, ironically erect "Sleeping

Figure." Through Feb. 21. . . . ¶ "The Artist and the Book in Twentieth-Century Italy." Through Feb. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"AMERICA Invention," a new work by Lothar Baumgarten. The walls of the large rotunda, from the skylight to the ground and back up again, are inscribed with the Westernized names for Native American societies from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. Through March 7. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

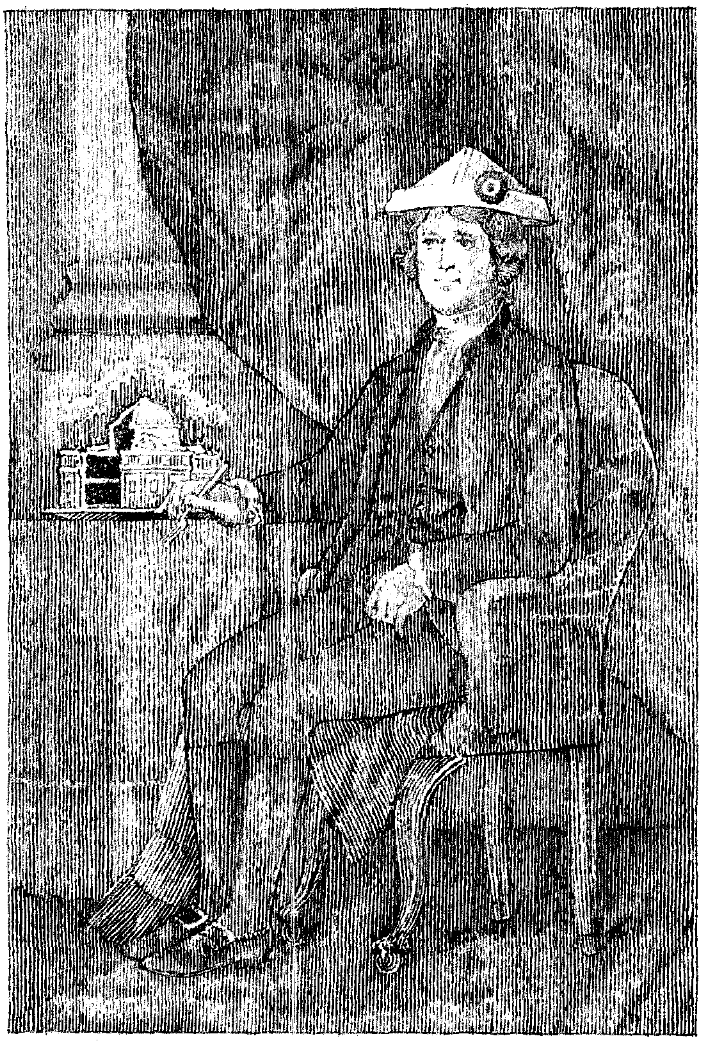
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"The Geometric Tradition in American Art, 1930-90" includes work by Ellsworth Kelly, Ad Reinhardt, Donald Judd, and Burgoyne Diller. Through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ "Photography: Expanding a Collection" includes works by Cindy Sherman, Robert Mapplethorpe, Sally Mann, and Larry Clark. Through Feb. 14. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Ida Applebroog's new installation, titled "Everything Is Fine," consists of several paintings and works on paper hung in the lobby, along with twenty-five freestanding paintings. Through April 25. . . . ¶ Sixty sculptures by Auguste Rodin are in the Cantor Gallery. Among the works are two independent pieces from "The Gates of Hell"; maquettes, studies, and four full-scale figures from "The Burghers of Calais"; and several versions of "Balzac." . . ¶ "Dame of the Narrows" (1976), a sculpture of the Staten Island ferry arriving at the Manhattan terminal, by Red Grooms, Mimi Gross, and the Ruckus Construction Company, is on view. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—In "Thomas Jefferson: Tranquil Pursuits and Stormy Politics," one can see "Summary View of the Rights of America" (1774), his first published work; the library's copy of the first printing of the Declaration of Independence; personal letters to Elbridge Gerry (later v.p. under Madison); and letters to his daughter Martha. Through April 18. . . . ¶ The recently acquired "house divided" manuscript, the earliest known expression of Abraham Lincoln's doctrine opposing slavery, is currently on view. Through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ A large show of medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts from the Breslauer Collection is on view. Through April 4. . . . ¶ "Printers and Miniaturists" shows off the finest in late-fifteenth-century Venetian illuminated books. Through April 4. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"La Casa de Todos Nosotros" ("A House for Us All"), a warm and lighthearted show of a dozen installations by Antonio Martorell, loosely centered on the themes of home and homelessness, shelter and migration. Through Feb. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Darkness and Light" presents the work of seven twentieth-century Swedish printmakers, with an emphasis on the drypoint tradition. Through March 28. . . . ¶ A show of American prints from the collection dem-



CHAS B. SLACKMAN

"Thomas Jefferson: Tranquil Pursuits and Stormy Politics" at the Morgan Library

Buzzwords

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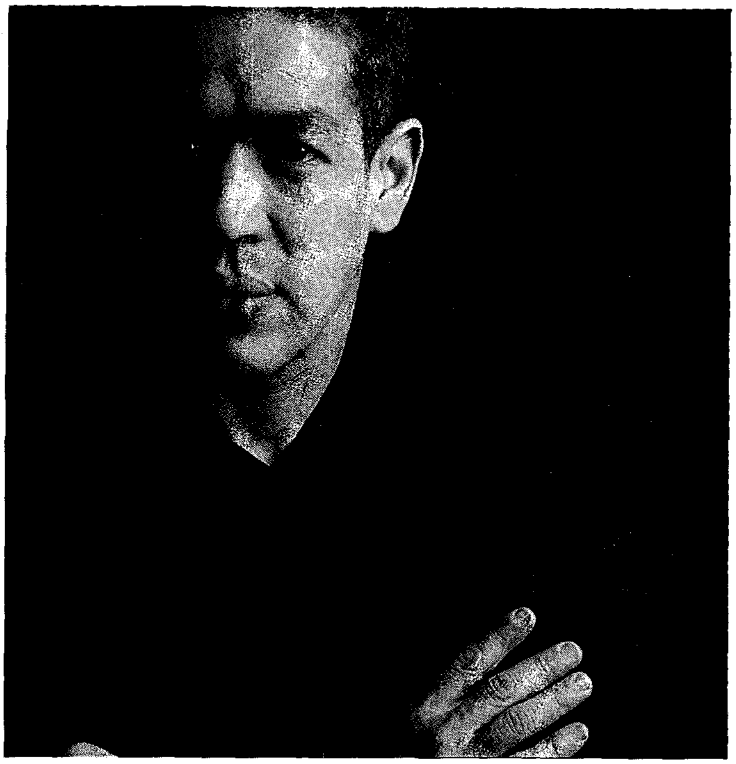


Photographer Andres Serrano at the Cooper gallery

TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

onstrates James McNeill Whistler's influence on graphic artists at the beginning of this century. Through March 28. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The representation and reconfiguration of urban spaces, and the movement of people and things through such spaces, are the focal points of a show called "In Transit." Installations, photographs, and objects by such artists as Tadashi Kawamata, Marlene McCarty and Laura Cottingham, Helen Levitt, Camilo Vergara, and Krzysztof Wodiczko are included. Through April 11. . . . ¶ "Skin Deep," a show of abstract works by Peter Hopkins, Byron Kim, Lauren Szold, and Jack Whitten, all containing references to skin and pigment. Through April 11. . . . ¶ Sculptural objects—a sweater, a pair of trousers—made out of transparent tape, by Oliver Herring. Through April 11. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Short List—HANNELORE BARON, Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (through Feb. 27); **JERRY KEARNS,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through March 5); **ED RUSCHA,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through Feb. 27); **JAIME SUAREZ,** CDS Gallery, 76 E. 79th St. (through Feb. 27); **ESTEBAN VICENTE,** Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 13); **JOHN WALKER,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Feb. 13).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Melissa Meyer / Tristano di Robilant—Abstract paintings done with a calligraphic, loopy brush and in a wide range of colors, from cottony white and pink to fiery red and charcoal. / A sweet first solo show of sculptures made of blandly colored terra-cotta bricks. Through Feb. 13. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lawrence Weiner—This piece, a rejected proposal for the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, consists of four phrases on four walls, each accompanied by a schematic diagram. The phrases—"Stones placed upon each other," "Wine poured upon the sea," etc.—though they refer to mundane acts, are infused with Biblical symbolism, and the diagrams provide a sort of visual echo. Weiner has carved his phrases directly into the walls, creating a ghostly imprint of language and at the same time irreversibly scarring the walls. The underlying layers of Sheetrock have the funereal look of marble and the vulnerability of exposed tissue. Through Feb. 13. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—MILTON AVERY, Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 13); **MINNIE EVANS,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 6); **NOBU FUKUI,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 6); **PHILIP GEIGER,** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 20); **ROBERT GOODNOUGH,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 2); **DAVID HOCKNEY,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 13); **HANS HOFMANN,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 13); **ANDREW WYETH,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 27).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Taro Chiezo—This young Japanese artist, who has recently emerged on the international circuit, is showing a small platoon of free-standing baptismal gowns that look as if they were purchased on 14th Street. They are rigged with toy-car motors, and they spin around the gallery bumping into walls and colliding with each other, back up, and then set off on new paths. The show has a carefree spirit, but the ideas are not terribly original. Through Feb. 13. (Gering, 476 Broome St.)

Arnold Fern—Large paintings of the heads of male pinups floating in beautiful, turbulent seas, along with several small paintings of parakeets flapping about frantically, as if they were the souls of the pinups trying to escape. Through Feb. 6. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

Jasper Johns—The single most important artist-dealer link since the fifties is that between Jasper Johns, the most coveted of living painters, and Leo Castelli, who has set the standards for the art business for more than three decades. At a moment when artist-gallery affiliations are in a state of upheaval, this show celebrates an unshaken bond, with a painting or two from each of the eight shows Johns has had at Castelli. It amounts to the most discriminating retrospective you are ever likely to see. Beginning with one of this century's most consequential paintings, "Flag" (exhibited in 1958, in Johns' first show), and ending with the playfully morose "Mirror's Edge," a new work, the show effectively underscores the artist's technical brilliance and his unerring ability to reflect the aesthetic issues of his time. The catalogue, while marred by inaccurate color, is already an important document. Through Feb. 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Mary Kelly / David Diao—A new installation work, titled "Gloria Patri," that combines the imagery of amateur athletics and military heraldry with the macho words of Gulf War Marines and unbearably stiff texts etched into aluminum. The stated intention of Kelly's work is to "undo a situation of mastery" but this installation is so diffuse that it's hard to evaluate her success. / Diao, no doubt having been struck by the blithe fecundity of many art celebs in our times, is taken with the fact that Barnett Newman's influence is so great even though his output was so small. The painting and prints here chart Newman's annual production through schematic renderings of his paintings: seventeen paintings in his most prolific year (1949), but more commonly somewhere between none and four. It is a fascinating idea, but this is well-explored territory for Diao, and these geometric efforts in Newman colors have far less impact, subtlety, and body than his earlier works. Through Feb. 6. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Charles LeDray—More baby clothes. All the works in this début are meticulously constructed infant-size garments hung limply on the wall. The most moving piece in the show is a tiny tuxedo. It is rumpled and soiled, suggesting all sorts of mishaps mundane and maudlin, yet the feel of death unmistakably permeates it. Eerily, even those garments that look crisp and unworn have an aura of tragedy. Through Feb. 27. (Cugliani, 40 Wooster St.)

Paul McCarthy—The main piece in this exhibition of recent work by one of the showstoppers of L.A. MOCA's "Helter Skelter" can perhaps be appreciated only by connoisseurs of the Los Angeles school of scatological art; i.e., people whose social development ground permanently to a halt in junior high school. It consists of an elaborate, decrepit stage set covered with what looks for all the world like the residue of a prodigious food fight. Beside it is a videotape of the actual genesis of the mess, enacted by the artist, wearing an Alfred E. Neuman mask. In a nearby room is an amusing piece consisting of a three-dimensional tableau of a father, a son, and a goat, modelled somewhat after Grant Wood's "American Gothic" but with a twist or two that would put it in league with another famous Alfred—Kinsey. Through Feb. 13. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Carl Ostendarp—Hyperstylized new paintings and urethane sculptures on the painterly theme of the drip, splash, and splatter. The artist uses Flashe, a vinyl-based medium, on his canvases, obtaining coolly distant, flat colors suggesting floating stains. These confections are inventive, and they manage not to shrink and disappear in the obvious comparison with Lichtenstein's great brushstroke études. Through Feb. 6. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Oliver Wasow/Fred Tomaselli—Long, horizontal paintings with all sorts of nuclear and cyberpunk imagery—lots of planets, primordial landscapes, and rock singers in flames. They are slick and seamless, and they look rather like strips of film—a medium to which they owe too great a debt. / "Cubic Skies" comprises six cube structures lit from within and suspended from the ceiling of a darkened room. They're captivating for the moment it takes to apprehend them but are not as interesting as this artist's usual works—"paintings" made out of cannabis leaves and pills. Through Feb. 13. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

Martin Wong / Max Kozloff—Wong attempts to capture the glamour of San Francisco's Chinatown in the thirties in a style meant to simulate that era's social realism. With his paintings' dark grounds, lounging maidens, planeloads of happy immigrants, and intricate decorative patterns, this artist has cultivated a mysterious, exotic air, yet the surface of his canvases is dry and exceedingly dull. While it ostensibly depicts the world in which he was raised, Wong's work sometimes reverts to clichés that border on racism. / On the other hand, Max Kozloff's photographs, of India and of the West Indian parade in Brooklyn, stand on politically impeccable ground and unwittingly critique Wong's paintings. They, likewise, are rich, but rather than presenting some romantic, Orientalized notion of the exotic—that colonialization of the Other to which the camera is especially prone—Kozloff always identifies *himself* as the outsider. He succeeds in presenting a world in which there is a cohabitation of the traditional and modern, the religious and commercial. Through Feb. 6. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

Betty Woodman—The painting on Woodman's ceramics becomes more lush with every show, as if she were taking us deeper and deeper into the tropics. Her new freestanding pots are large and fanciful. Attached to the backs of the pots are flowing "balustrades" that envelop the pots like capes. They are shaped roughly like male figures, and seem intended as good-natured retorts to the classical notion of vessels as female forms. Through Feb. 13. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

"Selections/Winter '93"—There are some notable works in The Drawing Center's current show, including Kenneth Goldsmith's word drawings, with their poetic patter in overlapping stanzas, and Janine Gordon's pleasant "Hypnotic Tattoos," which could make any body more tantalizing. The most compelling works, by the late Charles Crumb, are several notebooks filled with page after page after page of psychotic hen-scratchings; while not drawings per se, they have about them an urgency so often lacking in the work of "professional" artists. Through Feb. 20. (35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—A spirited selection of sculptures and multiples by contemporary artists. Some of the artists are fairly well known—many have been associated with this gallery for years—but there are a few unfamiliar names. One of the livelier discoveries is Doris Salcedo, a Colombian, who has placed old shoes in cubbyholes built directly into the gallery wall and covered them with a casing of sutured cow bladder. The funniest piece, by Mike Kelley, is a wooden paddle printed with the Preamble to the Constitution. Appropriately enough, it was produced as a low-priced fund-raiser for Artists Space, the organization that got its rump smacked several years ago when the National Endowment for the Arts cancelled a grant because of an outspoken essay by the late David Wojnarowicz that was included in a catalogue for an exhibition about AIDS. Through Feb. 13. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. and Brooke Alexander Editions, 476 Broome St.)

Short List—**RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Feb. 27); **PIER CONSAGRA,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Feb. 6); **SASÀ GIUSTO,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through Feb. 6); **GRACE GRAUPE-PILLARD,** Perry, 472 Broome St. (through Feb. 20); **HYUNG-DAE KIM,** Zarre, 154 Wooster St. (through Feb. 6); **WOLFGANG LAIB,** Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through Feb. 27); **MANUEL NERI,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through March 6); **PANAMARENKO,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Feb. 13); **HEDDA STERNE,** Briet, 558 Broadway (through Feb. 27) **JOE ZUCKER,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway (through Feb. 13).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Opening Shots

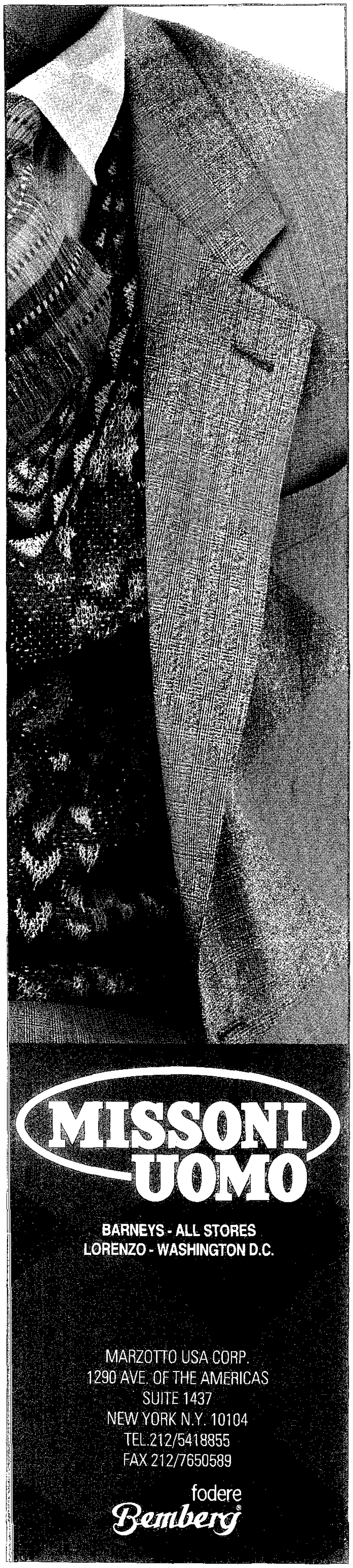
MUSEUMS' attention to photography has really been revving up in Manhattan lately. The Museum of Modern Art is no longer the only powerful showcase in town that gives the medium a high profile. The Whitney, the Metropolitan, and the Guggenheim have been taking steps that prove just how important they think photography is to their programs. For instance, the Met only last year established a separate Department of Photographs, elevating the medium from its place within the Department of Prints and Photographs. And both the Whitney and the Guggenheim have convened committees on photography, which they've never had before, and are in the process of aggressively expanding their collections. One hopes that more photography will mean more understanding of the medium, too, and less outrage in this country when a photographer depicts reality in ways that are deemed taboo.

The best such display of openness right now is the Whitney Museum's show of recent acquisitions (through February 14). The installation, which includes work by such provocative photographers and artists as Chris Burden, Larry Clark, Ana Mendieta, Sally Mann, and David Wojnarowicz, is a testament to the individuality of approach and purpose that has always existed among those who pick up a camera. The show's a bit gung ho on works that include text and weak on straight photography, but the sense that it gives of people using the medium to say something about the world is unmistakable.

Margaret Morton—Forty black-and-white photographs of the inhabitants of two homeless communities—Bushville, in Chinatown, and the Hill, a shantytown next to the Manhattan Bridge. Through Feb. 15. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Opens at noon.)

Andres Serrano—The artist's new cycle of works is called "The Morgue (Cause of Death)" and comprises sixteen large-scale Cibachrome photographs of cadavers. Through Feb. 20. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Short List—**JOSEF BREITENBACH,** Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St., and Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway (both through Feb. 27); **FLOR GARDUÑO,** Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (open daily, except Mondays, noon to 6, through March 7); **CRAIGIE HORSFIELD,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through Feb. 6); **DIANE MICHENER** and **MARK KLETT,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 6); **MARTIN MUNKACSI,** Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. (open Tuesday evenings until 9, through March 6); **TOSHIO SHIBATA,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Feb. 12); **MICHAEL A. SMITH,** Bace, 2 Bond St. (through Feb. 13); **JOHN STEWART,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through March 13); **MAUD SULTER,** Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (through Feb. 13); **LEONARD SUSSMAN,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Feb. 27); **ROMAN VISHNIAC,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through April 18).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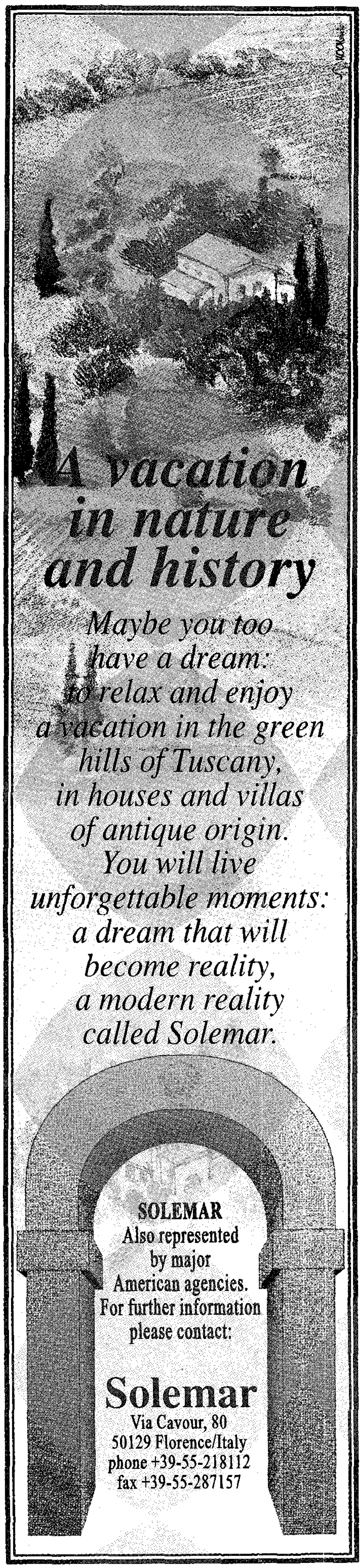
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MUSIC

Seeing Is Believing

ONE of the more beguiling shelves at the downtown Tower Records (Broadway at 4th Street) is devoted to recent laser video disks imported from Japan. Esoterica unavailable through conventional channels of distribution always carry an aura of special desirability, and some of this material has more enduring charms as well. (Did you know that Jon Vickers once sang the role of Pollione, in "Norma"? Well, here he is, in living color, with Montserrat Caballé beside him.) A disk that has charmed repeatedly and increasingly is one of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony (Toshiba EMI WV045-3510) conducted by Evgeny Mravinsky with the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra. That's what the orchestra was called during his years there—all fifty of them. He rarely conducted elsewhere, and so was well known in the West only to aficionados; when he died, in 1988, his obituary notices here were short. But what a conductor! He was about seventy-five when this video was produced. It seems to have been made at a recording session: it's daytime, and the performers aren't in concert attire, but there is no rehearsing, no talking. The playing is spectacular; the conducting (and the camera stays mostly with Mravinsky) is economical, relaxed, detailed, poetic.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**IL TROVATORE**, with Aprile Millo, Dolora Zajick, Lando Bartolini, and Vladimir Chernov; conducted by Nello Santi. (Feb. 3 at 8 and Feb. 6 at 1.)... With Nicola Martinucci as Manrico. (Feb. 9 at 8.)... **LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN**, with Carol Vaness (as all the heroines), Susanne Mentzer, Placido Domingo, and Alan Held; James Levine. (Feb. 4 and Feb. 8 at 8.)... **DER ROSENKAVALIER**, with Mechthild Gessendorf, Susanne Mentzer, Kathleen Battle, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; Christian Thielemann. (Feb. 5 at 7:30.)... **DIE MEISTERSINGER**, in a new production, with Karita Mattila, Ben Heppner, Anthony Laciura, Donald McIntyre, Gottfried Hornik, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; James Levine. (Feb. 6 at 6:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

"FALSE LOVE/TRUE LOVE"—A chamber opera by Nils Vigeland, based on "Jane Eyre," conducted by the composer and featuring baritone Thomas Buckner. Several of Mr. Vigeland's other works will be included to round out the program. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Feb. 3 at 8.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Eve Queler oversees a concert performance of Bellini's 1829 opera "La Straniera," with Renée Fleming, Gregory Kunde, and Matteo Manuguerra. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 7 at 8. At the time of going to press, contract negotiations involving New York City's smaller orchestras were in progress, so you would do well to check by telephone to verify this concert.)

L'OPÉRA FRANÇAIS DE NEW YORK—Yves Abel conducts a concert version (with chorus and orchestra) of Rossini's "Le Comte Ory," a comic opera, from 1828; featuring soprano Lauren Flanigan, tenor Jeffrey Francis, bass-baritone Jan Opalach, and bass Philip Cokorinos. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Feb. 9 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Erich Leinsdorf conducts Weber's "Preciosa" Overture, Britten's "Nocturne" (featuring tenor John Aler), and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" (in which concertmaster Glenn Dicterow will take a solo turn). (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 4 and Feb. 6 at 8, Feb. 5 at 2, and Feb. 9 at 7:30.)

NEW JERSEY SYMPHONY—Lawrence Leighton Smith conducts the premières of Michael Daugherty's orchestral suite "Silent Night/Bizarro World" and Augusta Read Thomas's "Sinfonia Concertante for Soprano Sax and Orchestra" (featuring Jane Ira Bloom), as well as the New York première of George Rochberg's Symphony No. 6. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 3 at 7:30.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directs a program of music from "grand Baroque funerals in Westminster Abbey"—a cheery concept, enlivened by scores from Purcell, Jeremiah Clark, Giovanni Bononcini, and William Croft. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 3 at 8.)

ATLANTA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Yoel Levi conducts basic repertory: Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 and Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Andrei Gavrilov). (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 4 at 8.)

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—Budding talent from Philadelphia, conducted by André Previn in Berlioz's "Le Corsaire" Overture and Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2. Also on the program is the New York première of Ned Rorem's Piano Concerto No. 4 (for the left hand), featuring Gary Graffman. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 5 at 8.)

MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA—At Avery Fisher Hall, Edo de Waart conducting. Feb. 5 at 8: David Diamond's "Rounds for Strings," Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 (featuring Alexander Toradze), and excerpts from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Feb. 7 at 8: Mozart's Symphony No. 34, plus highlights from Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" (featuring sopranos Sheri Greenawald and Heidi Grant Murphy and mezzo-soprano Susan Graham).

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directs Palestrina's Missa Brevis and Bach's Cantata No. 146 and Magnificat. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Feb. 7 at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

VIENNA CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Philippe Entremont conducts and doubles as soloist in Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 414). He also leads orchestral expansions of two chamber works: Schubert's "Quartettsatz" and Brahms' G-Major Quintet (Op. 111). (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 8 at 8.)

RECITALS

VOGLER QUARTET—The ensemble, from East Berlin, opens its New York début recital with Beethoven's climactic "Grosse Fuge," and then proceeds through quartets by Webern (Six Bagatelles, Op. 9), Mendelssohn (in A Minor, Op. 13), and Bartók (his Sixth). (92nd Street Y. Feb. 3 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC—Violinist Juliette Kang and pianist Joseph Villa perform Schubert's D-Major Sonatina, and colleagues join them for piano quintets by Dohnányi and Franck. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Feb. 4 at 7:30 and Feb. 7 at 4.)

FESTIVAL PABLO CASALS OF PRADES—Music lovers who don't expect to make a stop this summer at the acoustically acclaimed Abbey of St. Michel de Cuxa, in the Pyrenees (the very same abbey that bid adieu to a part of its cloister, entrusting it to New York in 1925 as a component of the Cloisters), may compensate by joining a sextet of chamber musicians for an evening of Prokofiev (his "Overture on Hebrew Themes"), Mozart (his

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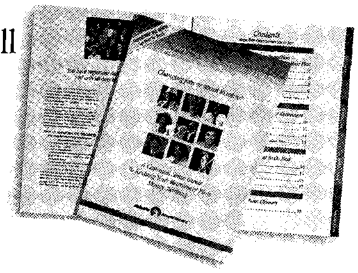

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MUSIC—Cont'd

Clarinet Quintet), Michel Decoust (the première of his "Lignes," for clarinet and string quartet), and Brahms (his Piano Quintet). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 4 at 8.)

Helicon Ensemble—Period-instrument string players perform two quartets by Haydn and a Spanish-flavored quintet by Boccherini. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 5 at 8.)

"Love in Arcadia"—A two-day exploration of pastoral love, through the eyes of Baroque masters. Feb. 5 at 8: Music (by Handel, Corelli, Vivaldi, Rameau, and Arne) and poetry (by Guarini, Shakespeare, Sidney, and others), with Nicholas McGegan directing members of the Arcadian Academy, a period-instrument ensemble. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 2:30: Mr. McGegan comments on pastoralism in the Baroque, and Ellen Harris lectures on "Music and the Pastoral Voice." . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 4: Architectural historian David Coffin lectures on the Arcadian landscape. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 5: Olivier Bernier considers the happy shepherds that populate pastoral paintings of the period. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 8: Mr. McGegan reconstructs an evening at the "Accademia degli Arcadi," a late-seventeenth-century Roman cultural assemblage; with vocal and instrumental works by Corelli, Antonio Scarlatti, and Domenico Scarlatti, and featuring soprano Dana Hanchard and narrators John Kuether and Elizabeth Hubbard. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.)

Robert Markham—In his New York début recital, the British pianist performs Franck's "Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue," Frank Bridge's Piano Sonata (1925), and Tchaikovsky's Sonata in G-Major. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 6 at 5:30.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—In a five-hour extravaganza, the ensemble will perform piano trios by Haydn and Beethoven, Schumann's Piano Quartet, Mozart's Piano and Winds Quintet, Poulenc's Piano and Winds Sextet, and the New York première of Jon Deak's "Eeyore Has a Birthday." These will be followed by the première screening of "Playing for Peace," a documentary by Peter Rosen that chronicles the ensemble's Middle East tour and an exchange program with student musicians from Israel and several Arab nations. The evening will conclude with a rendering of Dvořák's Symphony No. 8, in which any members of the audience who have had the foresight to bring along an instrument will be invited to join in. (By that time, one assumes, the senses will have mellowed anyway.) (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Feb. 6 at 7:30.)

Shlomo Mintz—The violinist performs Bartók's Second Rhapsody, as well as sonatas by Shostakovich and Schumann (his Second); with pianist Itamar Golan. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 6 at 8.)

Si-Yo Music Society—An assortment of chamber music: a bassoon quartet by Franz Danzi, Hindemith's Sonata for Clarinet and Piano, Glinka's "Trio Pathétique" (for clarinet, bassoon, and piano), and Fauré's C-Minor Piano Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 7 at 3.)

Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music—Presenting soprano Dieuwke Aalbers, baritone Charles van Tassel, and pianist Jan Slothouwer in solo lieder and duets by Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Dallapiccola, and others. (Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, 85 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn. Feb. 7 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

A Diapason of Organists—Organ recitals galore this week, for reasons that are unclear. Feb. 7 at 3: Lorenz Maycher, performing music by Vierne, Bach, Franck, and others on a four-manual, eighty-four-rank Möller instrument. (Church of St. Francis of Assisi, 135 W. 31st St. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 4: Donald Joyce interprets a new "graphic score" by Franz Furrer-Münch (as well as music by Bach, Buxtehude, Liszt, and others) on the North German-style organ built by Gene Bedient and installed in the concert hall in 1991. (Aaron Copland School of Music, Queens College, Kissena Blvd., Flushing. 1-718 793-8080.) . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 5:15: Michael Kleinschmidt, in a program of Bach, Liszt, Alain, Duruflé, and Britten. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 8: Margaret Irwin-Brandon, playing both organ and harpsichord. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939.) . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 8:15: Frederick Swann, visiting from Los Angeles' Crystal Cathedral. (Brick Church, Park Ave. at 91st St. Admission by contribution.)

Regina Belle at the Apollo Theatre

DAVID COWLES

Leontovych String Quartet—Ukrainians all, playing quartets by Haydn, Tchaikovsky, and Shostakovich (his Eighth). (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Feb. 7 at 5.)

Goliard Chamber Soloists—Presenting John Harbison's "Twilight Music," Poulenc's Nocturnes (played by pianist Brian Zeger), Britten's "Canticle III" (with tenor James Blanton and French hornist Kaitlin Mahoney), and Dvořák's Piano Quartet in E-Flat. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 7 at 7:30.)

Manhattan String Quartet—The group's Shostakovich cycle continues with the Quartets No. 7, No. 8, and No. 9. (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. Feb. 8 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

Regarding Chopin—For the next three Tuesday evenings, pianist and author David Dubal will oversee an exploration of the music of Chopin: both the familiar (mazurkas, polonaises, ballades, preludes, and so on) and the obscure (such as a bolero and a tarantelle). Eighteen Juilliard students will provide the performances. This first installment will attempt to define Chopin's place in the current musical scene. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Feb. 9 at 7.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—Presenting Tchaikovsky's string sextet "Souvenir of Florence" and Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht," with the assistance of the lower half of the Emerson String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 9 at 8.)

Awadagin Pratt—By the time he won last year's Naumberg International Piano Competition, this pianist had already distinguished himself as the first person in the history of his alma mater, Baltimore's Peabody Conservatory, to receive diplomas in three performance areas—piano, violin, and conducting. In his sturdily programmed New York début recital, he performs Franck's "Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue," Beethoven's Sonata in A-Flat (Op. 110), Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," and Brahms' "Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel." (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 9 at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—The pianist plays, and talks about, music by Berg, Bartók, and Barber. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 9 at 8.)

Currents—The contemporary-music ensemble performs works by Margaret Brouwer, Fred Cohen, David Froom, Libby Larsen, Gunther Schuller, and Robert Stewart. (Miller Auditorium, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 9 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Regina Belle and Jonathan Butler—Long a "Quiet Storm" luminary, Belle has gotten a boost from her Peabo Bryson-assisted "Aladdin" duet. (Oscar, anyone?) And Butler is also a silky-voiced performer. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Feb. 5 at 7 and 11.)

Emerson, Lake & Palmer—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Feb. 3-4 at 8.

Jimmy Heath Quartet—With Curtis Fuller. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 5 at 8.)

Phish—Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Feb. 5-6 at 8.

Katie Webster—St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Feb. 6 at 8.

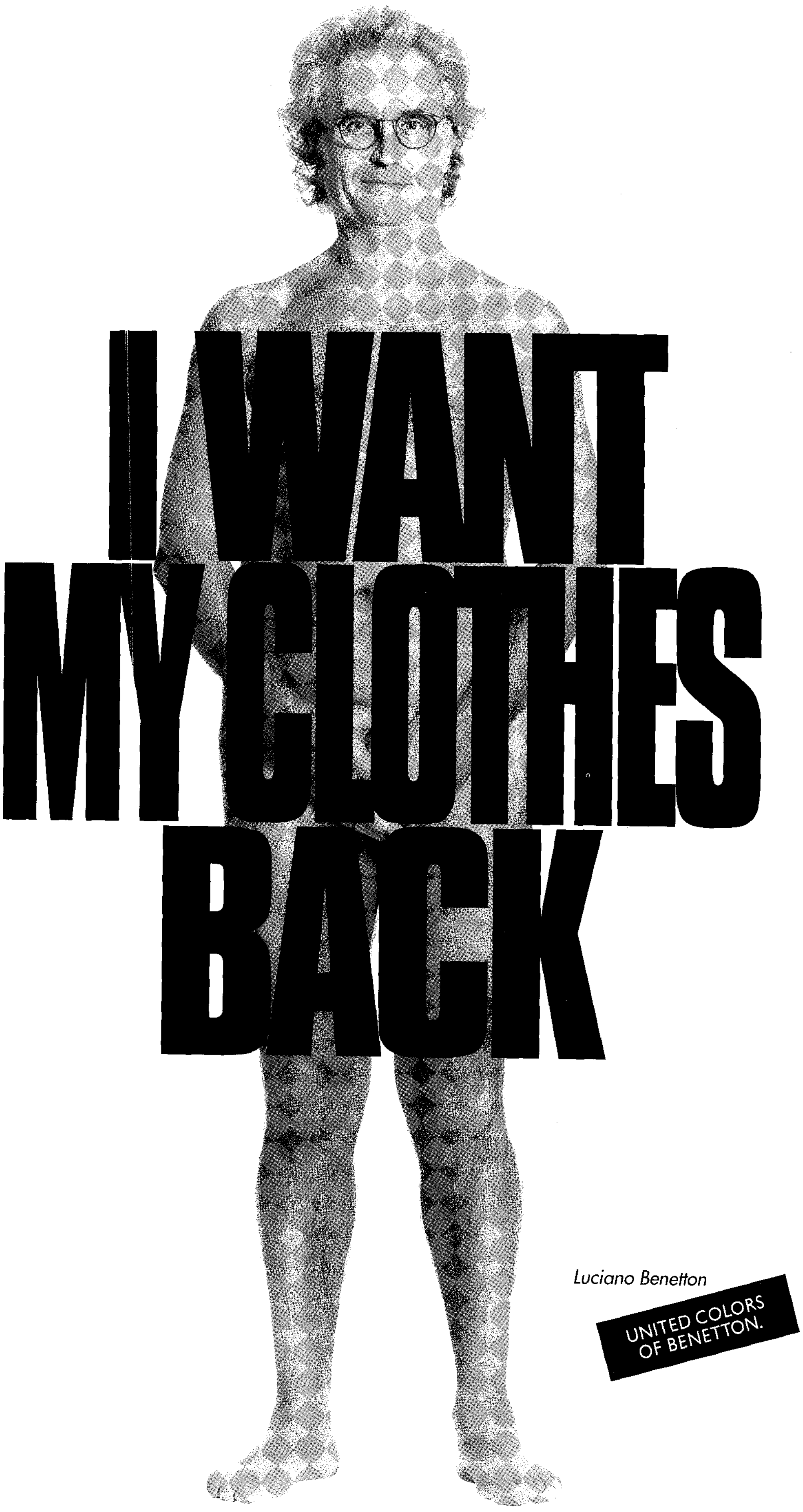
David Benoit—With Kenny Rankin and Norman Brown. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Feb. 6 at 8.)

Duke Ellington Society—Presenting the Scott Hamilton quintet. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Feb. 7 at 2. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Peter Howard—Miller Theatre. Feb. 7 at 3.

"Lyrics & Lyricists"—The second of five programs this season focusses on the lyrics of Alan Jay Lerner. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Feb. 7 at 2:30 and 8, and Feb. 8 at 2 and 8.)

Shirley Bassey—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Feb. 9-11 at 8.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SPORTS

Hitting Home

If all those who work outside the boxing ring had nicknames, as fighters do, then trainer Eddie Futch's might be Extremely Self-Effacing Eddie or Egoless Eddie. In discussing his latest charge, Riddick (Big Daddy) Bowe, Mr. Futch mentions his own unparalleled boxing achievements only in passing: "Bowe's the biggest of my heavyweight champions at six feet five and two thirty-five in shape," he said. His champions? Well, there's Holmes, Norton, Frazier, and Spinks—two thirds, at least, of modern boxing's pantheon. And that's just heavyweights. He has groomed sixteen champs over his sixty-year career. "Of all the fights, Joe Frazier's defeat of Muhammad Ali, in 1971, was the most extra special," he allowed. That Fight of the Century was at the Garden, of course, which is where Bowe has his first title defense, against the veteran Michael (Dynamite) Dokes, on February 6. In preparation, the champ has been trying out boxing's time-honored role of provocateur: "Michael Dokes is so ugly he hurts my feelings," Bowe said recently on television.

The seventies were the last grand decade for heavyweight-title fights at the Garden. So Bowe versus Dokes is being promoted as a comeback of sorts for the arena and a homecoming for New York boxing fans. "I had my first fight at the Garden in 1942 and have seen so many great fights there I've lost count," Mr. Futch said. "Fight fans in New York are rabid about the sport. And here comes Bowe, a born-and-bred New Yorker."

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Golden State Warriors, Feb. 4 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Miami Heat, Feb. 7 at 6.

Nets—Vs. the Seattle Supersonics, Feb. 4 at 7:30.

Rangers—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Feb. 3 at 7:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Feb. 9 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the Calgary Flames, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Feb. 8. (Game time, 7:35.)

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

CHAMPIONSHIP—BOXING

Riddick Bowe vs. Michael Dokes—For the W.B.A. and I.B.F. Heavyweight titles. Madison Square Garden, Feb. 6, at 11 P.M. The main event will be broadcast live, on HBO.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Celebrating Black Culture—February is Black History Month. Here is a handful of events from which to choose. Feb. 3 at 8: Michelle Wallace and Randall Kenan will discuss "Raciality in Literature." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the talk.). . . ¶ Feb. 5-6 at 8: Josephina Baez will read stories and poems about Dominican immigration. AsaDife will play music rooted in both traditional Afro-Dominican rhythms and contemporary urban Latin music. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100.). . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 4: WNYC/AM 820 will broadcast a lecture Arthur Ashe gave as part of the New York Public Library series, in which he talked about racism in sports. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 8: Darryl Pinckney and Paula Woods, among others, will read from their own work. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 8: Readings from "Here To Dare," a new anthology of black gay poetry. (A Different Light, 548 Hudson St. No tickets necessary.)

Tribute to Laurie Colwin—In honor of the late writer, Walter Abish, Blair Brown, Deborah Eisenberg, Anna Quindlen, Wallace Shawn, and others will read from her fiction. Colwin's gift for dialogue and comic timing are impeccable. She knows, for instance, how lovers, in the midst of an habitual breakup and about to make love for perhaps the last time, really speak to one another: "Shove over, Frank, will you? You're crushing my arm." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Feb. 9 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Westminster Dog Show at Madison Square Garden

RICHARD MERKIN

It's A Dog's Life—Of the twenty-five hundred dogs competing at the hundred-and-seventeenth Westminster Dog Show, the dachshund will be the most highly represented, with eighty of the longhair, smooth, and wirehaired varieties, considerably outweighing the otter hound, of which there will be only four. Making their first appearance are the Chinese shar-pei and the miniature bull terrier. On Tuesday night, the best-in-show will be chosen from seven group-winners. No dog tricks, but plenty of barking. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 8-9, from 8:30 A.M. to 11:00 P.M.)

Let There Be Dark—Dancers from the American Ballroom Theatre will perform numbers inspired by the Hollywood of Ginger and Fred, and even Groucho, in "Dancing in the Dark" (Feb. 3 from 7 to 9) and "Latin Night" (Feb. 6 from 7 to 9). After the shows, the public is invited to waltz (or shimmy, or tango) to the live music of the John Randolph orchestra. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. No tickets necessary.)

Stone Soup—The Just Add Water Festival will present four staged readings of new plays. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. Feb. 4, Feb. 6, and Feb. 9 at 8, and Feb. 7 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—Feb. 5 at 7: An evening of Chinese-American writers, including David Wong Louie, Steven C. Lo, and Fae Mynne Ng, reading from their own work. (Kaufmann Theatre, American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. No charge beyond museum admission.). . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 7: Stan Friedman and Ann Darby will read from their own work. (Cornelia Street Café, 29 Cornelia St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 8:30: *Between C and D* editors Joel Rose and Catherine Texier, among others, will read from their new anthology, "Love Is Strange: Stories of Postmodern Romance." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—Feb. 4 at 7: Poet Robert Creeley will read from, and talk about, the work of Louis Zukofsky, author of the epic poem "A." (Poets House, 72 Spring St. Tickets at the door on the night of the lecture.). . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 8: *Times* cultural editor Paul Goldberger will lead a panel discussion about housing. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Tickets at the door on the night of the discussion.). . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 6: David Macaulay will give a lecture titled "Space and Spirit: Architecture of the Cathedral." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. No tickets necessary.)

Walks—Feb. 6 at 11: Get the inside skinny on the Madison Avenue art scene; sponsored by Eye On Art Tours. For more information, call 877-5117. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 1: Take a trip to Governors Island and see the homes of Ulysses S. Grant and General John J. Pershing, plus two nineteenth-century forts; sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at noon and 3: Two separate neigborhood tours, one of the Union Square area and the other of the Flatiron District; sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For more information, call 265-2663.

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (directed by Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.

Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).

Theatre 3: "Peter's Friends" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 4: "A Captive in the Land" (John Berry), with Sam Waterston and Alexander Potapov. From Feb. 5: "Rain Without Thunder" (Gary Bennett), with Jeff Daniels and Betty Buckley.

Theatre 5: "The Crying Game" (†).

Theatre 6: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through Feb. 4: (Separate admissions) "China, My Sorrow" (1989, Dai Sijie; in Mandarin); and "In Advance of the Landing" (Dan Curtis).

From Feb. 5: (Separate admissions) "China, My Sorrow"; and two different programs of recent short films from Brazil.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 4: "Chaplin" (Richard Attenborough), with Robert Downey, Jr. From Feb. 5: "Sommersby" (†).

Theatre 2: "Children of the Corn II: The Final Sacrifice" (David Price).

Theatre 3: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "Bob Roberts" (Tim Robbins).

Theatre 2: "A Few Good Men" (†).

Theatre 3: "Malcolm X" (†).

Theatre 4: "A Few Good Men" (†).

Theatre 5: "Damage" (†).

Theatre 6: Through Feb. 4: "Knight Moves" (Carl Schenkel). From Feb. 5: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.

Theatre 7: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 4: "Without You I'm Nothing" (1990, John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.

From Feb. 5: A festival of five Audrey Hepburn films.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.

Theatre 2: "Alive" (†).

Theatre 3: "Volere Volare" (†).

Theatre 4: "Aladdin" (†).

Theatre 5: "Howards End" (James Ivory).

Theatre 6: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine, Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Marcello Mastroianni.

Theatre 7: "Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.

Theatre 2: Interfilm.

Theatre 3: "Alive" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 4: (Matinées only) "Hexed" (Alan Spencer); and (evenings only) "The Bodyguard" (†). From Feb. 5: Sommersby" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Feb. 4: "Children of the Corn II: The Final Sacrifice" (David Price), with Terence Knox. From Feb. 5: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.

Theatre 6: "Aladdin" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Flirting" (John Duigan).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Lorenzo's Oil" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "Alive" (†).

Theatre 2: "Body of Evidence" (†).

Theatre 3: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 4: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg. From Feb. 5: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Matinee" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian.

Theatre 3: "Children of the Corn II: The Final Sacrifice" (David Price), with Terence Knox.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"A Few Good Men" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "The Crying Game" (†).

Theatre 2: "Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey" (Duwayne Dunham).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Hoffa" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Reservoir Dogs" (Quentin Tarantino), with Harvey Keitel and Tim Roth.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian.

Theatre 2: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Children of the Corn II: The Final Sacrifice" (David Price), with Terence Knox.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Body of Evidence" (†). From Feb. 5: "The Vanishing" (George Sluizer), with Jeff Bridges, Kiefer Sutherland, and Nancy Travis.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Alive" (†).

Theatre 2: "Damage" (†).

Theatre 3: "Volere Volare" (†).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, and Daniel Stern.

Theatre 2: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 4: "Knight Moves" (Carl Schenkel). From Feb. 5: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.

Theatre 4: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Theatre 5: "Matinee" (†).

Theatre 6: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Chaplin" (Richard Attenborough), with Robert Downey, Jr. From Feb. 5: "Sommersby" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"A Few Good Men" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "The Bodyguard" (†).

Theatre 2: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Body of Evidence" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

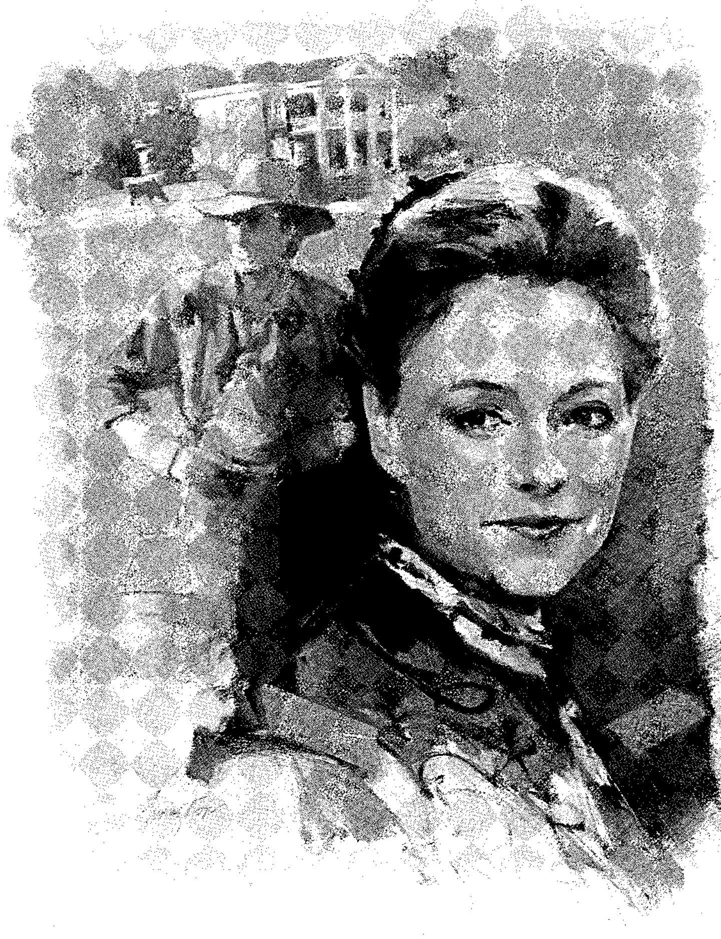
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 4: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†). From Feb. 5: "The Vanishing" (George Sluizer), with Jeff Bridges, Kiefer Sutherland, and Nancy Travis.

Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Rosanna Arquette.

Theatre 2: "A Few Good Men" (†).



Richard Gere and Jodie Foster in "Sommersby"

FRANCIS LIVINGSTON

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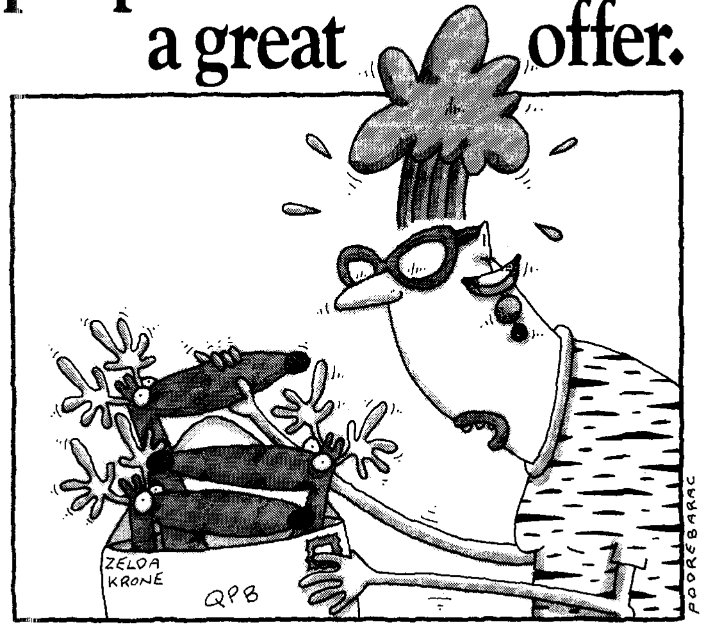

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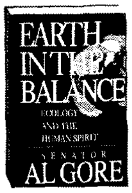

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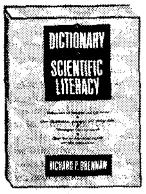

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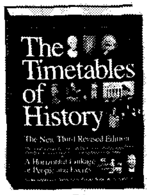

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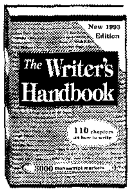

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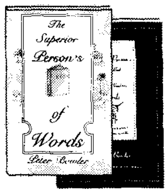

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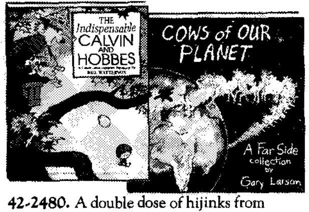

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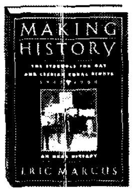

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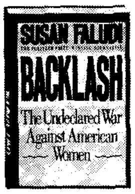

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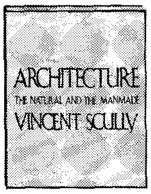

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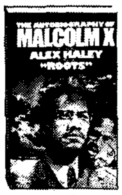

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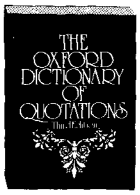

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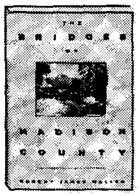

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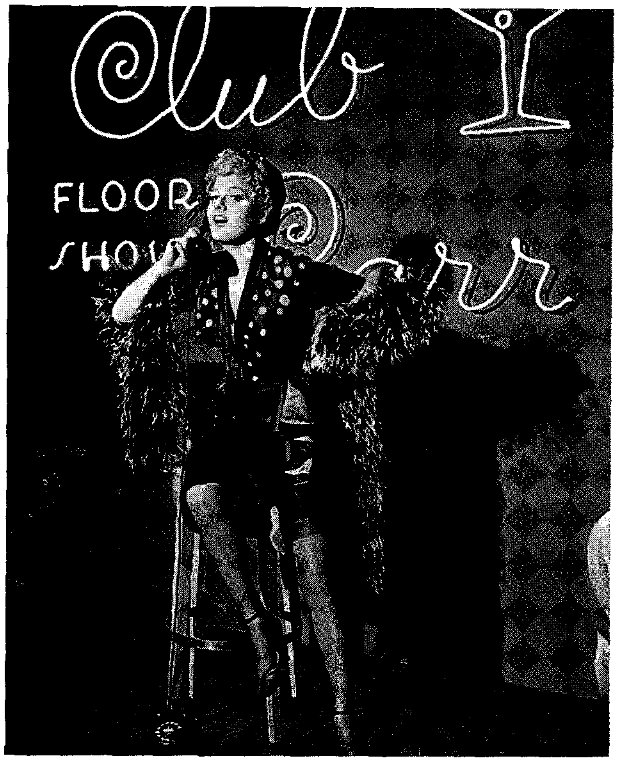

At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Shelley Winters in "Phone Call from a Stranger"

KOBAL COLLECTION

Theatre 3: "Children of the Corn II: The Final Sacrifice" (David Price).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 4: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane. From Feb. 5: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 5: "Alive" (†).
Theatre 6: "Forever Young" (Steve Miner), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 7: Through Feb. 4: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian. From Feb. 5: "Sommersby" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg.
Theatre 2: "Aladdin" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Guncrazy" (directed by Tamra Davis), with Drew Barrymore, James LeGros, Joe Dallesandro, and Billy Drago.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Malcolm X—The Documentary" (1972), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Matinee" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Body of Evidence" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (Alain Corneau, in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Gérard Depardieu, Anne Brochet, and Guillaume Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "Reservoir Dogs" (Quentin Tarantino), with Harvey Keitel and Tim Roth.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 4: "The Player" (Robert Altman), with Tim Robbins. From Feb. 5: "Rain Without Thunder" (Gary Bennett), with Jeff Daniels and Betty Buckley.
Theatre 4: "The Match Factory Girl" (Aki Kaurismaki, in Finnish).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 4: "Scent of a Woman" (†). From Feb. 5: "The Vanishing" (George Sluizer), with Jeff Bridges, Kiefer Sutherland, and Nancy Travis.
Theatre 4: "Body of Evidence" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 6: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 7: "Matinee" (†).
Theatre 8: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 9: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg.
Theatre 2: "Hoffa" (†).
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, and Daniel Stern; and (evenings only) "Knight Moves" (Carl Schenkel), with Christopher Lambert, Diane Lane, Tom Skerritt, and Daniel Baldwin.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Aladdin" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Hoffa" (†).
Theatre 2: "Knight Moves" (Carl Schenkel), with Christopher Lambert, Diane Lane, Tom Skerritt, and Daniel Baldwin.
Theatre 3: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 4: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.
Theatre 5: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (James Foley), with Al Pacino and Jack Lemmon.
Theatre 6: "A River Runs Through It" (Robert Redford).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Few Good Men" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Malcolm X" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Damage" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Peter's Friends" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Peter's Friends" (†). From Feb. 5: "Rain Without Thunder" (Gary Bennett), with Jeff Daniels and Betty Buckley.

Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Howards End" (James Ivory).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 4: "Chaplin" (Richard Attenborough), with Robert Downey, Jr.
From Feb. 5: "Sommersby" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (Alain Corneau, in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Gérard Depardieu, Anne Brochet, and Guillaume Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 3: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 5: "Indochine."
Theatre 6: "The Oak" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Scent of a Woman" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Damage" (†).
Theatre 2: "Alive" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Cemetery Club" (Bill Duke), with Ellen Burstyn, Olympia Dukakis, and Diane Ladd.
Theatre 4: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Feb. 4: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane. From Feb. 5: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 6: "A Few Good Men" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 2: "Matinee" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Bodyguard" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 4: (Matinées only) "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (directed by Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, and Daniel Stern; and (evenings only) "The Bodyguard" (†). From Feb. 5: "The Vanishing" (George Sluizer), with Jeff Bridges, Kiefer Sutherland, and Nancy Travis.
Theatre 2: "Body of Evidence" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Bodyguard" (†).
Theatre 4: "Forever Young" (Steve Miner), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 5: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.
Theatre 6: "Leprechaun" (Mark Jones).
Theatre 7: Through Feb. 4: "Malcolm X" (†). From Feb. 5: "National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1" (Gene Quintano), with Emilio Estevez and Samuel L. Jackson.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Alive" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Children of the Corn II: The Final Sacrifice" (David Price).
Theatre 2: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel.
Theatre 3: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Matinee" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Feb. 3-4: "Waterloo Bridge" (1940, directed by Mervyn LeRoy), with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor; and "Reunion in Vienna" (1933, Sidney Franklin), with John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard.
Feb. 5: "A Star Is Born" (1937, William Wellman), with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March; and "Sweethearts" (1938, W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.
Feb. 6-7: "You Can't Take It With You" (1938, Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "It's a Wonderful World" (1939, W. S. Van Dyke), with Claudette Colbert and Stewart.
Feb. 8: "The Last Command" (1928, Josef von Sternberg), with Emil Jannings; and William Powell; and "The Lost Squadron" (1932, George Archainband), with Richard Dix.
From Feb. 9: "Trade Winds" (†); and "Smash-Up" (1947, Stuart Heisler), with Susan Hayward.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 3: "Phone Call from a Stranger" (1952, Jean Negulesco), with Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, and Bette Davis; and "The Scapegoat" (1959, Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness and Davis.
Feb. 4: "Chinatown" (1974, Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966, Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac.
Feb. 5-6: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George

Peppard, and Patricia Neal; and "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler), with Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

Feb. 7: "1900" (1977, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Feb. 8: "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones"; 1949, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French); and "The Eternal Return" (†).

Feb. 9: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955, Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "The Stranger" (1946, Welles), with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Feb. 4 at 2:30 and Feb. 8 at 6: "Gothic" (1987, directed by Ken Russell), with Gabriel Byrne, Julien Sands, and Natasha Richardson. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 3 and 6: "Is There Poetry After Auschwitz" (1992), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 6 and Feb. 6 at 2: "Altered States" (1980, Russell), with William Hurt. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2:30 and Feb. 7 at 5: "Crimes of Passion" (1984, Russell), with Kathleen Turner, Anthony Perkins, and John Laughlin. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 3 and 6: A program of film works by animator Myron Waldman, who will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 6 and Feb. 8 at 2:30: "Salome's Last Dance" (1988, Russell), with Glenda Jackson. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 2:30 and 5: A program of film works by animator Kendall O'Connor. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 5 and Feb. 9 at 2:30: "The Lair of the White Worm" (see below). . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2 and Feb. 9 at 6: "The Rainbow" (1989, Russell), with Sammi Davis. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2:30 and 5: A program of film works by animators Douglas Leigh and Otto Messmer. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 6:30: A program of animated works by Robert Ascher, who will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 3 and 6: "Requiem pour un Beau Sans-coeur" (1992, Robert Morin; in French).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Feb. 3 at 2, 5:45, and 9 and Feb. 4 at 5:45: "Cathy Come Home" (1966, Ken Loach). . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 3:30 and 7:15: "The Big Flame" (1969, Loach). . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2 and Feb. 5 at 4 and 8: "Poor Cow" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 4 and Feb. 5 at 2, 6, and 10: "Family Life" ("Wednesday's Child"; 1972, Loach). . . . ¶ Feb. 6-7 at 2: "Little Virgil and Orla Frogsnapper" (Gert Fredholm). . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 4 and 8:30 and Feb. 7 at 6:15: "Kes" (1970, Loach). . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 6:15 and Feb. 7 at 4 and 8:30: "Black Jack" (1979, Loach). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2 and 6: "Looks and Smiles" (1981, Loach). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 4 and 8: "The Gamekeeper" (1980, Loach).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"The Trial of Bernhard Goetz" (1988, Harry Moses), with Michael P. Boatman and Peter Crombie. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2.). . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 6: "True West" (1984, Allan Goldstein), with John Malkovich and Gary Sinise. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 6:30: "Lemon Sky" (1988, Jan Egelson), with Kevin Bacon, Tom Atkins, Lindsay Crouse, and Kyra Sedgwick.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"Changing the Picture: The Emergence of African Americans in Television." Feb. 6 at 2: Episodes of "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company.". . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 4: Episodes from "Sheena, Queen of the Jungle" and "Discovery '69.". . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 1: "Now Is the Time" (1967), with Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee; "Star Spangled Ghetto" (1964), an episode of "The Defenders," with Davis; and an episode of "Peyton Place" (1969), with Dee. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 4: "For Us the Living: The Medgar Evers Story" (1983), with Howard Rollins and Irene Cara.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—Feb. 5 at 6:30: "A Hen in the Wind" (1948, Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese), with Shuji Sano and Kinuyo Tanaka; and "My Love Has Been Burning" (1949, Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Tanaka. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 1: "Light and Darkness of Ginza" (1951, Mikio Naruse; in Japanese), with Tanaka; and "A Hen in the Wind."

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Feb. 3 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Echoes from a Somber Empire" (1990, Werner Herzog; in French and English), a documentary.

MOVIES IN BRIEF

SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Turning the Worm

Written and directed by Ken Russell from a Bram Stoker novel, "The Lair of the White Worm" (playing February 6 and 9, at the Museum of Modern Art) is openly exuberant about its badness. This droll, frenetic 1988 debauch takes place in a rural district of England, where the ancestor of a local lord slayed a legendary worm (or snake, or dragon). Russell seems intent on proving that boys really are made of snips and snails and puppy-dogs' tails. He includes blasphemous psychedelia involving nuns, Roman soldiers, Christ, and an ugly white serpent, and a riotous episode of an archeologist (Peter Capaldi) hitting on a most unusual use for bagpipes. Best (or worst) of all, the climax features a nubile maiden (Catherine Oxenberg) suspended over a monster-size snake pit wearing only her pearly-white underwear, as her sister (Sammi Davis) screams helplessly and the mysterious Lady Sylvia Marsh (Amanda Donohoe) approaches her adorned with snakelike sexual apparatus. Donohoe is free and funny as Lady Sylvia. Whether Sylvia is stealing a skull, sprouting fangs, or desecrating a cross with sputum, the camp exultation she brings to her work isn't only humorous, it's electric. Dressed in haute couture, leather, vinyl, or close to nothing at all, Donohoe is the rock on which this travesty is built.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Aladdin—Spiffy, inventive, and hilarious. The directors, John Musker and Ron Clements, who collaborated on the screenplay with Ted Elliott and Terry Rossio, streamline the traditional Aladdin story into a contest between the boy and a towering vizier-wizard named Jafar, Aladdin's rival for the hand of the Sultan's daughter, Princess Jasmine. What makes this wisecracking cartoon such intense, giddy fun is the eruption of uninhibited parody that Robin Williams provides as the voice of the Genie in Aladdin's lamp. The Genie mutates into dozens of variations on himself as Williams impersonates everyone from William F. Buckley, Jr., to Arsenio Hall. The animators' quick-draw craftsmanship keeps up with Williams' breakaway creativity. With the voices of Scott Weinger, Linda Larkin, Jonathan Freeman, and Gilbert Gottfried (who unexpectedly triumphs as Jafar's tough parrot, Iago); composer Alan Menken contributes five songs, with lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman.—M.S. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/30/92.) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Alive—In 1972, an airplane carrying a team of rugby players came down in the Andes. Those who survived the crash then fended off starvation by eating the dead. Piers Paul Read told the story in his book "Alive," the basis of this movie. Judging by the audience reaction, most people know the story already; they begin to titter with anticipation whenever one of the characters says he feels hungry. A helping of ghoulish bad taste would have slipped down nicely, in fact, but director Frank Marshall and screenwriter John Patrick Shanley solemnly wring a message of togetherness from the horror. Come closer to your friends than ever before, the movie says: have them for lunch. The crash itself is a knockout, with the fuselage tobogganing down snowy slopes, but from there on the plot grinds to a halt. The cannibalism seems rather gloomy and low-key, but then nobody enjoys frozen food every day. Ethan Hawke and Vincent Spano lead the worrying; a bearded, uncredited John Malkovich looks back on the whole experience and says that it took them spiritually onto a higher plane. Not the happiest choice of phrase to describe an air crash, perhaps, but there you are.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

The Bodyguard—According to the screenwriter (and co-producer), Lawrence Kasdan, the script for this picture was written in 1975 as a possible vehicle for Steve McQueen. In lieu of McQueen, Kevin Costner plays the title character, a retired Secret Service man who is hired to protect a famous singer (played by Whitney Houston). Costner sports a fuzzy crewcut that's more travesty than homage, and he's very grim; he looks as if he were still troubled by inconsistencies in the Warren Commission report. Houston flings herself repeatedly at the taciturn hero, begging him for both sex and manly state-of-the-art security. It is, perhaps, a sign of progress that a big-budget commercial picture like this can feature a romance between a white man and a black woman without ever making the racial difference an issue. It would be a more encouraging sign if the movie were any good. Directed by Mick Jackson.—T.R. (12/14/92) (New York Twin, Olympia, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 19th Street East 6; through Feb. 4, evenings only.)

Body of Evidence—Madonna plays a woman on trial for deliberately inducing a fatal coronary in her wealthy older lover by means of overstrenuous sadomasochistic sex. Aside from morons, the only viewers likely to be thrilled by this star vehicle are her academic fans: they gaze avidly, deconstructing her with their eyes. For them, the turn-on might be the question: In the light of Sharon Stone's brilliant appropriation of Madonna's persona in "Basic Instinct," is Madonna still the author of Madonna? To the layman, the answer to that one is obvious. Stone's "Madonna" is so much wittier and sexier than its model that it obliterates the original: it

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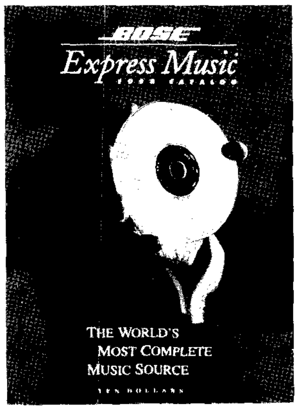

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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

turns the "real" Madonna into an immaterial girl. Madonna—the hardest-working sex symbol in the history of show business—tries with her customary dogged application to reclaim her creation, but it's no use. She seems to be taking herself too seriously, and her erotic audacity lacks even the illusion of playfulness. Her performance feels strained and heavy-spirited; watching it is like watching Joan Crawford tap-dance. Also with Willem Dafoe, Anne Archer, Joe Mantegna, and Julianne Moore. The ridiculous screenplay is credited to Brad Mirman; the sluggish direction is by Uli Edel.—T.R. (1/25/93) (Murray Hill Cinemas, East 85th Street, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Feb. 4.)

The Crying Game—This amazing new movie by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Miracle") has the sure grip and the unstoppable momentum of a dream. Jordan tells the story of Fergus (Stephen Rea), a troubled I.R.A. gunman who undergoes a thorough emotional metamorphosis, and he makes the hero's change of heart moving and persuasive; the film inspires an irrational sort of trust, a willing suspension of something deeper and more fundamental than disbelief. The script is full of reversals and abrupt dislocations and, halfway through, the movie springs a huge, jaw-dropping surprise. Disorienting us isn't the ultimate aim of Jordan's artistic strategy, though; he jars us out of our accustomed responses to prepare us for the purer, more penetrating ones he really wants from us. The picture is a splendid entertainment—an elating, charmed sprint through all sorts of contemporary terrors.—T.R. (11/16/92) (Angelika Film Center, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Damage—A middle-aged British politician (Jeremy Irons, looking and sounding alarmingly like Boris Karloff) falls in love with his son's girlfriend, a mysterious half-French beauty (Juliette Binoche). The screenplay—by David Hare, from Josephine Hart's sensationally stupid best-seller—aims to create a sense of tragic inevitability out of a banal infidelity story: what it achieves is lethal predictability. For almost two hours, the movie alternates joyless, desperate (but tastefully lit) couplings with painfully awkward family gatherings; then somebody dies and everybody's sad and it's over. Director Louis Malle has played artistic sugar daddy to Hart's shallow little novel—provided a lavishly appointed flat for a story that isn't worth a cheap motel room. Also with Miranda Richardson (who is dreadful), Rupert Graves, Ian Bannen, and Leslie Caron.—T.R. (1/25/93) (Village Theatre VII, Cinema II, 57th St. Playhouse, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Eternal Return (1943)—Jean Delannoy directed Jean Cocteau's modern-dress adaptation of the Tristan and Isolde legend. Jean Marais, in a celebrated medieval-looking pullover sweater, and the straight-silk-haired, snow-blond Madeleine Sologne are absurdly glamorous lovers; though the film has the decorative look of ballet and is heavy and stilted, they became the rage of Paris. With Yvonne de Bray and the dwarf Piéral. The cinematographer, Roger Hubert, does occasionally succeed in capturing a misty, mythic atmosphere, and Marais is accompanied by a great dog (his own). Music by Georges Auric. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8.)

A Few Good Men—Tom Cruise and Jack Nicholson square off in this yuppie version of "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial," with Cruise as a glib, Harvard-trained Navy lawyer defending two Marines accused of murder, and Nicholson as the Captain Queeg-like officer who set the crime in motion. The writer, Aaron Sorkin (who adapted his own hit play), and the director, Rob Reiner, seem to think the story has something to say about legal and military honor. They take issues that have been chewed over for centuries and finally succeed in reducing them to cud. The whole film, with its steady, important-picture pacing, its foursquare visual style, and its pseudoprofundity, is a piece of glorified banality. Nicholson boasts a couple of bravura scenes but Kevin Bacon gives the most persuasive performance, as the no-nonsense prosecutor.—M.S. (12/14/92) (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Hoffa—The life of the flamboyant labor leader, who lay down with mobsters and got up with subpoenas, is a terrific subject for a movie—a story of corruption and power, like "Citizen Kane" and the "Godfather" pictures. But what director Danny DeVito and screenwriter David Mamet have done here couldn't have been predicted. They've made a two-hour-and-fifteen-minute movie that doesn't tell the story of Jimmy Hoffa; they've made his life inconsequential. Their Hoffa (Jack Nicholson) is just a blustery movie tough guy: he gives speeches whose content we aren't encouraged to think about; he pops up in the foreground of labor disputes that haven't been explained to us; he appears before investigative panels whose purposes are unclear, and is interrogated about crimes we've neither seen nor heard about. "Hoffa" tells us less about Hoffa than it does about Mamet's chronic nostalgia for the manly-man ethos of yesteryear—a romantic vision of America, where beefy, two-fisted giants once walked and thugs were thugs, not corporate weasels.—T.R. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (Gotham Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Lorenzo's Oil—Susan Sarandon and Nick Nolte portray an extraordinary (real-life) couple named Michaela and Augusto Odone, whose five-year-old son, Lorenzo, is found to have an extremely rare, ruthlessly degenerative, incurable disease. Frustrated by the inadequancy of available therapies and outraged by the primitive state of knowledge about the disease, the Odones won't accept the inevitability of his fate until they've studied the disease thoroughly. It's easy to imagine the Odones' courage and tenacity processed by Hollywood into the sort of shrink-wrapped package of uplift that has, over the years, given the loftiest qualities of the human spirit a really bad name. But director George Miller, a former doctor best known for the punk-inflected "Mad Max" series of action movies, doesn't treat his characters reverently, and explains the data to us patiently, slowly, so we get caught up in the medical mystery. The result is an almost freak occurence: an inspirational drama that's genuinely inspiring.—T.R. (1/11/93) (Bay Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas; through Feb. 4.)

Malcolm X—There's a great deal of passion in Spike Lee's three-hour-and-twenty-minute adaptation of "The Autobiography of Malcolm X," but it's not an artist's passion. Malcolm, who achieved fame in the early sixties as a compelling spokesman for the black-pride philosophy of the Nation of Islam, is an unlikely hero for a big-studio prestige picture: he begins as a predatory street criminal, becomes a studious Muslim ascetic, and fulfills himself as a scourge. The ponderous rhythms of the great-man bio-pic only emphasize the impossibility of rendering this story with conventional movie-narrative means. Denzel Washington's performance as Malcolm gets off to a rocky start—for the first hour, he's required to play the hero as a teen-ager—but it gains authority as the movie goes along. This film's Malcolm isn't so much a character as an image: a statue for us to look up at in wonder. Also with Angela Bassett, Delroy Lindo, Albert Hall, Spike Lee, and Al Freeman, Jr. (a wonderfully sly turn as the hero's mentor, Elijah Muhammad). The script, credited to Lee and Arnold Perl, incorporates (haphazardly) scenes and ideas from a scenario written more than twenty years ago by James Baldwin.—T.R. (11/30/92) (Village Theatre VII, and Festival. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Feb. 4.)

Matinee—With John Goodman and Cathy Moriarty, directed by Joe Dante. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

The Oak—Lively, difficult stuff from the Romanian director Lucian Pintilie: a tale of private survival at the ragged end of the Ceausescu years. Maia Morgenstern plays Nela, the daughter of a dead party official, who pushes off to a provincial town and gets into all kinds of trouble; she also takes up with the local doctor (Razvan Vasilescu), although in this movie even love looks like trouble. There are moments when Pintilie starts to preach, but they soon pass, and this maddening world resumes its pressure on his imagination. He has the courage of his own comedy, with an eye forever caught by offbeat details, especially military and medical; the very look of the movie, its casual brand of intensity, seems to buck the system. Bits of it barely make sense, but the characters don't mind, so why should you? In Romanian.—A.L. (2/1/93) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

GLADIATOR
WILD BLUE YONDER
HISTORICAL
POLICIER
SCI-FI
WESTERN
HITCHCOCK
BOND
PRISON
MUSICAL
MARTIAL ART
DISASTER
SURREALISM
COURTROOM
NOIR
X-RATED
HORROR
COMEDY
ACTION

EDWARD BRIANT

Peter's Friends—With Kenneth Branagh, Emma Thompson, Rita Rudner, Stephen Fry, and Hugh Laurie; directed by Branagh. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Poor Cow (1967)—An English film with Carole White as Joy, a young London barmaid who learns about life as she drifts from one thief to another. But she doesn't learn enough to keep one's attention from drifting in this ambitious but flat version of Nell Dunn's novel, directed by Kenneth Loach in a semi-documentary style. He uses the poor cow Joy as an example of modern urban anomie. Joy is having a baby pulled out of her and is crying in pain as the movie opens, and Donovan is singing Christopher Logue's words: "Be not too hard/For life is short/And nothing is given to man . . . Be not too hard/For soon he'll die/Often no wiser than he began." So you can't say Loach hasn't warned you. Adapted by Dunn and Loach. With John Bindon as the cloddish burglar who impregnates her, and Terence Stamp as the thief she takes up.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 4-5.)

Scent of a Woman—Director Martin Brest and screenwriter Bo Goldman labor mightily to design a holiday-season heart-warmer about a middle-aged blind man and a troubled teen-ager (Chris O'Donnell), but fortunately their low intentions are undone by the star, Al Pacino, whose performance taps emotions too complex and too frightening to be resolved by the simple moral victory that ends the picture. His Frank Slade, a retired Army officer and former aide to L.B.J., is a bitter, misanthropic, profoundly depressed man, and the actor makes us feel the full weight of the character's hopelessness. This is acting that chills the heart beyond any possibility of warming. The filmmakers may dismiss the audience with a banal lesson written on the blackboard—"Smell the roses" is the gist—but by the end we're not paying much attention. We're still sorting out the ambiguities and uncomfortable truths that Pacino's great performance has let us in on.—T.R. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

Sommersby—With Richard Gere and Jodie Foster, directed by Jon Amiel. (See illustration on page 24.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, and Columbus Circle; starting Feb. 5.)

Trade Winds (1939)—Hedy Lamarr was the rage in Hollywood the year this was made, and she had also just married Joan Bennett's ex-husband. So Bennett, in a witchy, prankish mood, turned from blonde into sultry brunette, à la Lamarr—and had no trouble at all outacting her. This picture is made from glamour and jokes and scraps of old melodrama, and the trashy mixture is pretty lively, with Bennett on a ship, trying to escape a charge of murder, Fredric March as the detective whose job it is to take her back, and Ann Sothern on hand as a cynical, wisecracking blonde. The script was written by Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Frank R. Adams, and they supplied Sothern with some real zingers. Audiences like her so much that there was a spinoff—she went on to star in the "Maisie" series. With Ralph Bellamy, Thomas Mitchell, and Sidney Blackmer. Directed by Tay Garnett, who seems to give it spurts of energy—he dozes in between; the cinematography is by Rudolph Maté.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting Feb. 9.)

Volere Volare—This romantic comedy from Maurizio Nichetti suffers from one small problem: there ain't much romance, and not a whole load of comedy, either. Nichetti's last movie, "The Icicle Thief," showed more intuitive wit; this one feels forced and spun-out, with a technical gag that goes well beyond a joke. Nichetti himself plays a timid little bozo who turns into a cartoon; but even then he's still a timid little bozo, so you don't really care either way. Luckily, the woman he fancies is played by Angela Finocchiaro, who is everything that Nichetti isn't—sexy, even-tempered, and free from vanity. The film is itchy and unsatisfying, but she calms it down. In Italian.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas, and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

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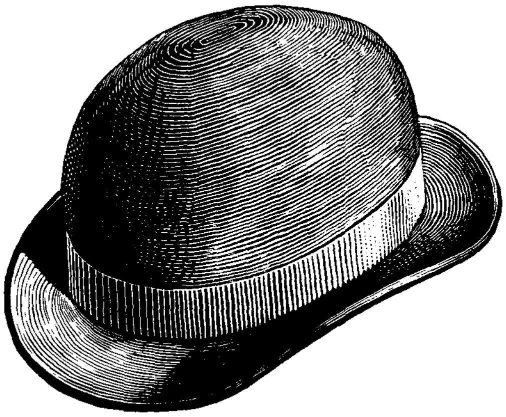

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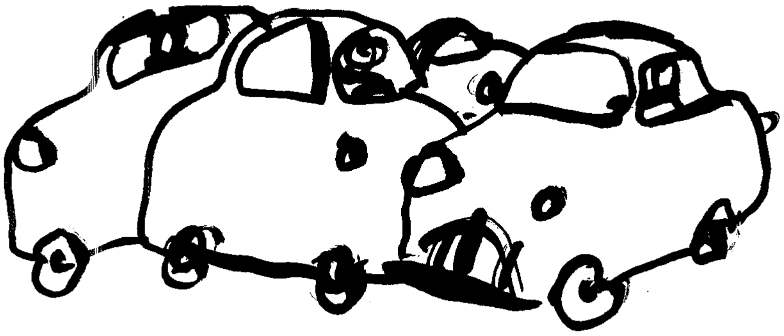
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

CURTAIN CALL

After Rudolf Nureyev died, in early January, his friend Mikhail Baryshnikov found his sorrow spiked by anger at the obituaries he read. He was in Indianapolis at the time, dancing in the Twyla Tharp tour of "Cutting Up," and he did not, he said, "have access to much information." But the stories he did see—most notably the obituary in the *Times*, on January 7th—presented images of a man Baryshnikov often felt he didn't recognize. He was especially upset, he said, by the *Times's* inclusion of a paragraph that read, in part, "The anti-Semitic remarks [Nureyev] had long made in private (he always referred to Mr. Baryshnikov, who is not Jewish, as Moishe) surfaced in print. Without being named, a Soviet critic in Leningrad was called a 'Yiddish bitch' by [Nureyev] in Esquire magazine after her mixed review of his performance at the Kirov in Leningrad in 1989." On January 8th, Baryshnikov sent a letter of protest to the *Times*, but it was never published. Paul Goldberger, the cultural editor of the *Times*, said he had been consulted on the subject by the head of the letters department and the decision was made not to run the letter. "Our decision was made reluctantly, as we do not happily turn down a letter from Mikhail Baryshnikov," he said. "However, we felt strongly that the allegations in the letter were without merit. Since we do not, as a matter of policy, reply to letters in our letters column, there was no way for us to respond to him." He went on to say, "It was not a matter of another view—we're eager to have views other than our own anywhere in the paper—but it was a simple statement of fact that we believed was not borne out. . . . We looked into it, and we felt there was sufficient evidence to support what we said. Had it been a matter of subjective view, as opposed to objective fact, we would have published it instantly."



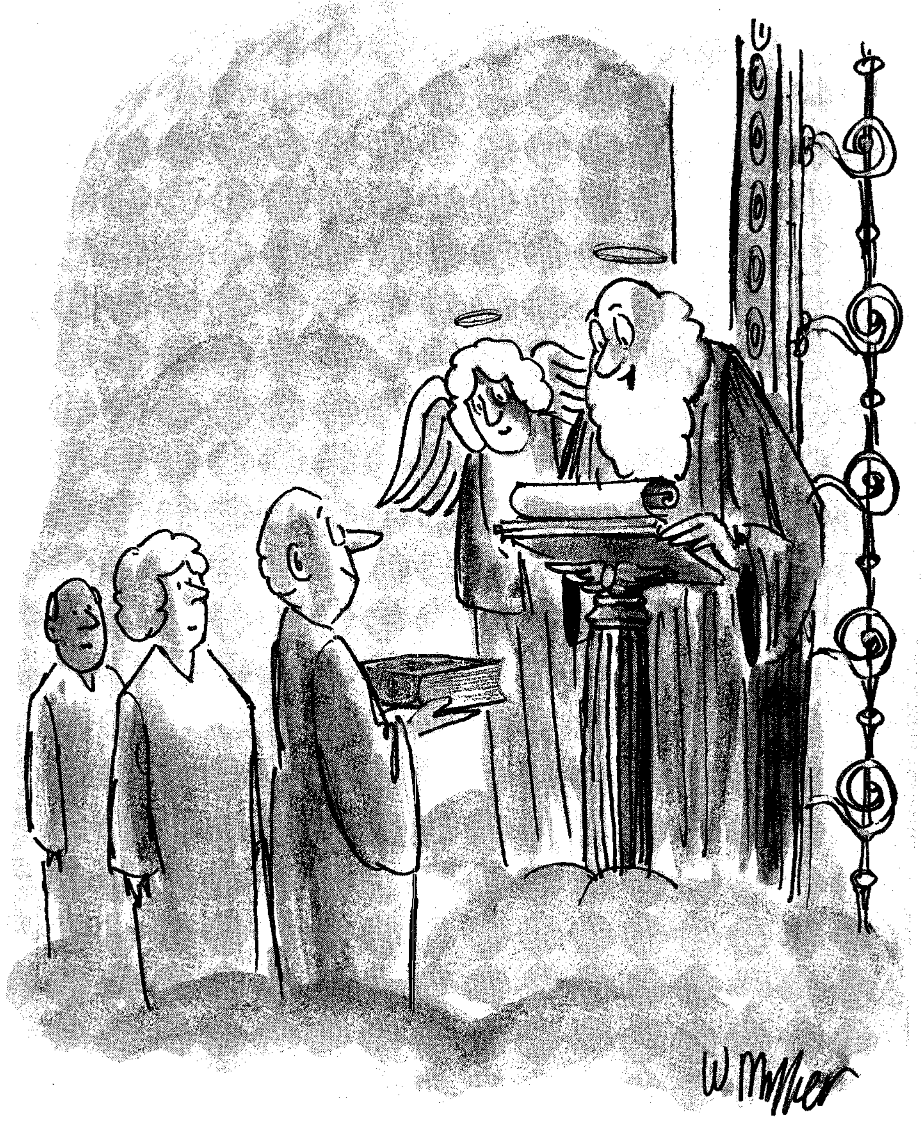
"The question about anti-Semitic remarks was absolutely unfair and not right," Baryshnikov says now, speaking by phone from a hotel room in Washington, D.C., the most recent stop on the tour with Tharp. "I knew Rudy really well, and he was not prejudiced, not racially. Everything was *personal* about him. Yes, he changed his mind sometimes about people, and, yes, he could turn on people, if people—from his point of view—were not loyal. But this nonsense about Moishe and Misha and all that—we called each other different names. It was not by any means anti-Semitic remarks. You know, Rudy had a big mouth. And he was just barking sometimes at some people, especially when he was excited."

Baryshnikov's acquaintance with Nureyev began when Baryshnikov was on tour in London in the early seventies with the Kirov Ballet, the Leningrad-based company from which Nureyev had defected in 1961. After Baryshnikov's own defection to the West, in 1974, their friendship grew, in spite of speculation that the younger dancer's immediate public acclaim aroused jealousy in the older man.

One of the last messages Nureyev sent to Baryshnikov before he died demanded, jokingly, the return of a pair of battered pink ballet slippers which he claimed from his hospital bed that Baryshnikov had stolen from him. The charge was false, Baryshnikov says. "I would never be able to wear them, because they were too small for me. He was very depressed that I had a bigger foot. But he had just remembered something about the shoes because I used to tease him about them. That was our relationship. And that's why this Moishe stuff is ridiculous—because we just teased each other all the time."

Some of the obituaries commented at length on Nureyev's insistence on performing, sometimes disastrously, when he was well past his peak as a dancer. It is a subject, Baryshnikov says, that he wished had been treated with more compassion. "For people who knew and now know that he was H.I.V.-positive for nine—even ten—years, it was absolutely understand-

PATRICK BLACKWELL



"Oh, how thoughtful! You brought the Sears catalogue with you!"

• •

able why he wanted to be onstage. Definitely, for him, it was a death to be offstage. No matter how he was dancing, at least it was killing time, because he knew time was killing him."

THE REAL SCORE

ACCORDING to several published reports over the past nine months, Hillary Clinton became "a minor celebrity" during her years at Wellesley College "for having been a multiple winner on the TV quiz show 'College Bowl.'" True, in 1970 Wellesley achieved glory by winning four contests in a row on the old NBC game show. However, Judge Ellen Brantley, who captained Wellesley's team in that year of triumph, says that in fact Hillary was never a contestant on "College Bowl." "She had already graduated by then, and was at Yale Law School," Judge Brantley explains.

Ms. Brantley, an Arkansas state judge, who lives in Little Rock, became close friends with the Clintons in 1975, when all three of them taught law at the University of Arkansas. She says Hillary would have been "a pretty good player" if she had been a member of the Wellesley team. The contestants required "speed, instant recall, and breadth of knowledge," she recalls. "It didn't really test your intellect but how much junky, trivial stuff you could bring to mind quickly. Bill might have been even better than Hillary. He has a real quick mind. But they'd both be pretty good."

Similarly, Judge Brantley's husband, Max, who is the editor of the *Arkansas Times*, describes the Clintons as formidable "gamesmen." On the basis of the First Couple's performances at charades in the seventies, he concludes, "Hillary is certainly smart enough to have been on the 'College Bowl' team. She's as smart as a whip. I always remember, when we played charades with them, the incredible wealth of knowledge they had about book titles and plays and movies and things. It was really quite amazing to me."

"I mostly remember charades," says Judge Brantley. "Bill is one of the most intensely competitive people you can ever imagine. He would get real upset if people didn't get his clue or if he didn't get theirs. He did a lot of yelling and screaming and jumping up and down. Hillary was a bit more laid back. She would be reading a magazine some of the time. Bill would shout at her a bit."

FRANK 'N' STEIN

BURIED in a recent article in the *Times* about the frantic fund-raising efforts of the candidates for mayor of New York was the information that last fall the campaign organization of Andrew J. Stein, the president of the City Council, who is desperately hoping to unseat David Dinkins, had "spent $21,000 to buy an antique Russian box as a gift for Frank Sinatra." The *Times* went on to say that on January 15th, the day Mr. Stein's campaign finances were disclosed, he had repaid his organization the cost of the box with a check on his own bank account, "because he wanted to make it a personal gift." How generous of him! But, since the box had been acquired back in September, why hadn't Mr. Stein thought of that earlier? And why, for that matter, if he was willing to pay so much to please Mr. Sinatra, had he decided to spend the money on an antique Russian box? These are questions that cry out for answers.

Well, on January 21st of last year a legendary dinner was held at the Waldorf-Astoria, ostensibly to celebrate Mr. Stein's forty-seventh birthday but effectively to serve as a fund-raiser for his still undeclared mayoral campaign. It was attended by about a thousand guests, most of whom paid between a thousand and five thousand dollars a plate, but a few of whom contributed as much as fifty thousand dollars for a table of ten (thus earning themselves the title of "golden benefactor"). The event, of which Ronald Perelman, of Revlon, and the late Steve Ross, of Time-Warner, served as co-chairmen, grossed about two million dollars. Entertainment was provided by Frank Sinatra, Liza Minnelli, and Shirley MacLaine, each of whom sang four songs to the accompaniment of a thirty-four-piece orchestra. According to Mr. Stein, Mr. Sinatra was given the Russian box because he had waived his usual fee of several hundred thousand dollars, and had sung for nothing.

Mr. Sinatra had done this, Mr. Stein says, because the two of them are friends. "I first met Frank probably fourteen or fifteen years ago," he explains. "When I got to know him, we were talking about politics, and he said to me, 'Kid, when you run for mayor or governor let me know and I'll be there for you.'" But, while Mr. Sinatra sang for nothing, that does not mean he came cheap. The Stein campaign spent $52,305 on bringing him to New York by private plane and a further $29,992.18 on his incidental expenses. Ten thousand dollars was also paid to a television writer, Buz Kohan, to write patter.

Almost eight months later, on September 17th, the Stein organization bought the Russian box, as a gift for Mr. Sinatra, from A La Vieille Russie, a store that has been at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street since 1941 and has been run by the Schaffer family since they founded it, in Kiev, in 1851. The actual price of the box was $20,567.50. When Peter Schaffer, a manager of the store, was asked to describe the object, he said that it was a very beautiful nineteenth-century enamel box of standard snuffbox size—"about three inches by two inches by one inch"—but he refused to say anything else about it.

As Mr. Stein's campaign was preparing to publish its financial report last month, somebody must have wondered how his benefactors would feel if they read that so much of their money had

SQUASHED

MINUTE 1: I introduce myself to Mark Talbott, the North American hardball-squash champion. He says hello. He is a very lean guy with bright eyes, shaggy brown hair, and articulated thigh muscles. Except for the thigh muscles, he looks like someone who might be working in the classic-rock section of Tower Records. Also, he looks relaxed. He is in New York to raise scholarship money for his squash academy in Newport, Rhode Island, by hiring himself out as a partner—twenty-five dollars for ten minutes. I remark that my hip is a little sore and that it might interfere with my playing. Talbott nods and smiles and continues to appear relaxed.

Minute 2: I serve. Talbott returns with a rail shot or a boast or something like that. Killer placement. Point to Talbott.

Minute 3: Talbott hits a big fat bloopy serve. I overreact. The twelve people waiting for their ten minutes with Talbott applaud.

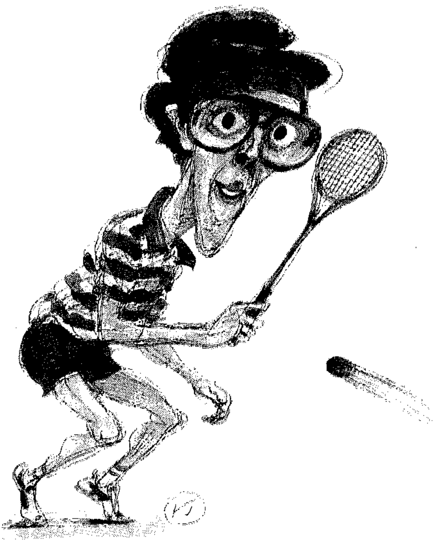
Minute 4: Talbott prepares to serve. I interrupt, asking whether I had mentioned my hip. Talbott says he believes I have already mentioned it. I ask if it's true that he used to live in a truck made from a dismantled squash court. While he is answering (true), I serve. To me, he looked ready. My point.

Minute 5: I ask him whether the last point was charity or whether I really caught him napping. He says he's breaking his neck to beat me. Someone watching us says, in a loud voice, that Talbott is so relaxed that he appears to be reading a newspaper while playing. I consider this a rude remark. Play is interrupted by Brian Sloman, an advertising executive who helped set up this fund-raiser: he informs Talbott that one of the people waiting to play is an arrogant pretty-boy (his words), and would Talbott mind beating his pants off, just because. Talbott says he will do so.

Minute 6: I blow my nose. I tell Talbott that I did not come here to beat him or scare him but I would appreciate it if he would perspire all over his body. He tells me I ought to change my grip.

Minute 7: Serve, swing, miss, point.

Minute 8: I ask Talbott if anyone has ever told him that he puts one in mind of Perry Como. By this I mean a mood thing, not a musical thing. Talbott asks whether I understood what he meant about my grip. It is obvious to me he is dodging the Perry Como issue. Brian Sloman motions to Talbott. He turns to respond. I serve: Ace. If he can't keep focussed on the game, that's his problem. Anyway, I'm paying two and a half bucks a minute, so he can talk on his own nickel.



Minute 9: Talbott sets up to serve. I am crippled with hip pain and am developing some sort of twitch in my right deltoid, but have enough fight left to ask whether he could hold his serve for one little second and show me how to do that cool thing with my racquet that would allow me to pick up the ball without bending over.

Minute 10: Sloman signals that our time is up. I tell Talbott that, for my money, this ten minutes just flew by. He shakes my hand with a relaxed but proper grip and tells me to keep playing. I ice my entire body and then take a cab home. —SUSAN ORLEAN

VICTOR JUHASZ

gone for this peculiar little gift. So Mr. Stein, after discussing the matter with his campaign adviser, Phil Friedman, decided to reimburse the campaign out of his own pocket at the last moment. "I just didn't focus on it before that time," Mr. Stein said. "I wanted it to be a personal gift, to show my appreciation."

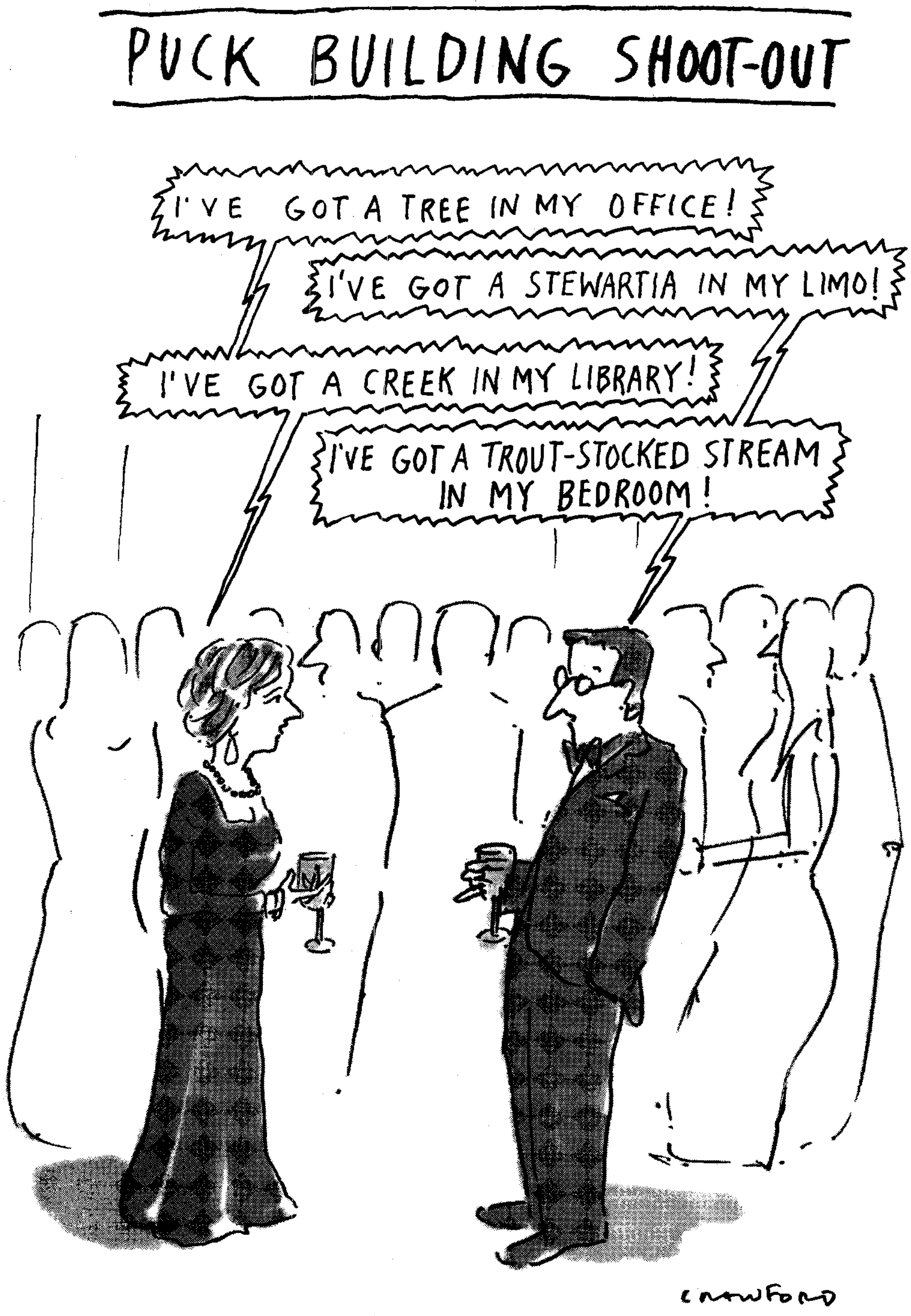
But, if he wanted to give Mr. Sinatra a present, why choose a snuffbox? Mr. Sinatra doesn't take snuff; he smokes unfiltered Camel cigarettes, and a snuffbox is hardly suitable for those. "Frank collects antique boxes," Mr. Stein said. But does he? "Mr. Sinatra does not collect antique boxes," his spokeswoman, Susan Reynolds, said. "He collects model trains."

CAPTIVE AUDIENCE

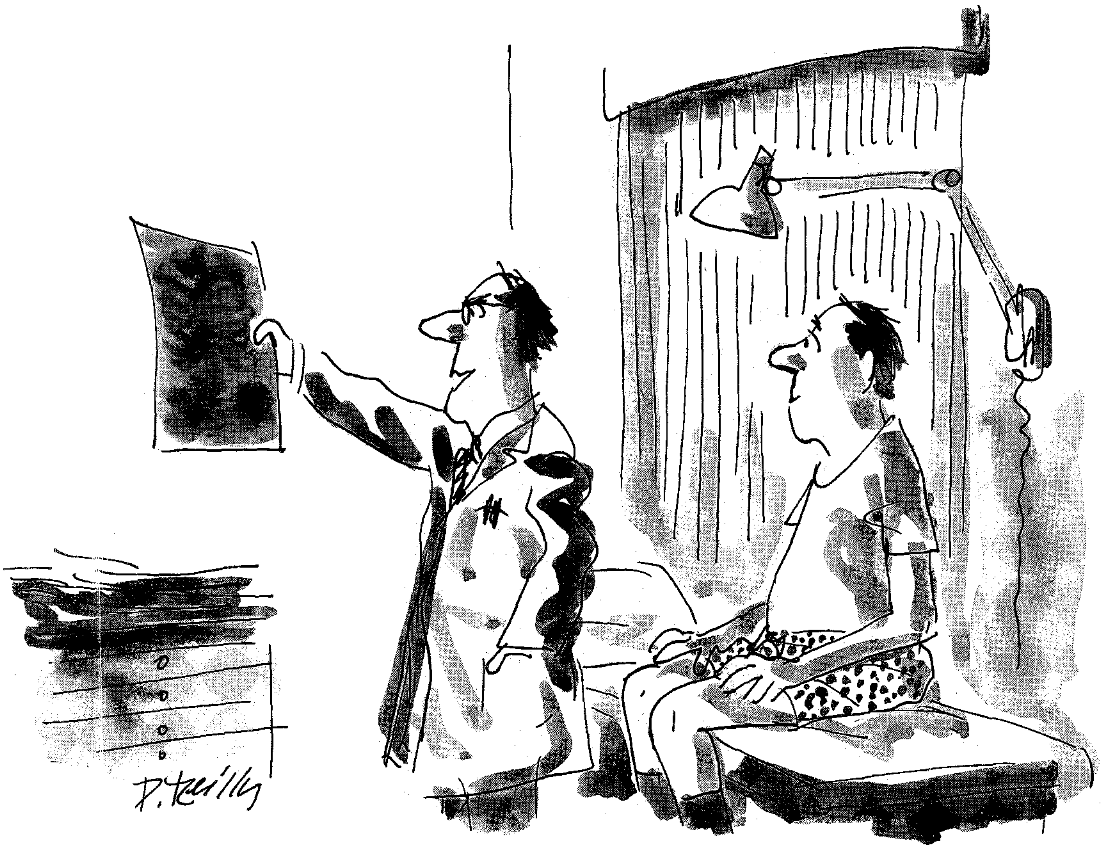
Among the ten jails on Rikers Island, the Rose M. Singer Center is the only one for women prisoners. For this reason, presumably, somebody once decided that everything in it ought to be colored pink. Pink doorways open onto endless pink corridors. Even the bars on the automatically locking cell doors are painted pink. Presiding over all this pinkness (which in itself almost constitutes cruel and unusual punishment) is an amiable Irish-American named Robert Brennan, who has worked in prisons for twenty-three years, the last five and a half of them as warden of the Singer Center. "The big difference between this jail and the jails I've worked in before is noise," he says. "Women are louder than men when they are incarcerated. You walk down the hall in a men's jail and it's quiet. Here the noise level is unbelievable."

On this particular Tuesday afternoon, the noisy women of Rikers Island have been summoned to the prison gymnasium to attend a matinée performance by the Copa Comedy Troupe, a seven-member Hispanic comedy group that has been performing for about six months and does a show every Tuesday night at the Copacabana. The troupe has been brought to Rikers Island by Ms. Sandra Lewis Smith, the Director of Special Events for the Department of Corrections for the City of New York. A stylish and good-looking woman, who once ran a beauty salon in Beverly Hills, she has been arranging entertainment for New York prisons since the mid-eighties, and this is one of forty-three shows she booked in the month of December for the jails she works with—the ten on Rikers Island and six that are scattered through the boroughs. Ms. Smith has the officers in mind as well as the prisoners. "The staff is just as incarcerated as the inmates," she points out. "It's a release of tension for everyone." She says that inmates have been found to become less violent after watching a show.

As the Copa Comedy Troupe is loosening up, by playing basketball, the women prisoners are led into the gymnasium. There are three hundred of them, and they are an unhappy-looking lot. Most of them are very young. (Their average age is twenty-five, according to Ms. Smith, and


PUCK BUILDING SHOOT-OUT
I'VE GOT A TREE IN MY OFFICE!
I'VE GOT A STEWARTIA IN MY LIMO!
I'VE GOT A CREEK IN MY LIBRARY!
I'VE GOT A TROUT-STOCKED STREAM IN MY BEDROOM!
CRAWFORD

eighty per cent of them are mothers.) Though they wear elaborate makeup and go in for intricate hairdos, they have a sullen, claustrophobic air about them. But as soon as the comedy routines begin they are transformed into giggling girls. Angelo, the m.c., runs back and forth in front of the bleachers revving up the crowd. "Y'all looking goo-ood," he says. He asks where one woman is from, and when she mentions a crossroads in the Bronx he says, "Oh, yeah? No shit? Really? I know that place—good crack there, yeah, real good crack corner." The woman and her friends scream "Nooo!" but Angelo has run down to the other end of the gym to tease a very young, very pregnant girl about the father of her baby. He asks "Who's the C.O.?"—corrections officer—and everybody shrieks with delight. Ms. Smith sits knitting contentedly among the prisoners. At one point, after a particularly big laugh, she looks up and asks, "What did he say?" "Motherfucking cockroach," she is told. She smiles and goes back to her knitting.



"Basically, there's nothing wrong with you that what's right with you can't cure."

• •

DEAR GOD

NOT only is the fax machine a very useful thing; it has already changed the world. When the revolutionaries of Moscow, Warsaw, Vilnius, and Prague suddenly realized a few years ago that, despite censorship, they could send and receive secret messages by fax, they were halfway to liberation. Now the new information technology is reaching up to Heaven. The Israeli government's telephone company, Bezek, has set up a special line on which people can fax their secret requests to God. The Jerusalem number is 612-222. For no extra charge, messages received there from around the world will be brought to the Western Wall and put in its cracks.

Bezek is merely wiring into a centuries-old tradition whereby Jews have been coming to the Western, or Wailing, Wall with prayers on little slips of paper, known in Yiddish as *kvittlach*. Often, Jews travel thousands of miles simply to put their petitions in the cracks of the wall, in the belief that doing so will speed them to the desired destination. Now there will be a much easier way.

While the idea of faxing the wall instead of visiting it might be expected to offend traditionalists, it does not appear so far to have met with any opposition in New York's rabbinical community. Rabbi Marc Schneier, of the Orthodox Park East Synagogue, on East Sixty-eighth Street, says, "Ideally, one should go to Israel to put a petition in the wall, but if this brings comfort to people in need, then I'm all for it. There are lots of people who can't get to Jerusalem or can't afford the trip."

Rabbi David Lincoln, of the conservative Park Avenue Synagogue, on East Eighty-seventh Street, fears that fax sheets may be too large to fit into the cracks in the wall and could end up littering the ground beneath it, but he adds, "Judaism has always believed in using modern methods, so I'm not really scandalized by it. I can't see anything in Jewish law to forbid it."

A note of warning is sounded by Kevin S. Potente, the vice-president of the Fax Information Network of America, in Hicksville, New York. He points out that fax pirates could tap into the messages sent along the telephone line, thus undermining the secrecy of a private communication with God. "But that's where the next step in the technology comes in," he goes on to say. "We're developing ways now to secure messages. We call it having safe fax. You can compress the data in such a way that the person trying to tap you gets garbage unless he knows the exact way to decode the compressed material. Of course, God would be able to figure it out. But the Russians wouldn't." ♦

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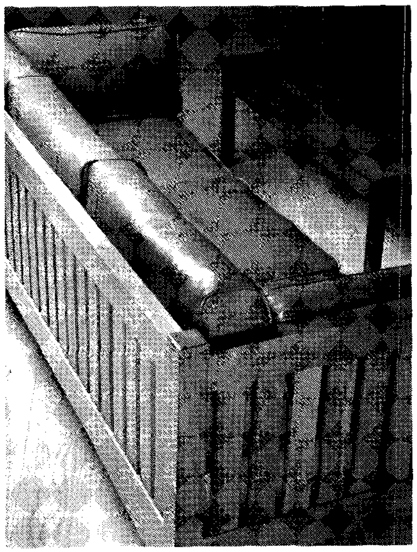

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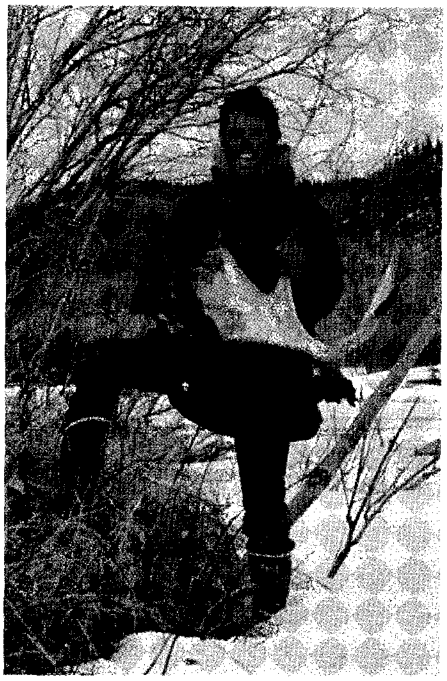
ANNALS OF EXPLORATION

I NOW WALK INTO THE WILD

Chris McCandless walked away from the world, drawn by a lethal flirtation with the power to be free of everything.

BY CHIP BROWN



McCandless said Alaska was going to be his biggest adventure, his "odyssey."

COURTESY OF THE MCCANDLESS FAMILY

It would have been better to go on the ground, as the boy had gone when he came into the country in the spring, but it was a time between seasons, and the rivers were just beginning to freeze and could not yet be crossed on snow machines. It had been five weeks since the police had removed the body of Chris McCandless from the back of the old bus on the Sushana River, the makeshift hunting shelter where he had spent the summer scratching for berries and wild meat. Alaska's brief autumn had flashed across the tundra, and now the plains and mountains north of Denali (still officially named Mt. McKinley) were knee-deep in snow.

So, a helicopter. We left from the mining town of Healy, on the main highway, and headed west, up a sweeping valley. A thousand feet below, sparse stands of spruce marked the course of the Savage River; beyond it lay the winding depression of the Teklanika River valley, with its ice-bordered stretches of open black water and, on the far side, a string of beaver ponds that looked like a staircase of frozen rice paddies. The Stampede Trail, an old mining road, was still visible, zigging through forest, zagging over ridges. Ten miles more and it entered a clearing where a green rattletrap bus was incongruously parked at the confluence of two streams.

Butch Killian, a blue-eyed Healy coal miner and hunter, who was riding in the back of the helicopter, had spent many nights in the Sushana bus. As the newspapers had reported, he had been stalking moose five weeks earlier along the northern boundary of Denali National Park, and had arrived at the bus in his all-terrain vehicle at dusk, intending to lay up for the night and make the twenty-eight miles cross-country to Healy in the morning. A bad odor stopped him. From the window he saw what looked to be a man in a sleeping bag on the mattress inside. He got on the radio to the Healy Fire Department, where he served as a volunteer: "Dispatch, this is Butch. You might want to call the troopers. There's a dead man in the bus at the Sushana."

Now the chopper whirled down in a stylish spiral and landed in the snowy yard near the faded green hulk of Fairbanks City Transit System 142. The prop-wash blew the snow off the bus's yellow hood. The air was punishingly cold. Killian led the way to the door at the back.

"The smell's gone," he said, stepping inside. There was room to stand; good light; the air was much warmer. Apart from a few items that the troopers had removed with the body, Chris McCandless's meagre wherewithal was lying as he had left it: on the front table, his frayed toothbrush and tube of Colgate, a blue-handled knife, the crown of a molar; on a chair, his dungarees; by a barrel stove, his Great Lakes boots; on a cot against the wall, his blue pack with the foam pad still rolled and tied, and his little library, including a coverless copy of "Walden." One of the windows of the bus had been knocked out to make room for a fifteen-foot spruce trunk; one end of the log was stuck into the mouth of the barrel stove like a tongue depressor. An experienced outdoorsman would have had an axe to piece up his firewood, not the dull machete propped by the door.

The mattress of the bed was torn and stained and strewn with things—a net that McCandless had worn over his head to keep the bugs away, an open copy of "Doctor Zhivago," a pair of gloves, a black pen, Chap Stick, toenail clippers, iodine pills, a green water bottle filled now with ice, and a pair of silver-framed eyeglasses, neatly folded. He was near-sighted.

"I might have to put a tarp down before I sleep there again," Butch Killian said. We laughed; we were nervous, and the presence in the room was so strong that it seemed rude of us to have barged in uninvited. It was as if Chris McCandless had just gone down to the stream to fetch water or were off collecting wood. We stayed about an hour. We returned to the helicopter. Our breath fogged the Plexiglas as the chilled engine shuddered to life.

CHRISTOPHER J. McCANDLESS, whose body was brought back from the Sushana River bus last fall, was one of the many seekers drawn north by the mythic Alaska—the Alaska that belongs as much to the estate of the imagination as to the actual earth, and which sustains the crowded parts of America with the sentimental idea of a last frontier. What he had envisioned before he came was the Alaska of shining mountains and immense herds and smoke curling above archetypal cabins—a far cry from the base world of insects, darkness, and death. During the fortnight that the state troopers withheld his name while they canvassed the country for his next of kin (even getting in touch with a Santa Barbara wrecking company whose name was on the T-shirt he died in), the newspapers referred to McCandless simply as "the hiker." If the authorities did not know whom he belonged to, they at least knew some of what had happened. Along with the body they had recovered an SOS note, which he had signed and taped to a window of the bus, and a terse journal, which he had kept on the back pages of a book of plant lore. There were also self-portraits he had made with his 35-mm. camera. One of the photo-

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graphs was faxed to law-enforcement agencies around the country.

The blue sleeping bag containing his remains was sent to the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory, in Anchorage, where an autopsy was conducted. The advanced decomposition of the skeletal figure made it impossible to set a precise date of death. No sign of injury was found. The large muscles of the arms and legs were extensively wasted, and there was a complete absence of fat under the skin. A five-foot-eight-inch, twenty-four-year-old man who, it was later learned, had weighed a hundred and thirty-three pounds when he got a driver's license from the State of Virginia several years before, weighed sixty-seven pounds at the time of his autopsy. The autopsy findings concurred with the conclusion the troopers had arrived at on the basis of entries in the diary: the hiker had died of starvation.

And so Chris McCandless took his place in the long line of travellers whose last days in some far corner of the world resonate in poignant words. Starvation, the prosaic horror of every age, has a kind of evil poetry in the literature of misadventure, and what we remember is not the deaths of the sixty thousand people who succumb to hunger daily but the fate of Scott and his party, who perished of starvation and exposure on their way back from the South Pole, eighty years ago—an ordeal preserved in Scott's diary with the famous closing line "For God's sake, look after our people." Or the trials of the first Franklin party, whose members began to starve on their return from the far north, in 1821; before they died, they made suppers of old shoes, lichen, deer bones left by wolves. Or the plight of the emigrants of the Donner party, snowbound in the Sierra Nevada in the winter of 1846, nearly half of them to die, and their accounts to emerge afterward describing the descent into cannibalism.

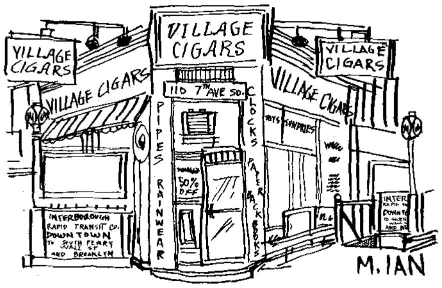
Alaska has its own shelf of tales: stories of the downed airman who survived after parachuting into mountains at fifty below with only a Boy Scout knife and some matches; of seal hunters stranded on pack ice in the Bering Sea, snapping fingers off their frozen hands.

Chris McCandless chose his adventure; it was not compelled by a malfunctioning engine or a shift in the pack ice. But, beyond the immediate questions of what happened and why, there is the enigma of motive itself. What sent him into the wilderness? What was he seeking that was worth dying for? What does anyone seek who travels beyond the pale in the name of gold dust or the glory of God or a clutch of penguin eggs? Given the risks, most rationales seem pretty thin; perhaps they can be understood only as pretexts for something incommunicably personal, as the cover stories that license the action of the spirit.

McCandless himself wrote that he was waging a spiritual revolution to "kill the false being within." His method of battle was a kind of willful asceticism. It was as if he believed he could pare away whatever was false or superficial, and, as he got more adept at it, he seemed almost to revel in the power of doing without, the euphoria of dispossession. In its thrall, he would have understood Nikos Kazantzakis, who once wrote, "In hunger I am King." Chris ignored the advice of his teachers, frustrated the expectations of his parents, and rejected the conventions of his class. He preferred hitchhiking to driving. He dispensed with four-food-group meals in favor of rice, and when the rice ran out he foraged and even fasted. He discarded his given name, his Social Security number. "EXEMPT EXEMPT EXEMPT" he scrawled across a W-4 form. At one point, he set fire to the last of his money. He pared away contact with his friends, with his mother and father and his sister, Carine. In the end, whether by tragic miscalculation or unknowable design, he pared away himself.

HIS adventure in Alaska capped a series of epic journeys that began in 1986, the year he graduated from W. T. Woodson High School, in the Washington, D.C., suburb of Fairfax, Virginia. But in some sense he had been rehearsing for the road all his life. At two, he once trotted out of the house before sunrise to raid a candy drawer at a neighbor's house down the street. At ten, a skinny boy with spidery lashes and his mother's enormous brown eyes, he took up cross-country running; he ran with the family dog, and won his age group in competitions. Roger Miller's "King of the Road" was one of his favorite songs. What Chris lacked in talent he made up for in will. He ran all through high school and trained with masochistic regimens and spur-of-the-moment marathon runs into Washington. In his junior and senior years, he was captain of the Woodson cross-country team and the leader of the Road Warriors, a group of friends who lit out on "suicide runs" through swamps and back yards and culverts. They tried to get lost.

At the end of the road was wilderness. Almost every year, Chris had gone with his father, Walt, to the Blue Ridge Mountains to climb Old Rag. "The Call of the Wild" was one of his favorite books. The family house, in Annandale, had a closet full of camping gear. His father gave him the pack he carried to Alaska; his mother, Billie, sewed him a blue sleeping bag, the sleeping bag he died in. There were summer trips to Colorado with Carine to visit their six half siblings from Walt's first marriage. When Chris was twelve, he climbed high on Longs Peak with his father. Chris wanted to continue after Walt tired out, wanted to go through the formation known as the Keyhole and on to the dangerous summit stretches on the other side. "He had a tendency to overestimate his abilities, but only by a little bit," Walt McCandless says. "He was fearless; he didn't think the odds applied to him. We were always trying to pull him back from the precipice."



It's hard to know to what extent Chris's estrangement from his family in his late teens and early twenties reflected something other than the normal conflicts of adolescent rebellion—wounds that might have healed with time and maturity. After Walt and Billie went into business for themselves as engineering consultants—Walt had been an aerospace engineer at NASA who designed radar for the space shuttle—Chris looked askance at what he considered his parents' "materialism." He didn't cotton to rules. He talked of wanting to fight apartheid by taking guns and ammo to South Africa himself. He entertained doubts about the value of a career. Careers were to him dubious "twentieth-century inventions."

Walt and Billie were impressed by

their son's outrage over apartheid and hunger; he went into Washington to roam the streets buying hamburgers for homeless men and women. But they wanted him first to get the "leverage" of an education. "I don't think we understood the depth of Chris," Billie McCandless says. "And I'm not sure he understood how deep he was. He wanted to find out."

He enrolled in Emory University, in Atlanta, but even during his last year at Woodson he seemed to know that his future lay elsewhere. "Chris told me he thought he was going to be alone in his life," recalls his friend and fellow-runner Don Springer, who now lives in Switzerland. "He had been drinking a bit, and he got very emotional. It wasn't a cry for help. I think he just wanted to tell somebody."

THE summer after high school, Chris set out on the first of his adventures, a cross-country trek of continental proportions. He drove south in a yellow Datsun, then west to Texas and California. He returned via Nevada, wide-eyed at the casinos, the showgirls, the three-dollar steaks. He had his father's Texaco credit card for emergencies. He hated obliging his parents with calls home every three days, and in subsequent summers he added those phone check-ins to the list of things he could do without. He logged more than ten thousand miles on that first trip. When he came home a few days before leaving for the start of the fall term at Emory, he had a beard that made him look like Jesus, and a machete under his coat.

It was between his sophomore and junior years that his friends and parents noticed a marked change in him. "I was talking about parties, but he didn't care," his high-school friend Gordy Cucullu says, recalling a time when he ran into Chris in Annandale. "He didn't drink anymore—he'd settled into the pursuit of knowledge. It was strange. He was like someone who was seeing things in a totally new way, almost like a born-again Christian."

Walt and Billie were concerned that Chris was living alone, working too hard, and not having enough fun. There was something dangerously innocent in the way he thought he could bend everything to his will. Why didn't he run for the Emory track team? He was a talented singer and a pianist, like his father; why didn't he play more music? He was majoring in both history and anthropology, and his courses read like a catalogue of his social concerns: "The Food Crisis in Africa," "Apartheid and South African History." But he had grown disenchanted with the value of an academic education, and toyed with the idea of chucking it. "He was very bright and he had wonderful promise, but he never knew where he was going to go with it," his adviser, Peter Brown, recalls. "He never did an honors thesis, and I found that telling."

The summer between junior and senior years, he drove the Datsun to Alaska and back. Now nothing seemed out of reach. His senior year, he moved off campus to a monkish room with a mattress on the floor and a Macintosh computer on a table. He had no phone, and he seldom saw friends. He had a key to a carrel in the library. His grade-point average was 3.7, good enough for Phi Beta Kappa, but he had long since overcome any desire for honorifics. Something bigger was at stake; he let drop fatalistic hints about his sense of the future. "A couple of times, he said he didn't think he'd make it to thirty," Joshua Marshall, a college friend, says. "I think it was based on his desire to stay away from convention. He had put himself in tenuous positions. He used to talk about how he'd slept in his car, and how he would just show up in towns and try to find a job. Most of us figured once he'd got the desire to do that out of his system he'd take one or two steps back to the conventional life."

His parents thought he might go on to law school. "I misread him," his father says. When they came down with Carine for graduation ceremonies, Chris told them he would be coming home in August. They wanted to buy him a new car; he didn't want a new car. It was Mother's Day; he bought flowers and candy for Billie. The weather was foggy. Elizabeth Dole gave a forgettable address. Chris's name was called. His family watched him cross the stage. After they said goodbye, they never saw him again.

NOBODY who knew him as Chris saw him after that summer. He was through the keyhole, like a wraith in flight. One of his parting acts set the stage for the sharpest of the many ironies that attended his death: he withdrew what remained of his college-tuition

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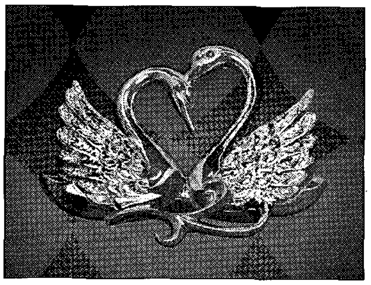

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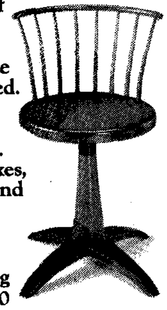


fund—$24,292—and donated it to OXFAM America, in Boston, to fight hunger. He took a new name, a sort of *nom de vie*—Alexander Supertramp. In August, after a ticket he'd got for hitchhiking in California reached his parents, they grew frantic and hired a private investigator. The search reached fruitlessly into Europe and South Africa. Chris was determined to get lost. In the adventures of the next two years, there are telling patterns and familiar themes: will and wanderlust, the penchant for asceticism, the abiding anger that enabled him to continue to shun his family. His confidence grew as he mastered the hardships of the self-reliant life. He left a deep impression on the people he met, but he was drifting away from social entanglements toward the solitude of wild places.

In some sense, he was a character in the wrong century, born too late for the age of discovery. He craved blank spots on the map, at a time when his father was designing radar that could produce maps from space—maps that could practically show the beaver in the pond. Chris wanted to take nature unfiltered, unscreened, alone, and he found a characteristic solution to the problem of maps without blank spots: he threw the maps away.

In July, 1990, after his Datsun was drenched in a flash flood near Lake Mead, Arizona, he abandoned it. He buried some of his belongings, burned the last of his money—a hundred and twenty-three dollars—and set out on foot to hike around Lake Mead. The temperature was "in excess of 120°," he later wrote in a notebook; he became "delirious" and was lucky to flag down a boat on the lake.

He hitchhiked his way northwest to Reno, then south to Lake Tahoe, and from there he climbed further into the Sierra Nevada, intending to hike the Pacific Crest Trail. On the seventeenth of July, he ate the last of his rice and had to "fish/hunt/scavenge for all meals." Five days later, he came upon a cabin stocked with emergency food. He broke in and loaded his pack.

So it went through the summer and into the fall. He left the mountains, hitched on through Redding, Whiskeytown, and Arcata. He fell in with an itinerant society, a life of temporary camps and plans that never reached more than a week or two into the future. He made his way up the Oregon coast, north into Washington, and then east across the top of the country. In Montana, in mid-September, he met a kindred spirit, a South Dakota man named Wayne Westerberg, who was harvesting wheat there with his combines. Departing Bighorn Lake, Montana, on September 20th, Chris wrote, "Alexander decides to cease wandering aimlessly and heads directly east for South Dakota and work for Wayne Westerberg." He did odd jobs for Westerberg during most of October, but then set out again, hitchhiking to Idaho and down to the Mojave Desert. In a December postcard thanking Westerberg for his hospitality he wrote, "Sometimes I wish I hadn't met you though. Tramping is too Easy with all this money. My days were more exciting when I was penniless and had to Forage Around for my next meal. . . . I've decided that I'm going to live this Life for some time to come. The Freedom and Simple Beauty of it is just too good to pass up."

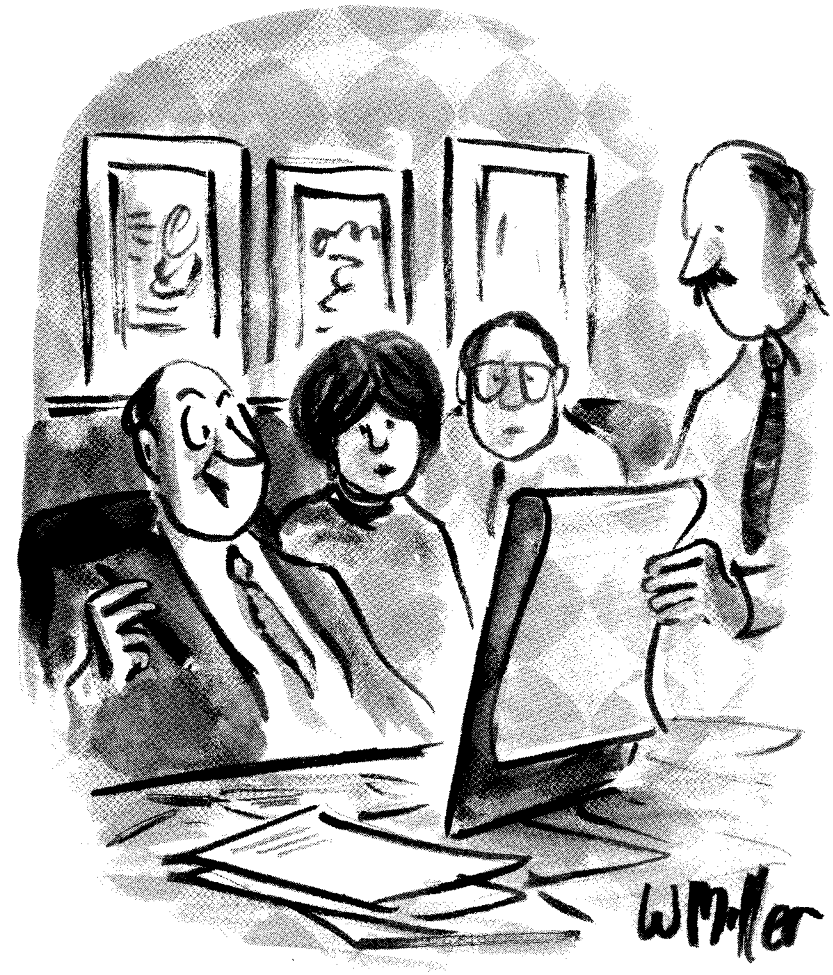
In Topock, Arizona, he bought a canoe with some of the filthy lucre he had earned, and set out to paddle down the Colorado to the Gulf of California. He slipped illegally into Mexico, running the open floodgates of the Morelos Dam. He took pictures of tarantulas and jackrabbits and wild mustangs. He made many self-portraits as well; he always appeared as a small figure with arms flung wide in a grand and desolate setting.

For someone so independent, he had an odd habit of counting on miracles to bail him out of predicaments. He was paddling around in the maze of canals into which the Colorado disappears, never to reach the Gulf of California, when he met a fisherman who agreed to tow his canoe to the ocean. He moved south down the western coast of Mexico. He spent Christmas alone in a cave on a beach cliff, and watched the full moon come up on the New Year.

Eleven days later, he nearly died when gales and a powerful outgoing tide seized his canoe. He decided to return north. He hadn't said a word to another person in more than a month. He was arrested by the Border Patrol and released later that night minus his sidearm, a prized Colt Python. "Can this be the same Alex that set out in July, 1990?" he wrote. "Malnutrition and the road have taken their toll on his body. Over twenty-five pounds lost. But his spirit is *soaring*."

Seven months after he had abandoned his car in an outwash plain near

Lake Mead, he returned. The car was gone, but he found his old Virginia plates, SJF-241. He headed into Las Vegas with no money or identification, lived on the streets for several weeks, got a job at a casino, and in May hit the road again, and wandered for the summer. When his pictures came back, he laughed at the double exposures that made it seem as if he were walking on water. He spent the early winter working at a McDonald's in Bullhead City, Arizona, then left, in January, 1992, to return to the one place that felt like home.



"I like it. It's dumb without trying to be clever."

The town of Carthage, population 274, sits on the plains of eastern South Dakota, where the tallest buildings are five-story grain elevators and the roads run ruler-straight through crops of wheat and soybeans and sunflowers. Wayne Westerberg's grain elevator looms over the eastern end of a drowsy main street lined with wood-frame buildings and hundred-year-old cottonwoods; traffic is almost nonexistent, and only out-of-towners brake for the stop sign.

In Carthage that winter, Alex went to work cleaning the bromegrass dust off the girders in Westerberg's warehouse. He put out antifreeze for the rats to drink; their carcasses were soggy even when it was forty below. He learned to handle a loader-tractor, and in the spring he chopped weeds with his machete, pretending he was Darth Vader. He painted Wayne's house.

"He had kind eyes," says Valera Anderson, who, with her husband, ran the gas station in town. Gail Borah, who cooked dinner for Wayne and Alex, noticed that Alex never left any food on his plate or in the pan and that he always did the dishes. One March afternoon, the three of them drove forty-five miles to Huron to buy hamburger, chicken, pork chops, carrots, green peas, oranges, and apples. They loaded the grocery sacks into the back of Gail's Trans Am. There was barely room for Alex, and the sight of him peering out over the cornucopia haunted her after he died.

Alaska, Alex said that spring, was going to be his biggest adventure, his "odyssey." Wayne offered to buy him a plane ticket, but Alex preferred to hitchhike.

"I don't think you should go," Gail said.

"It's time to go," he said.

A couple of nights before he left, Wayne's mother, Mary, fixed him supper. She got out an atlas. "He wanted to go up on the tundra of the North Slope," Mary Westerberg says. "I said, 'What on earth would you do up there? There are no stores, no doctors, none of the things people need.' He just laughed."

He excused himself on a chilly afternoon, April 15th, when most of the town was sweating its taxes. He had about a thousand dollars; he often carried money in his shoe. One of Wayne's drivers was hauling a load of sunflower seeds to Enderlin, North Dakota, and would drop him off not far from Interstate 94. He hugged them all goodbye, Gail and Wayne and the crew. He had to fight back the tears. He said he'd return for Thanksgiving. Later, a feeling came over Wayne, and he said to his mother, "I don't think we'll see Alex again."

And then there was the ominous final postcard: "Greetings from Fairbanks! This is the last you shall hear from me Wayne. Arrived here 2 days ago. It was very difficult to catch rides in the Yukon Territory. But I finally got here. Please return all mail I receive to the sender. It might be a very long time before I return south. If this adventure proves fatal and you don't ever hear from me again I want you to know your a great man. I now walk into the wild. Alex." He sent a shorter version of the same message to a couple he'd met in California.

Both were dated April 27th.

Outside Fairbanks, on the Parks Highway, Jim Gallien spotted a hitchhiker; he pulled the Ford over. Chris McCandless threw his pack in and climbed after it.

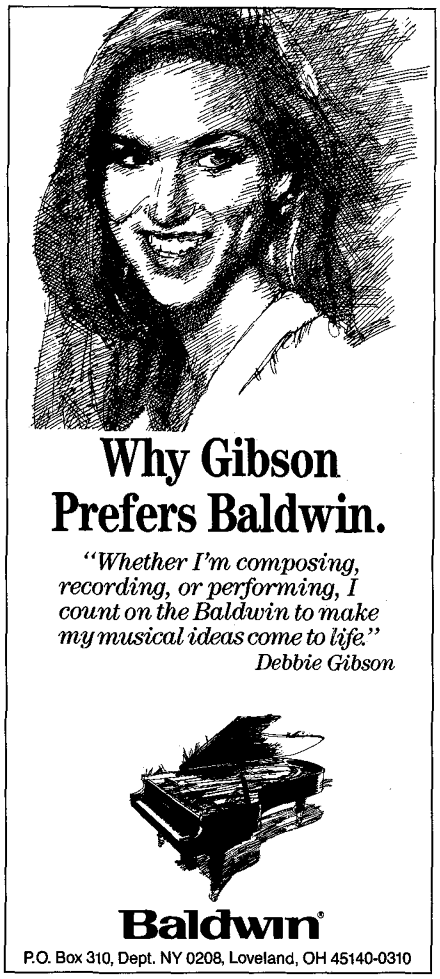
"Where you headed?" Gallien asked.

"Somewhere around Healy."

Gallien was headed all the way to Anchorage, a seven-hour drive. Although Gallien has never been able to pinpoint the exact date, it was most likely Tuesday, the twenty-eighth of April. They rode out of the valley of the Chena River. He asked his passenger what his plans were.

"I'm going out in the woods for two or three months."

Gallien had grown up hunting the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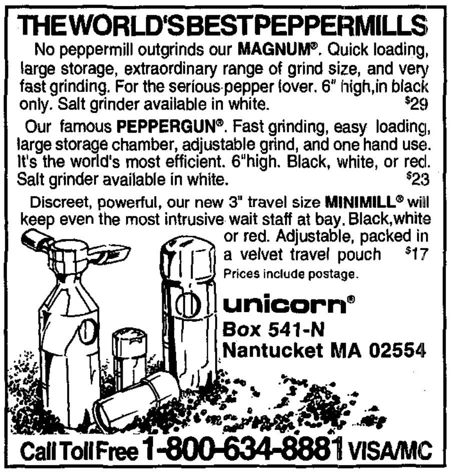
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Alaska backcountry. One glance at a half-empty pack and low-powered .22 Remington rifle told him that the woodsman wasn't set up properly for any two or three months.

He had introduced himself as Alex—no family name. He said he had been living in the woods on the edge of Fairbanks for the last couple of days. He had seen an ad for the rifle in a local newspaper and had also bought about four hundred rounds of ammunition.

"Does anybody know what you're planning to do?"

"No," Alex said. And that's the way he wanted it.

"Do you have any friends?"

None that he let in on his plans.

Family?

He shook his head; he said he didn't get along with his family.

The guy was obviously intelligent, and Gallien could admire his ambition, but it was plain that he didn't understand what he was in for, or if he did he didn't care. He was excited, confident, certain he could hunt and gather what he needed to survive.

"I've got ten pounds of rice and that's all I need," he said. That was half of what he had carried on a trip to Mexico, he added. He had a book about edible plants and berries, "Tanaina Plantlore." But he didn't have rubber boots, or waterproof gloves, or snowshoes, or an axe.

"Do you have a compass?"

"I don't want a compass," he said. "I don't have to know where I am."

"What about a map?"

Nothing other than his road map of Alaska. "I don't want to know where I'm going," he said.

He was set on the area around Healy and the broken line of a trail leading west into the country north of Denali—the Stampede Trail.

"There's a lot better places to go," Gallien said. "Where you're going, there's just going to be tundra, and the mosquitoes are going to eat you up."

"I've got a head net," said Alex.

"Your feet are going to get wet."

"I'll build a fire."

Gallien recalls that he tried to spook Alex with bear stories, but Alex waved the cautions aside and began to grill Gallien about the weather and the kind of game he might find.

"Look for rosehips and frozen highbush cranberries," Gallien said. "If you don't get any rabbits or spruce hens or ptarmigan, sit down by a spruce tree and you might get a red squirrel."

Gallien asked him if he had a hunting license. No. A duck stamp? No. "Why should the government tell us what we can hunt? Fuck all those rules," Alex said.

When they got to Healy, Gallien turned out of his way and drove up a snowy gravel road that went past cabins scattered in sparse woods. The Stampede Trail followed a horse and foot trail that had been cut at the turn of the century to serve as a winter haul road for the crawler-tractors that dragged sleds of kerosene and diesel fuel to mines in the Kantishna Hills. Gallien offered Alex his lunch, a grilled-cheese-and-tuna-fish sandwich and some chips.

"I won't eat your lunch," Alex said.

"Don't worry about it," Gallien said.

Alex wolfed the sandwich.

Past Eight Mile Lake, the road narrowed to a snow-machine track leading west. Gallien gave Alex his rubber overboots—a size too big, but they would keep his feet dry.

"How much do I owe you?"

"You don't owe me anything. If you make it out alive give me a call, O.K.?"

"You really think I might not make it?"

"There's a good chance," Gallien said, still trying to scare him. As he would be away fishing that summer, he gave Alex the phone number of a buddy in Anchorage.

"Do you want my watch?" Alex said.

"No," Gallien said. "Why?"

"I'm just going to throw it away. I don't want to know what day it is, or what time it is."

And that was that. Gallien took a couple of pictures of Alex standing with his pack and rifle. Alex thanked him. "I'll give you a call when I get out," he said.

AND so into the woods, tramping over the wet snow in a stranger's boots. The spring breakup came late last year, and it would not have been implausible in two days' walking to cover the ten miles to the Teklanika River and to find on the first of May enough ice to cross it without getting wet. If he found nothing noteworthy about getting across the river he may not have appreciated its potential to become a formidable obstacle after a day's heavy rain, or to vary in character even in the course of a sunny day when the heat thawed the glaciers at its head. With no ice bridge, the numbingly cold water would have come well up to his chest, and he would have had to fight for footing and very possibly swim. Richard Larson's "Mountain Bike Alaska" describes the Teklanika as "deep and swift" and says a raft is advisable.

Past the river, the trail gained a couple of hundred feet of elevation, and it afforded Chris a glimpse of the roof of North America—his "Denali Day." On the fourth day, he found a Second World War-era bus that had been outfitted with a stove and beds and towed out to the Sushana River to house crews working on the stretch of the Stampede Trail leading to an antimony mine on Stampede Creek. For the last thirty years, the bus had served as a backcountry shelter, used mostly in September, during the moose-hunting season, and in the winter months, when mushers and trappers will bless any place that is warm and dry. It was twenty-eight miles from the main road. "Magic bus," he called it.

There he stayed four days, the end of his first week in the wild. He saw a brown bear, a black bear, a hawk. He shot at some ducks and missed. On the eighth day, he moved farther on, with his tent and his rice. He noted "Weakness" on the ninth day, and on the tenth—probably May 7th—he wrote "Snowed in." The entry the following day is enigmatic—simply the word "Disaster"—but, though it sounds ominous, Chris had not lost his penchant for melodrama. It is possible that he was not finding much to hunt and was burning through his ten pounds of rice.

His second and third weeks passed with terse notations about animals (which led the troopers to surmise that he was a field biologist). On Day 26, he climbed one of the gentle three-thousand-foot-high mountains just north of the bus.

The days went by—days of squirrels, a duck, a gray bird. Now a month in the woods, he had reëstablished his camp at the bus. He tidied the place up. He gathered berries in a colander and fried his wild meat in a pan; he set the table in the kitchen before dinner. "Gourmet duck!" he wrote on Day 31, "Small duck" on Day 34, "Goose!" on Day 39. He photographed his meals with his Minolta, the breast of some wild thing sitting on a plate beside his knife and fork and camouflage napkin. He rested the camera on a turquoise fifty-five-gallon drum to make a portrait of himself lounging

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blissfully in front of Fairbanks 142, his arms opened wide. The days were getting longer and warmer; light was pouring into the world, the snow shrinking back at last, wildflowers blooming in the taiga. Chris seemed to be exuberant about his situation. He found a grizzly-bear skull that had been in the bus for years, and on its cranium wrote, “All Hail the Phantom Bear The Beast Within Us All. Alexander Supertramp May 1992.” On the south wall of the bus he wrote, “All Hail the Dominant Primordial Beast! And Captain Ahab Too!” Where previous visitors had been content to scratch their names and the dates of their stay into the drab paint of the interior, Chris scratched a biography into a plywood-covered window:

> Two Years He Walks The Earth. No Phone, No Pool, No Pets, No Cigarettes. Ultimate Freedom. An Extremist. An Aesthetic Voyager Whose Home *is The Road.* Escaped from Atlanta. Thou Shall Not Return, Cause ‘The West *Is* the Best’ And Now After Two Rambling Years Comes the Final and Greatest Adventure. The Climactic Battle To Kill The False Being Within And Victoriously Conclude the Spiritual Revolution! Ten Days & Nights of Freight Trains and Hitching Bring Him to the Great White North No Longer to Be Poisoned By Civilization He Flees, and Walks Alone Upon the Land To Become *Lost* in the *Wild.*

Around the ninth of June, the Aesthetic Voyager struck the subsistence equivalent of gold. “Moose!” he wrote, underlining the word twice. It was a major haul; cuts of moose have seen many an Alaskan through lean times. Chris dug a cave in which to smoke the meat. The following day he noted, “Butchering extremely difficult. Fly and mosquito hordes. Intestines, liver, kidneys, one lung, steaks, get hindquarters and leg to stream.” He photographed himself with the head of the animal. By the fourteenth of June, the end of his seventh week in the wilderness, he was in despair. He had a bounty of protein but no experience in preserving it. “Maggots already. Smoking appears ineffective. Don’t know, looks like disaster. I now wish I had never shot the moose. One of the greatest tragedies of my life.” The next day, he wrote that he would learn to accept his errors, and a day after that he had given up on preserving much of the meat and was returning to forage in the berry fields. The incalculable whining mass of Alaska’s summer insect bloom was forcing him to live in his mosquito head net.

The waste of the moose, which he had shot out of season, was one measure of his inexperience. Hunters know that it’s imperative to dry the meat, and that the smoke is only to keep the flies off while you cut it into thin strips. Even meat blown with flies can be eaten if it’s been dried right.

Chris began reading the copy of “Walden” he’d brought, and by the end of June had finished it, having paid particular attention to the chapter called “Higher Laws”:

> I found myself ranging the woods, like a half-starved hound. . . . No morsel could have been too savage for me.

“YES,” Chris wrote in the margin.

> Our whole life is startlingly moral.

“EVERY ACT,” he wrote.

> When I had caught and cleaned and cooked and eaten my fish, they seemed not to have fed me essentially. It was insignificant and unnecessary, and cost more than it came to.

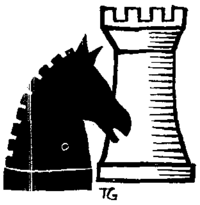
“THE MOOSE,” Chris wrote.

Done with “Walden,” he turned to a collection of Tolstoy short stories. He finished the last of the moose meat he had managed to preserve. He read “The Kreutzer Sonata” and, two days later, “Family Happiness,” underscoring passages that must have reminded him of life in South Dakota:

> I have lived through much, and now I think I have found what is needed for happiness. A quiet secluded life in the country, with the possibility of being useful to people.

Here is where the tragedy begins. With the moose gone, Chris, his head full of Tolstoy, seems to have decided that it was time to move out—to exit the valley of the Stampede Trail. Maybe take Jim Gallien up on his offer to show him some other parts of Alaska, and then begin hitching his way back to South Dakota, where he was planning to spend Thanksgiving.

Around the third of July, he packed up his camp and hiked east. He seems to have reached the west bank of the Teklanika River on the fourth. The diary notes simply “beaver dam” and then another unspecified “disaster.” The extent of his jeopardy began to dawn on him. Without a detailed contour map, he could not study the country up- or downstream on the Teklanika. Such a map would have told him that there was a cabin on the Sushana River, just seven miles south of the bus, inside the boundary of Denali National Park. Much was later made of the deliverance this cabin might have offered; it had been stocked with twenty-five pounds of rice, and with powdered milk, oatmeal, peanut butter, pilot bread, coffee, and tea. But that spring, for the first time in memory, someone had broken in and vandalized it. Rangers who discovered the vandalism in July were able to estimate that it had occurred in the spring, from the stage of plant growth under the mattresses that had been tossed outside. Even if Chris had known about the cabin, there was nothing he could have found there to eat. The food was gone. Some rangers wondered if he had been the vandal, but the Park Service doesn't want for enemies, and, although Chris had broken into the cabin in the Sierra Nevada to find food, it doesn't seem in his character to have wrecked the place.



And, as he was standing by the river, a detailed map would have shown him that about half a mile north, where the Teklanika narrows into a two-hundred-foot channel and rushes through a canyon, there was a gauging station. If he had gone to investigate, he might have discovered a cable tram spanning the river. Its existence is not widely known, and you can't see it from where the Stampede Trail crosses the river. It was built by the United States Geological Survey in 1970 and was decommissioned in 1974; the aluminum cab hanging from the cable is supposed to be locked and chained to the eastern side of the river, the side opposite Chris. Last fall, however, the tram was being used unofficially, and at the time that he was trying to get across the Teklanika the cab was actually on the west side of the river. A scant half mile away, then, lay the means by which Chris could have hauled himself across the barrier that blocked his passage out.

But he didn't want to know where he was. And so he waited by the river, looking for a way to get across. It was raining; on July 5th, he wrote, "Rained in, river look impossible. Lonely, Scared." There was no entry for the next day, but the day after, he wrote, "Squirrel. Gold bird." On July 8th, he returned to the bus.

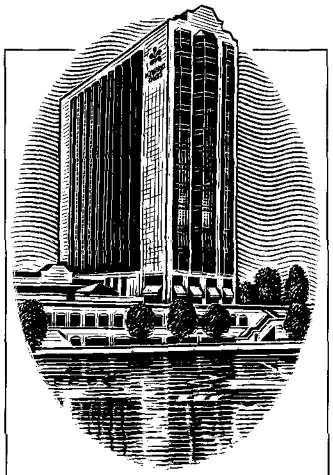
Had he given up on getting out? Did he believe then that the river was insurmountable and he a prisoner on the wrong side? Or was he merely returning to the bus intending to try again later? If he was rattled by his predicament, it wasn't enough to keep him from jotting analytic comments in the margins of "The Death of Ivan Ilyich," which he read on his return to the bus: "Civilization—Falsity—A Big Lie."

High summer came to the taiga. He had a fishing pole but made no mention of any fish. He had taken photographs of a wolf, and on July 14th he shot at one, but missed. He did get two squirrels; berries were ripening. Cryptically, he wrote "potato seeds" and underlined it. It's likely that he was referring to the purple-flowered wild-potato plant, *Hedysarum alpinum*, which is also known as the Alaska carrot. It grows in spruce forests and on gravel bars. Traditionally, it was the most important plant harvested by the Dena'ina Indians, who ate its long root raw or cooked—but did not eat the seeds. As Chris would have known from "Tanaina Plantlore," the wild potato is closely related to and very easily confused with the wild sweet pea, *Hedysarum mackenzii*. The Dena'ina call wild sweet pea "brown bear's wild potato." It's believed to be poisonous, on the basis of a report from a nineteenth-century arctic expedition of Sir John Richardson, whose men mistook wild sweet pea for wild potato and became ill.

"It's very hard to tell the two plants apart unless you're an expert," the book's author, Priscilla Russell Kari, says. "I myself would be careful. I've only dug the plant when I was with a native person. The root of the wild potato is longer, the sweet pea stubbier."

The days were growing shorter. Around July 25th, Chris noted, "Many mushrooms. Dream." He finished "Doctor Zhivago." He was getting weaker. By the end of July, he realized that his situation was dire: "Woodpecker. Frog. Extremely weak. Fault of potato seed. Much trouble just to stand up. Starving. Great jeopardy."

The first week in August, he mentioned his sightings of animals and noted the weather. "Terrible wind," he wrote on the second of August. The fifth was "Day 100!"—a milestone he marked with a box around the date: "Made It! But in weakest condition of life. Death looms as serious threat, too weak to walk



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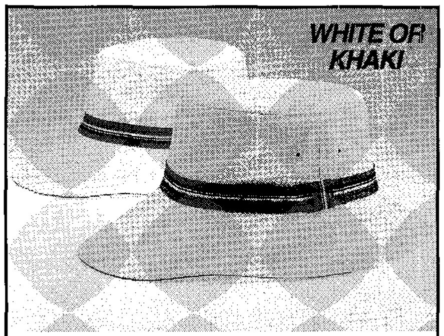

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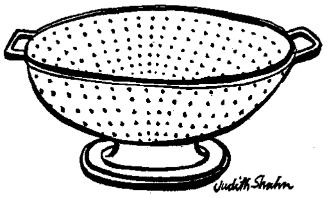
out, have literally become *trapped* in the wild—no game.”

What had he been thinking about all this time? It had been more than a month since he stood on the west bank of the swollen Teklanika looking for a place to cross. Had he been too weak to return for another try? To improvise a raft? To throw caution to the winds and swim for it? Chris was the epitome of headlong action, but on the scant evidence of his diary he seems to have been afflicted with an uncharacteristic passivity, which raises a host of questions. His condition may have been gravely exacerbated by eating sweet-pea seeds—but the fact that he may have been eating seeds and not roots is itself a sign of his desperate hunger.

Much of what is known about the effects of starvation on the body and mind comes from the study of the survivors of concentration camps and of famines like the one in Russia from 1918 to 1922, when the authorities in one city banned ground meats because people were being murdered and their flesh sold as sausage in markets. One of the first controlled studies of starvation was launched in 1944, when researchers at the University of Minnesota tracked the effects of a “semi-starvation” diet on conscientious objectors. The sample group of men volunteered to live for six months on two meals a day of whole-wheat bread, potatoes, turnips, and cabbage. They lost dramatic amounts of weight; their muscles atrophied; sex drives vanished. The skin on their faces took on a brownish, tannish color. Their fingernails hardly grew. They became faint, weak, and depressed. Their faces and ankles puffed up with “famine edema,” as body tissue became hydrated. They craved food.



There are important differences between people who are chronically undernourished and people who have nothing to eat. The sense of hunger often disappears in people who completely abstain from food. After one day of fasting, blood sugar drops. The electrolytes in the blood are thrown out of balance, and potentially lethal ketones build up. Severe starvation causes the heart to beat more slowly. There is a constant urge to urinate, a desire for sleep, physical and mental exhaustion, sensitivity to cold, dizziness, backache, a dulling of emotions, and, eventually, what has been described as a sort of gradual passage from life to death.

Chris now had less than two weeks to live. On Day 104, he shot at a bear and missed. On Day 105, he killed five squirrels and saw a caribou. On Day 106, he bagged a ptarmigan. On Day 107, probably August 12th, he wrote what would prove to be the final words in his journal: “Beautiful blueberries.”

Sometime in these last two weeks, he composed an SOS note on the back page of a novel by Gogol. It was found taped to the window of the bus, beside a stick with a red rag on the end of it: “S.O.S. I need your help. I am injured, near death, and too weak to hike out of here. I am all alone, this is no joke. In the name of God, please remain to save me. I am out collecting berries close by and shall return this evening. Thank you.” Unsure of the date, he wrote, “August ?” And, poignantly, when he signed his name he surrendered the bravura sobriquet of the road warrior. He was Chris McCandless again.

If he wanted to live, why didn't he set a fire to attract attention? He wouldn't have had to burn down half the state; he could have found some open ground and, with the can of Coleman fuel that was in the bus, burned a big SOS in the brush, which might have been seen from the air. Was he really injured, or did he raise the semaphore of injury only because it was something a passerby could understand?

It's this apparent passivity in the face of emergency that has bred the speculation about a death wish. Most people who knew Chris reject that as a slander on his zeal for life. “It's the rare person who dreams,” Gordy Cucullu says. And yet when someone who has as strong a will as Chris had dies of starvation, can it not but hint at an impulse for self-destruction? Might not more than a flair for grandiosity and drama lie behind those apocalyptic postcards, and the masochistic cross-country running, and the asceticism that embraced the difficulties and dangers of hitchhiking and at times seemed bent on refining the spirit at the expense of the body? The anger that drove the renunciation of his family, and animated his views of injustice in distant countries, and fed his aversion to authority of any kind, could well have been directed at himself in the form of inhumanly high standards and stern self-criticism—in a kind of imploded narcissism. And so he was probably shocked when, for the first time in his short life, his body could no longer obey his will.

No one can know when, or even if, there came a time when he was resigned to dying. Or how long he held out hope of deliverance. It's that vain hope of rescue that seems most heartrending in retrospect: the road warrior suing the spruce and the sky for help. Somewhere in these days he made his last pictures—a sunrise, a sunset, a portrait of a rhubarb plant, and the last self-portrait. He sat before the camera waving with one hand and holding up a brave block-letter note with the other: "I have had a happy life and Thank the Lord. Goodbye and may God Bless All!"

The final entries in the diary are just a string of numbers, each one circled and followed by a dash. Perhaps he entered the number of the day in the morning and circled it when he went to bed at night. Was he strong enough even to rise? He would have been cold, as there was no fat left on his body. He was lying in the blue sleeping bag, which his mother had sewn for him from a kit, bundled in most of his clothes, his boots standing by the stove, the diary on the bed. Day 108 with a circle and a dash; Day 109, a circle and a dash; Days 110 and 111 and 112, each with a circle and a dash. It's said that there is a languor at the end, a feeling of being far from the world. He had come to Day 113, most likely August 18th. He drew a circle around the number and laid his glasses by his head.

THE story of his death went all over the country. Wayne Westerberg received dozens of letters from strangers who were moved to thank him for the kindness he had shown the hiker and to tell him that they were stuck in their lives and doing things they didn't want to do. After the police confirmed the hiker's identity with dental records shipped north by the family, Carine and her half brother Sam went to Alaska to collect Chris's journal and his camera and his rifle from the coroner in Fairbanks. On the flight home, she carried her brother's ashes in her backpack and compulsively finished every scrap of food on her tray. Walt could not stop eating, either, and gained eight pounds; Billie could not eat at all, and lost eight. For more than two years, Billie had never left the house on a long trip without posting a note for Chris in case he showed up. She had not looked at the faxed photograph before the identity of the hiker was absolutely confirmed, and when she finally did, filled with memories of the day her boy had graduated from college, she found herself thinking, *A man smiles back at me.* She wrote it in a journal she'd begun to keep: "A man smiles back at me."

On a rainy day in October, the family held a private memorial service for Chris at Walt and Billie's waterside house in Chesapeake Beach, Maryland. They mounted the photographs from Chris's camera. Everyone remarked on how happy he looked, how in frame after frame, his evident frailty notwithstanding, he seemed radiant, at peace, his face lit with breakaway joy.

Up in Alaska, the fuss about the hiker struck many people as romantic glorification of a death that had more to do with foolish inexperience than with the calculated risks of a daring adventure. It hardly needed to be proved again, but the bumper crop of fatalities last summer demonstrated that it is far more hazardous to climb Denali than to camp in its shadow. The hiker didn't die of starvation, one outdoor columnist said bluntly; he "was killed by stupidity."

And yet his death was no less haunting. And remains so. It's not simply that he faced an awful fate alone so young, or that he left a diary that only underscores the mystery of what detained him. What makes his death so memorable is the narrative he was enacting: it is an old story, the tale of the boy on the brink of manhood who ventures into the wilderness in a rite of passage. It is supposed to end with his transformation and return—the new-made man reunited with his community, a community that relies on his wise new eyes to renew itself. And, true to form, Chris had often spoken of writing a book about his travels. But this time the narrative was broken, its promise cut short. There was no return. There was no homecoming. There would never be a book. There would only be the diary that is inevitably found later beside the body, and the last words "God bless" and "goodbye," and one more name to add to the litany of travellers who never made it back. ♦

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AROUND CITY HALL

WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

A beleaguered David Dinkins has been positioning himself as a major F.O.B., and now he's hoping the city will reap some rewards.

BY ANDY LOGAN

WHEN the political leadership of the nation changed last month from one party to another and one generation to another, to the sound of gunfire in Iraq, and Washington was the acknowledged center of everything (a title this city usually claims for itself), Mayor David Dinkins did the sensible thing and was among those who swarmed on the capital for the jubilant Democratic festival. He was doubtless happy to get out of the local line of fire for four days. The unemployment rate here is eleven per cent; the number of people on welfare is one million; and a thousand families live in the infamous welfare hotels he once vowed to shut down, yet hundreds of apartments prepared for the homeless remain vacant, allegedly because of his administration's mismanagement. That's the kind of unfestive news his political opponents are already reminding him of in this mayoral-election year. The local line of fire also includes frequent reminders of the gunfire on New York's streets. Tentative numbers given out by the Police Department last month showed that two thousand and twenty people were murdered here in 1992. More than two thousand have been killed each year since Dinkins took office, at the beginning of 1990, and, though he refers daily to the city's falling crime rate—two thousand and twenty is down slightly from 1991's total—as a credential in his reëlection campaign, the total was nineteen hundred and five in the last year of the administration of his predecessor, Edward Koch. (Even that added up to more than five a day.) On January 26th, the Police Department announced that ten city cops had been shot—though none fatally—since the New Year; on January 8th, Dinkins had presided over a ceremony in the City Hall rotunda in which he declared January, 1993, to be Non-Violence Month.

There was some question whether Governor Mario Cuomo would attend the Inauguration of Bill Clinton, whose most formidable rival for the Democratic nomination Cuomo had been considered until he took himself out of the running, in December, 1991. The Governor, who is not much for ceremonies, agreed to go down only for the actual swearing-in, skipping all the other events of the week: it was state budget time. This sounded familiar. When he pulled out of the Presidential race, he had said it was because the Republican-controlled State Senate would not come to an agreement with him on the budget for the coming year—an agreement that would have relieved him of one of his more pressing Albany responsibilities and allowed him to make the Presidential run. Some of his critics raised the question of how he could be thought of as a serious contender for the role of leader of the free world if he couldn't stare down the Republican majority leader of the State Senate, Ralph Marino, of Muttontown, Long Island. Cuomo has maintained that he has no more plans to make a try for the Presidency. (In 1996, he will be sixty-four.) "Them days are gone forever," he said a month ago.

The probability that Cuomo would now never have a chance to be President—that the fact that he used Franklin D. Roosevelt's desk, as he has often mentioned, would turn out to be not a historic portent but a minor footnote—he attributed to "fate, the will of Providence," which, he pointed out, had generally treated him well. Fortunately, he had a chance to play the hero on another stage late last month, when the New York *Post* was about to become a historic loser and, its owner bankrupt, go out of business, after being continuously published since 1801. Cuomo was on the scene with his sleeves rolled up, and ultimately helped find someone—a local entrepreneur named Steven Hoffenberg—to supply the money to

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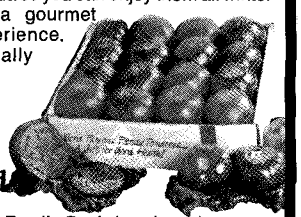

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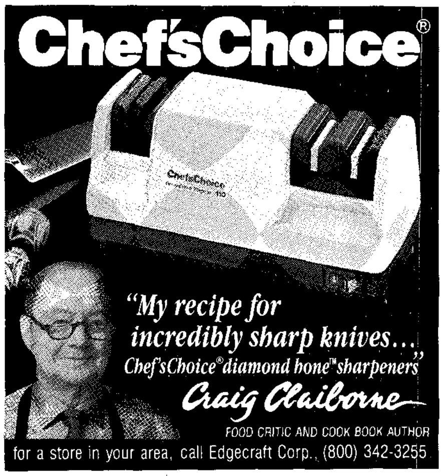

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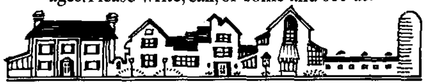

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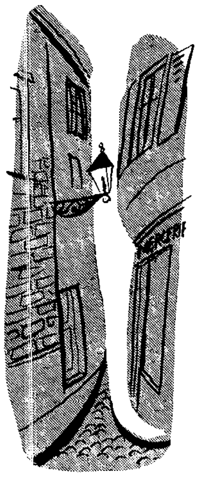
keep the paper going for a few weeks, though, on investigation, Hoffenberg's bona fides, particularly in connection with the Securities and Exchange Commission, began to look increasingly dubious. There was, of course, the possibility that Clinton might follow through on his observation that Cuomo was highly qualified to be on the Supreme Court. But the Cuomo whose name was most often heard in Washington after the election was the Governor's thirty-five-year-old son, Andrew. He had served on the Clinton transition team and was widely rumored to be headed for a high-level post in the Department of Housing and Urban Development. The F.B.I. was said to be doing a background check on his wife, Kerry Kennedy Cuomo, the daughter of Robert F. Kennedy, for a post in the State Department. These appointments would be in keeping with Clinton's Inauguration Day reminder "We have changed the guard."



Though David Dinkins, like Mario Cuomo, is currently wrestling with budget problems, no one ever entertained the possibility that the Mayor would not attend virtually the full range of Inaugural festivities; his fondness for the ceremonial aspects of his office—proclamations, dedications, photo ops, the greeting of foreign visitors, black-tie events involving celebrities (Hollywood or political)—is well known. On January 15th, having spoken at a City Hall commemoration of the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr., he held a press conference at which he handed out to reporters his Inauguration schedule. He would take off by train at 7:15 A.M. on Sunday, January 17th, and in the next four days he would attend seventeen events connected with the official arrival of a new President. As the Mayor described his crowded program of helping the Democrats celebrate their return to Presidential power, one City Hall reporter—having in mind the fact that this month Dinkins will go to Japan for a week and that he had just returned from Puerto Rico, where he was an honored guest at the inauguration of the new governor—passed a note to a colleague asking, "Do you think this man has too much time on his hands?"

The details of the Mayor's trip down to Washington were especially delightful. Cuomo's tentative moves toward becoming a Presidential candidate had stirred up nostalgia in some local residents for the era when a New Yorker seemed practically always to be on the national ticket of one party or another. Them days, too, are gone: the last President from this state was F.D.R. In an effort to recapture the excitement of those heady times, a group of New Yorkers had raised the money to hire a special train that would follow the route of Roosevelt's trip from this city to Washington for his first Inauguration, in 1933—the beginning of his legendary first one hundred days in office, whose achievements Clinton, during the campaign, recklessly promised to match. However, Roosevelt, in his first weeks in office, was not distracted by the diversity factor—the current President's self-imposed insistence that the people he appoints "look like America," as some of his constituents insistently remind him. This was a condition that would surely have astonished the last President from this state, although he did appoint the first woman Cabinet member, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins. At the January 15th City Hall press conference, the flag that had flown over the Capitol during one F.D.R. Inauguration was displayed, along with some of the Roosevelt china that the passengers on the train would use, and Dinkins introduced a Roosevelt grandson—David, the son of Elliott—who was one of twenty-two Roosevelt relatives scheduled to make the trip. Others planning to go along included Dr. Ruth Westheimer, whose presence the inspirer of the train trip would also have found astonishing, and three celebrities—Mickey Rooney, Cesar Romero, and Angela Lansbury—who attended the 1933 Inauguration.

All last year, while George Bush was engaged in his unsuccessful campaign not to be the first one-term Republican President since Herbert Hoover (the man F.D.R. defeated), Dinkins—though the mayoral election is not until November of this year—was busy fighting

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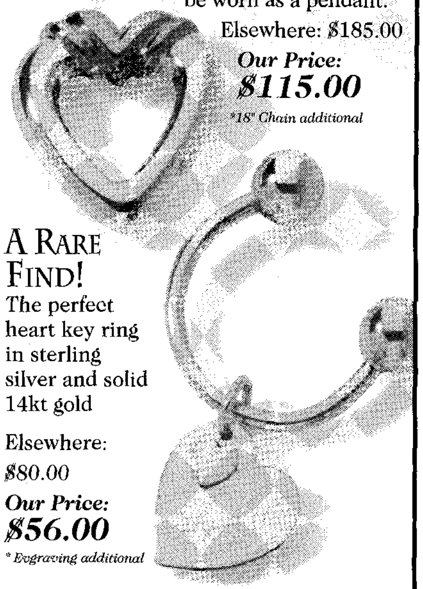

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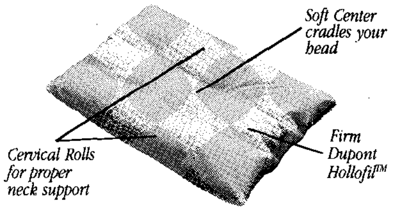
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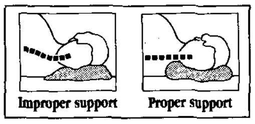

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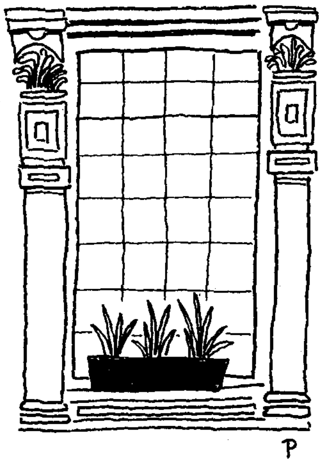
not to be the second New York mayor of any party to lose after a single four-year term since John Purroy Mitchel, in 1917. Dinkins hopes, of course, that this November will be happier for him than last November was for Bush; an editorial last month in the *Daily News*—under the headline "GEORGE BUSH: A KINDER, GENTLER FAILURE"—predicted that history's final verdict on him would be "He meant well, but did little." Certainly the Mayor must hope that if he should lose he will not be described, like the departed Bush, as "an insufferable, pseudoaristocratic snot"—a judgment that appeared not in any of this city's tabloids, which are constantly denounced in the staider, establishment press for their outrageous bad manners, but in an article on the front page of the Outlook section of the Washington *Post.* The last time a local mayor was defeated after just one term was in 1977, when Abraham Beame was done in by the city's mid-seventies fiscal crisis.



Dinkins' 1993 state-of-the-city speech, delivered on January 4th, was taken to be a major campaign document. Ranged behind him during the ceremony were seventeen flags: eight city flags, eight American flags, and an M.I.A. banner. Geoffrey Hellman, writing in this magazine many years ago of Grover Whalen, who ran the Mayor's Reception Committee, off and on, through the terms of seven city mayors, from John Hylan, first elected in 1917, up to Robert F. Wagner, first elected in 1953, noted that "Whalen is stimulated by flags and he works, and plays, best when in proximity to an American one." Dinkins is also a flag man. Whalen's assignment under the mayors he served was to greet the city's distinguished visitors, present them with mayoral proclamations, and preside over official ceremonies in their honor. At one point, he had seven bands he could call on to help him carry it out. The job required him to move about the city, dressed to the nines (he had three dinner jackets, which, however, is two fewer than Dinkins' supply) from one elegant function to another. He was kept so busy that when he went abroad he had to appoint a deputy greeter. Whalen's capable discharge of his duties left the mayors free to govern the city, which they did with varying energy and capability.

In the annual end-of-the-year meeting with reporters last December, Dinkins, pointing out that the press does not give him proper credit for his achievements and focusses instead on negative stories, referred way back to 1991 and an event that he has complained of many times. When he was in Rome, on his way to South Africa, in November of that year, press reports emphasized the fact that he had been unable to arrange a meeting with the Pope—this had led to headlines like "POPE SNUBS MAYOR"—and ignored entirely a lavish reception given him by municipal officials in Rome. Among the reporters present last December was Marcia Kramer, formerly of the *Daily News* and now with the local CBS television station, who had brought along her three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Margot, to meet the Mayor. As he customarily does when complaining about the coverage of the Rome trip, Dinkins said, "I'm going to tell about the reception again," just to show what the press had failed to do justice to. There was a mutinous rustle in the roomful of reporters, who had come, with their notebooks at the ready, to learn what the Mayor planned to do about the budget, homelessness, and other substantive issues. "*Margot* hasn't heard it," Dinkins said, and he told the story ("You should have heard the trumpets!" and "I was treated like a head of state") one more time. Afterward, a few City Hall regulars who knew about Whalen's role offered the jocular suggestion that Dinkins run not for reëlection as mayor but for head of a reconstituted Mayor's Reception Committee.

In his state-of-the-city speech, Dinkins, only too well aware of the fate of Mayor Beame, dwelt on the city's financial condition, pronouncing it sound. Actually, the city was facing a $1.6-billion budget gap in the coming fiscal year. (On January 26th, on a trip to Albany, Dinkins reported that the projected gap had risen to $2.1 billion, through no fault of his administration but mostly that of the state.) He pointed out that the press had not given him credit for balancing three consecutive city budgets. He neglected to add that the city is required by law to balance the budget. (Koch sometimes explained, “I’m going to balance this budget because I don’t want to go to jail.”) The Mayor is counting heavily on help from the new Democratic Administration in Washington to ease the city’s financial problems, which, despite the upbeat reassurances in his state-of-the-city speech, include that $2.1-billion budget gap. (In the 1993 state-of-the-state speech, delivered on January 6th, Cuomo—on whom the Mayor is also counting for additional funds—hit such a gloomy note that one cartoonist showed him at the lectern carrying a sign that said “The End Is Near.”) Among Dinkins’ favorite lines since November 3rd have been “New Yorkers now have a friend in the White House” and “Opportunity is about to knock on the door of this city.” There are Americans still alive and reasonably well preserved who can recall a time when the importance of cities—indeed, just the word “city”—served as a turn-on at political gatherings, but that era has vanished. Few days have gone by since Dinkins took office that he hasn’t referred at press conferences to the cruel abandonment of urban America by the Reagan and Bush Administrations as an explanation for any city shortfall. During the Presidential campaign, the Mayor sent Clinton several sets of documents proposing things he should do for the cities, and particularly this one; another packet went out right after November 3rd. The tenor of their message was “Send money.” Clinton responded politely but made no commitments.

If in the coming months the Mayor should have to start blaming a Democratic regime in Washington for a local budget crisis, the maneuver would be not only unbankable but especially mortifying, since he likes to suggest that New Yorkers bear much of the responsibility for Clinton’s being where he is today. New Yorkers, Dinkins has said, “led the charge that brought the Democrats to power.” The fact is, though, that Dinkins himself did not endorse Clinton until two days before the Democratic Convention opened here, in July; the suspicion was that he was waiting to see how Clinton treated Jesse Jackson, an old friend of the Mayor’s. (Jackson, having given Clinton a lukewarm endorsement, was allowed to address the delegates at the Convention.) Dinkins was certainly encouraged when Ron Brown, who grew up in Harlem, was appointed Secretary of Commerce, surely a position that would allow him to be helpful to the city and his old friend Dinkins. And throughout the transition period it was reported that Harold Ickes, who was Dinkins’ 1989 mayoral-campaign counsel and last year was the over-all manager of the Clinton campaign in the state, would be given a high-level White House position, probably deputy chief of staff. In view of the comparisons, often pointed out, between the Clinton and the F.D.R. elections, that appointment would have a nice symbolic attraction, since Ickes’ father, the first Harold Ickes, was Secretary of the Interior throughout F.D.R.’s more than twelve years in office.

The Mayor often suggests that this city is owed special consideration by the Democrats now in charge in Washington because the Democratic Convention was a big success. Like most politicians, he embraces the theory that nothing very creditable happened in politics or government before he arrived on the scene. In fact, though, in 1976, when he was the city clerk, performing marriages in the Municipal Building, the Convention at which Jimmy Carter was nominated—like Clinton, in Madison Square Garden—was also deemed very successful. (It was popularly referred to as a “love-in.”) “New Yorkers have a history of being pretty tough on Southerners,” Clinton complained to the *Times* last spring, before the Democratic primary, but, as it turned out, Conventions in this city have nominated the only Presidents elected from the Deep South in this century.

The city made other contributions to the 1992 campaign. It’s hard to see how either the Republicans or the Democrats could have got through the year without such local gifts to political rhetoric as “tax and spend,” “limousine liberal,” and “gridlock.” (After a child was born to a woman who was stuck in traffic during

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the 1980 transit strike, Robert McGuire, then the city's police commissioner, said, "We concluded that she was born out of gridlock.") However, the New York State vote turned out not to be critical to the result; in fact, by the last weeks it had become so unpivotal that neither Bush, a certain loser here, nor Clinton, the certain winner, bothered to come near the place. (In the end, Clinton took forty-eight per cent of the state vote, Bush thirty-three per cent, and Ross Perot fifteen per cent.) Local politicians, including Dinkins, who considered it essential to be seen with the winner had to cross the river to the New Jersey Meadowlands to get their picture taken with him, joining the political cast of thousands on the same mission. Dinkins nevertheless insisted to reporters afterward that he and Clinton had had a good chat, during which Clinton told him, " 'Cities' is going to become a popular word," and discussed further matters, "which I am not at liberty to disclose." The conference could not have gone on very long, since that was the night Clinton lost his voice entirely.

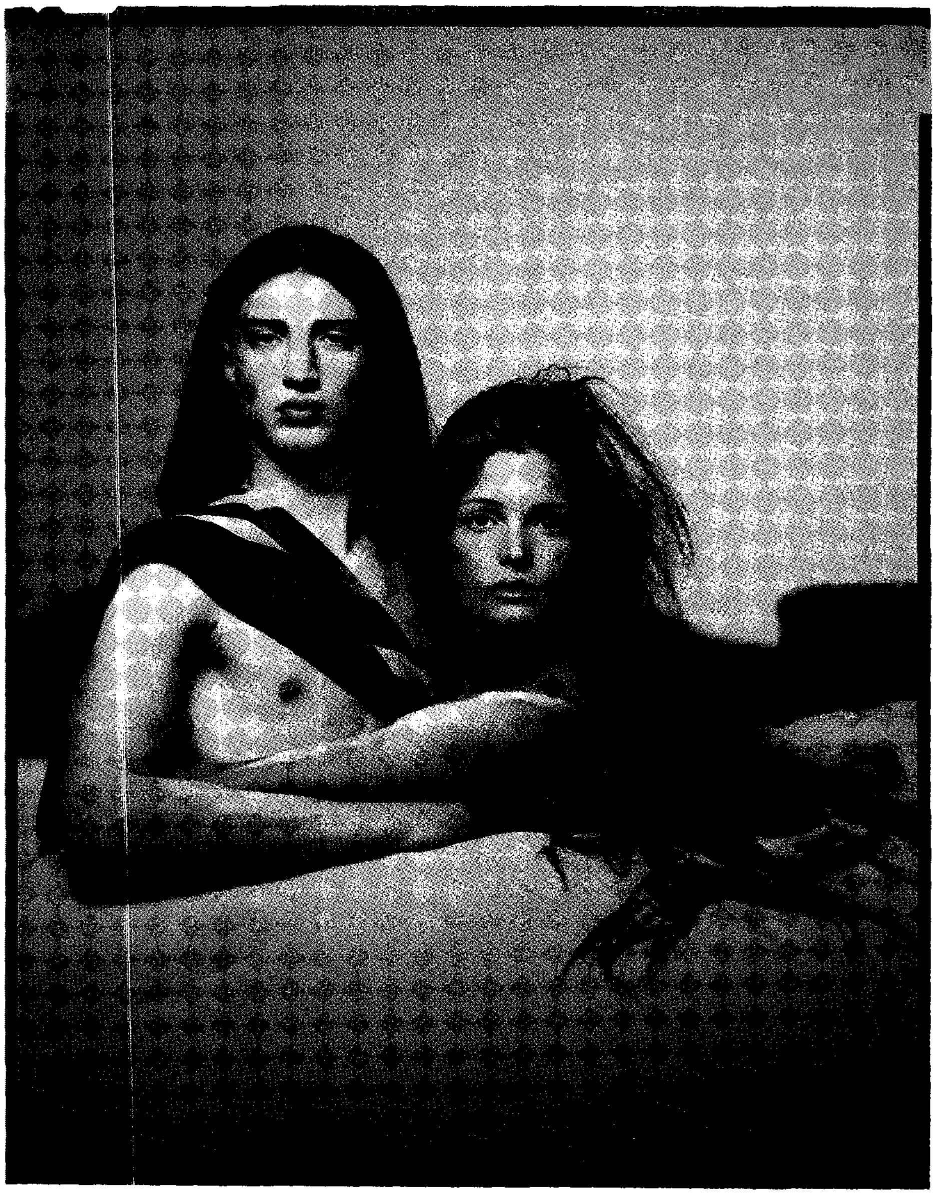
GEORGE BUSH'S Cabinet, which, as Republican critics of Clinton keep pointing out, was completed the day before he was sworn in, included not a single New York resident. Reagan's had one, who was also his only black Cabinet member: Samuel Pierce, the head of his Department of Housing and Urban Development, who, unfortunately, became known in Washington as "the dud at HUD." Naturally, Dinkins had far higher hopes for local appointments from Clinton, and not only because most New Yorkers are Democrats. The Mayor often mentions that there are a hundred and seventy-eight different ethnic groups in this city, and nearly always follows up with a description of New York as "a gorgeous mosaic." What better place for a President bent on diversity to seek help?

The new President's sense of obligation to this city may turn out to be less powerful than the sanguine Mayor likes to proclaim. "You made me walk through fire and lie down on a bed of coals," Clinton said of his treatment in New York during the campaign; he was especially bitter about his coverage in the local tabloids. Within a few days after the Inauguration, Clinton may have had a sense that if you appoint someone from New York to office it could be fine or, on the other hand, you could be in big trouble. Brown, his first black Cabinet appointment, looked terrible in the Senate hearings when he made it clear that he saw nothing wrong with his accepting a million-dollar going-away present from his law firm, Patton, Boggs & Blow (whose name Charles Dickens would surely have admired), for whom he was chief lobbying partner, or with his promising not to do business with the firm's clients for only his first year in office, or with his accepting donations for a gala celebration in his honor from firms with which, as Secretary of Commerce, he might soon be doing business. One of the deals the senators inquired into was whether a lucrative sludge-treatment contract for a client which was under consideration by the state when Brown was head of the Democratic National Committee had had anything to do with the choice of this city during that time as the site of the Democratic Convention; he said it had not. Brown was eventually confirmed, but only after angry editorials and damaging cartoons (one by Oliphant showed him carrying a carpetbag, and wearing a tailcoat festooned with the logos of half a dozen companies and a top hat with a sign that said "Your Name Here") guaranteed that, despite all Dinkins' hopes, any dealings the new Commerce Secretary had with old friends anywhere would be sharply attended to. Another old Dinkins friend, Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, said last December that he wished Brown had been named Attorney General—in which case confirmation might never have come. According to Maureen Dowd and Michael Kelly, writing in the *Times Magazine*, Rangel is No. 3 on Clinton's top-ten enemies list because, during the campaign, he "unhelpfully" pointed out, "again and again, how little time Clinton was spending in poor black neighborhoods."

No questions were raised about the twenty-five million dollars that another New Yorker—Robert Rubin, who was named Clinton's chief economic adviser—was paid last year as co-chairman of the investment firm of Goldman, Sachs. If you're going to advise the President about money, it doesn't hurt to have some. Donna Shalala, the new head of the Health and Human Services Department, and so far the only Lebanese-American in the Cabinet, is also among the Clinton nominees whom Dinkins cites as New Yorkers who can be counted on to understand the city's plight and look after its interests. However, New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan berated her for being apparently unsympathetic to welfare reform, which Clinton supported in the campaign, and indicated that it was another example of a campaign promise tossed out the window. Actually, Shalala is a former New Yorker, who was the president of Hunter College; she dealt with the city as treasurer of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, whose assignment was to keep a sharp eye out for any signs of financial improvidence in the city administration—which may not turn out to be the most welcome attention at the Dinkins City Hall.

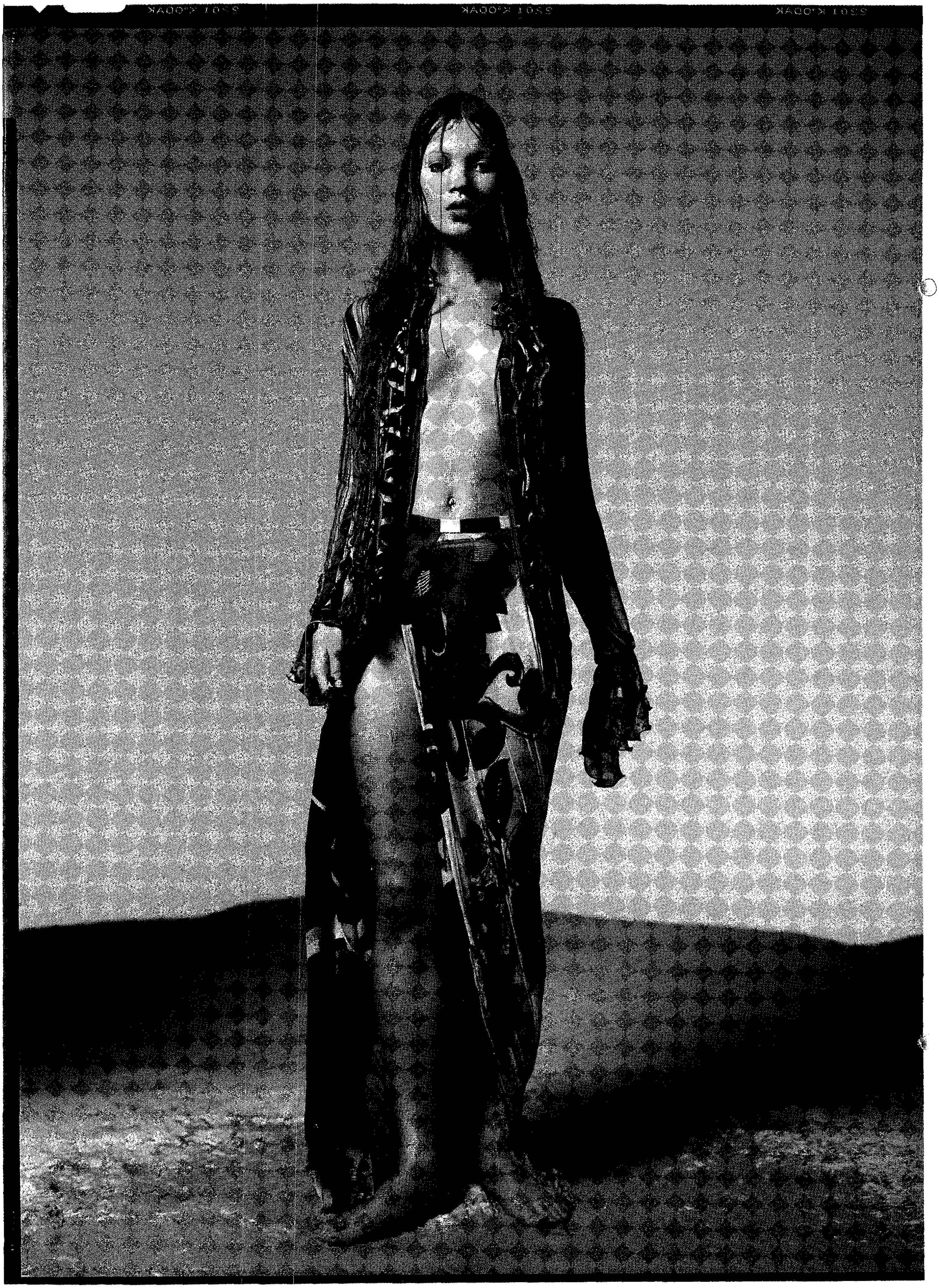
In listing New Yorkers Clinton had nominated for Cabinet positions, the Mayor also for a time proudly included Zoë Baird (who was born in Brooklyn but moved away as a small child). He hasn't done that lately. A few days before Baird dropped out of the running for the office of Attorney General, the Clinton people themselves withdrew the name of another New Yorker, Mario Baeza, as Assistant Secretary of State for Latin-American Affairs. Baeza, a Cuban-American, is a partner in the Manhattan law firm of Debevoise & Plimpton, and his wife is head of the board of Dance Theatre of Harlem. He also has his own rhythm-and-blues group—of possible interest for the galas of the next Inauguration—and has written songs for Roberta Flack. He promised to be a welcome member of the new Administration from many points of view, including the diversity quotient. However, it was discovered by the Clinton people—late on the case again—that he had been known to advocate dialogue with Fidel Castro, and that set off alarms in Miami's Cuban community. So out he went.

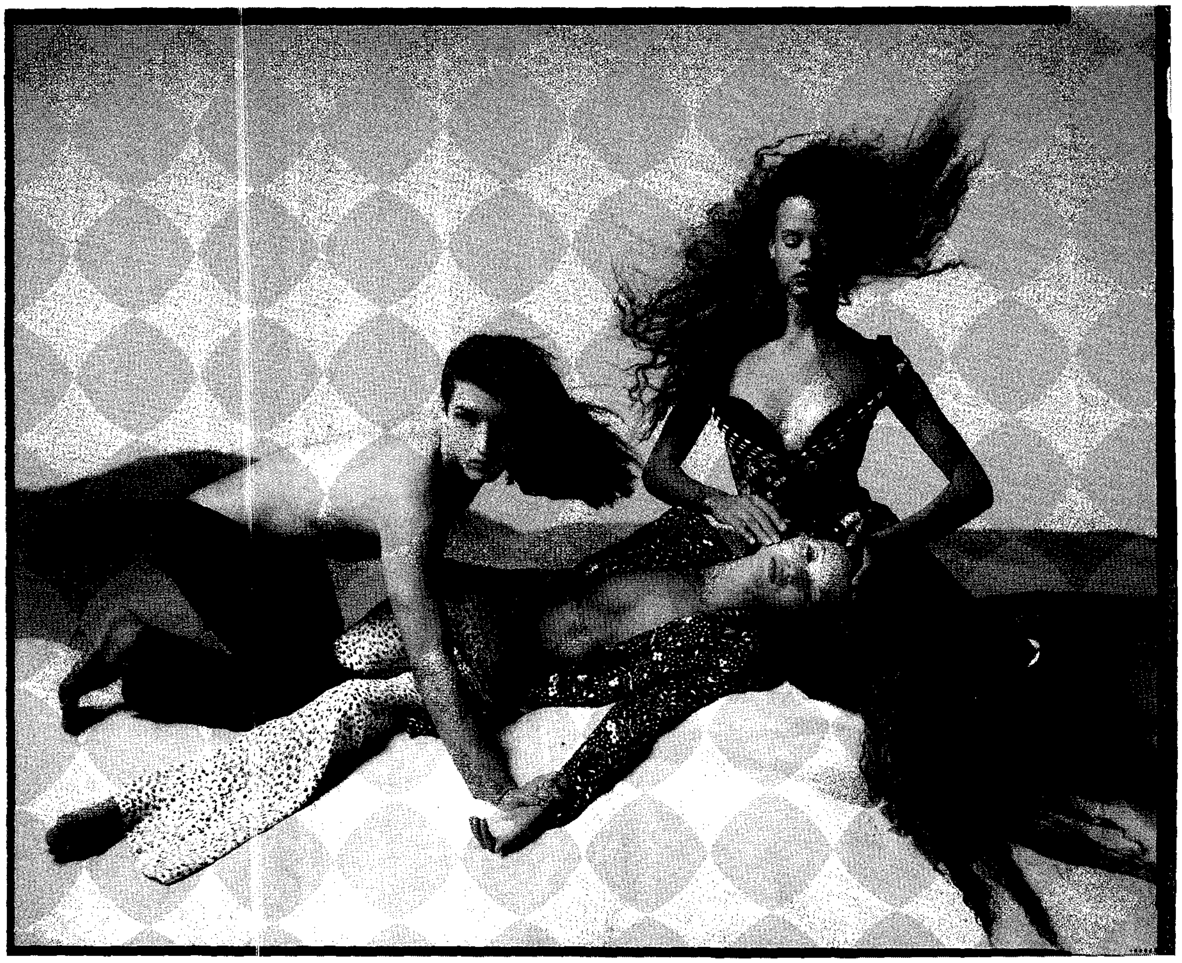
And then there was what turned out to be the non-appointment of Harold Ickes. There are several stories on the New York news scene that, it seems, just will not go away. There is Crown Heights, still in the headlines eighteen months after the rioting there. There is



GIANNI VERSACE

COLLEZIONE PRIMAVERA/ESTATE 1993
MILANO





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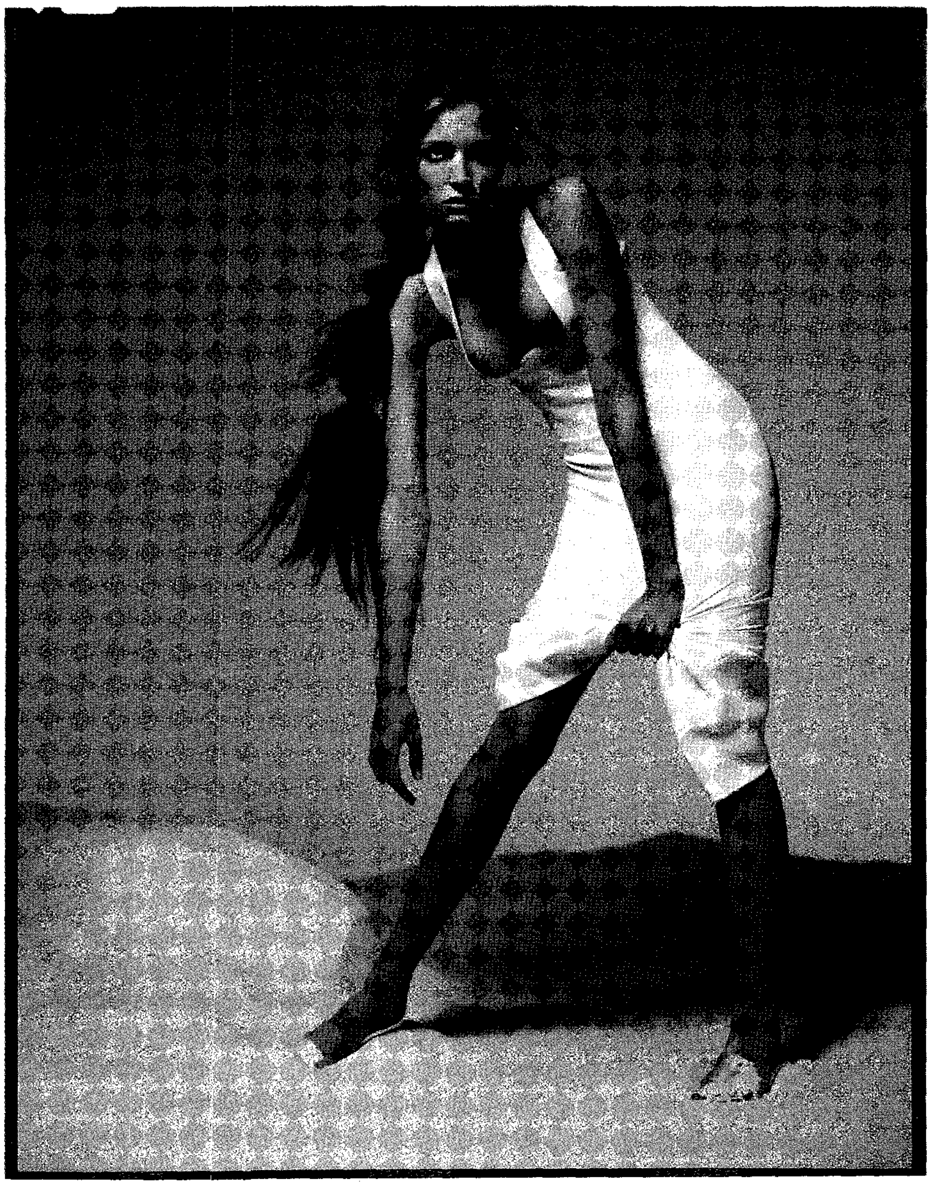

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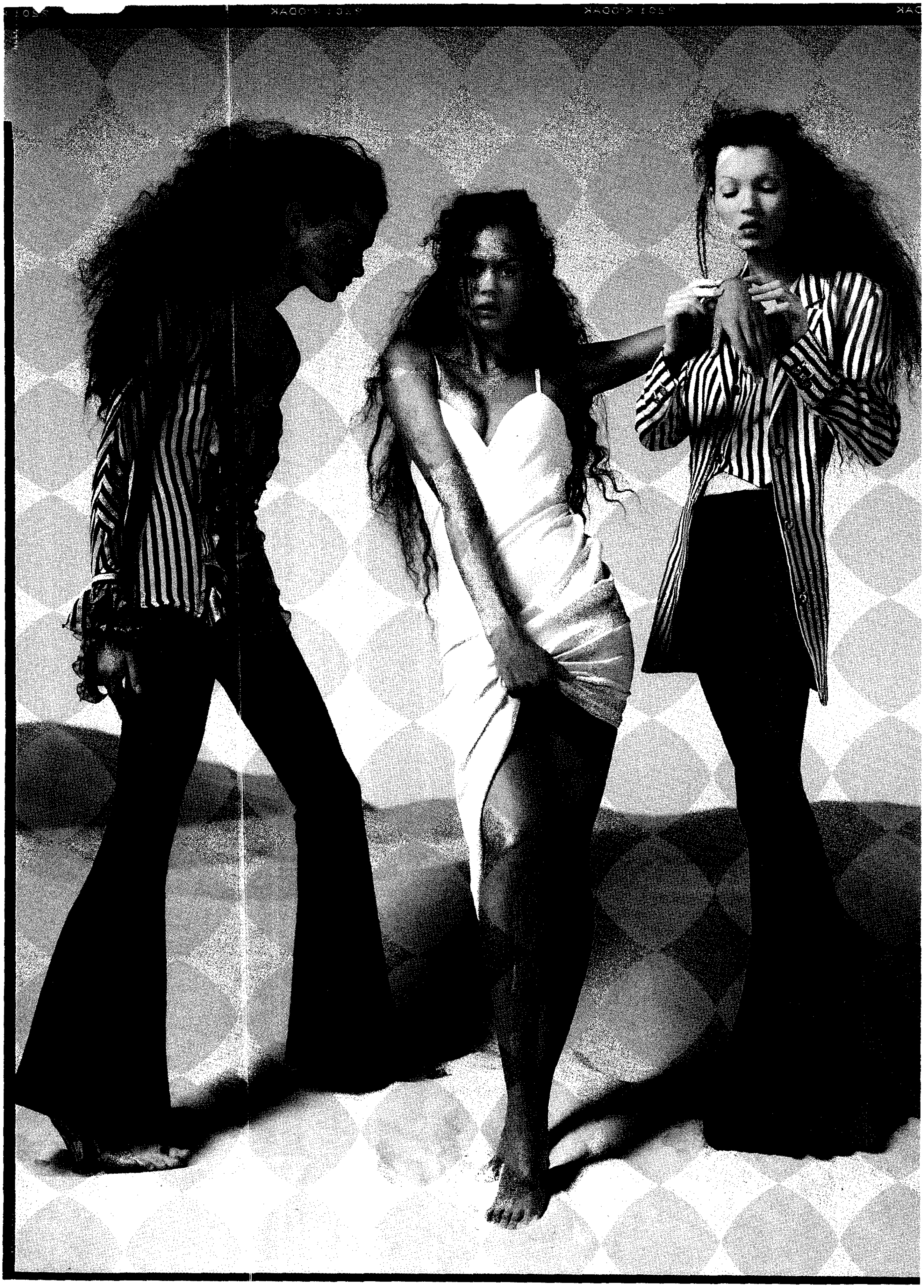

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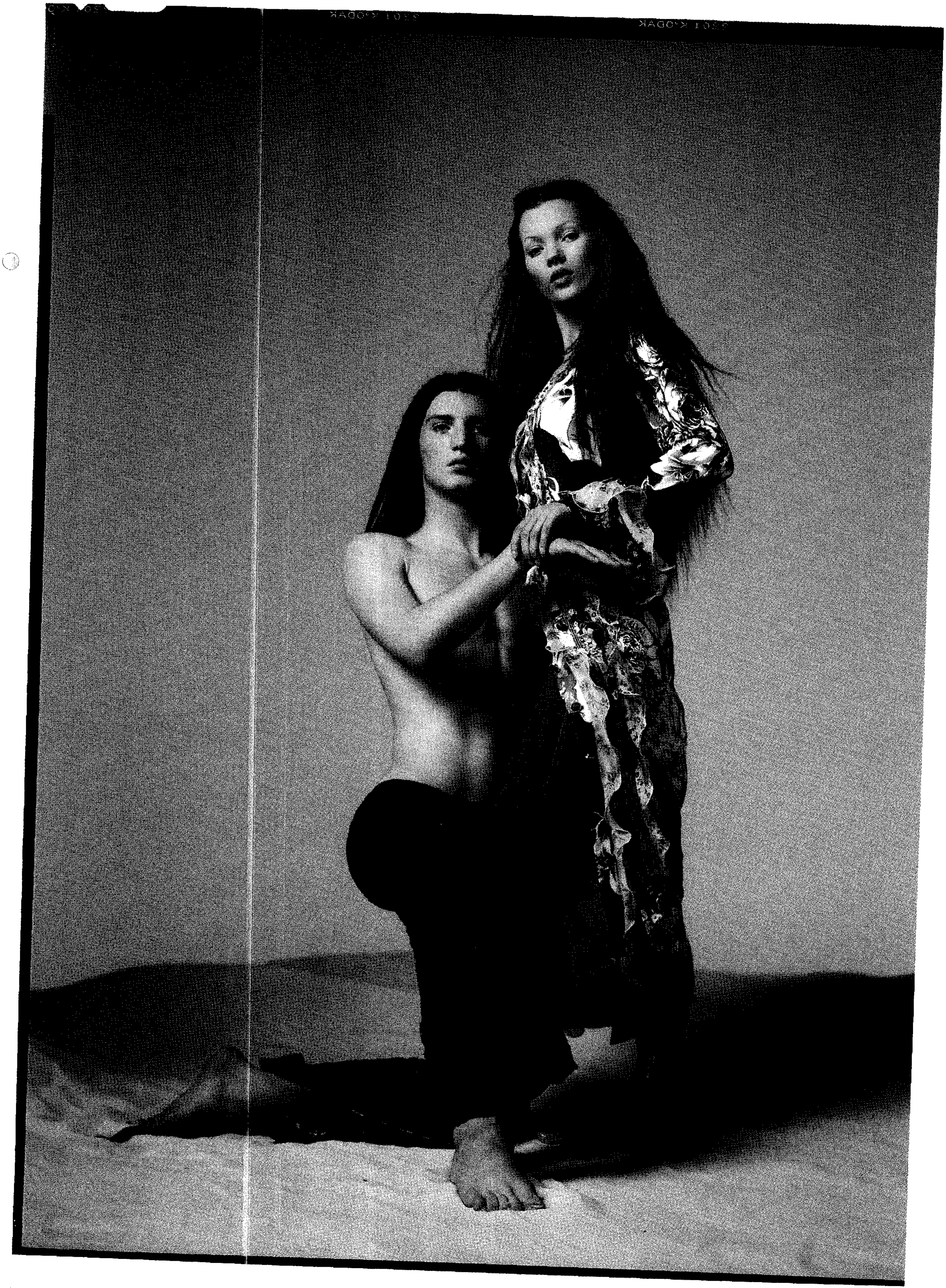
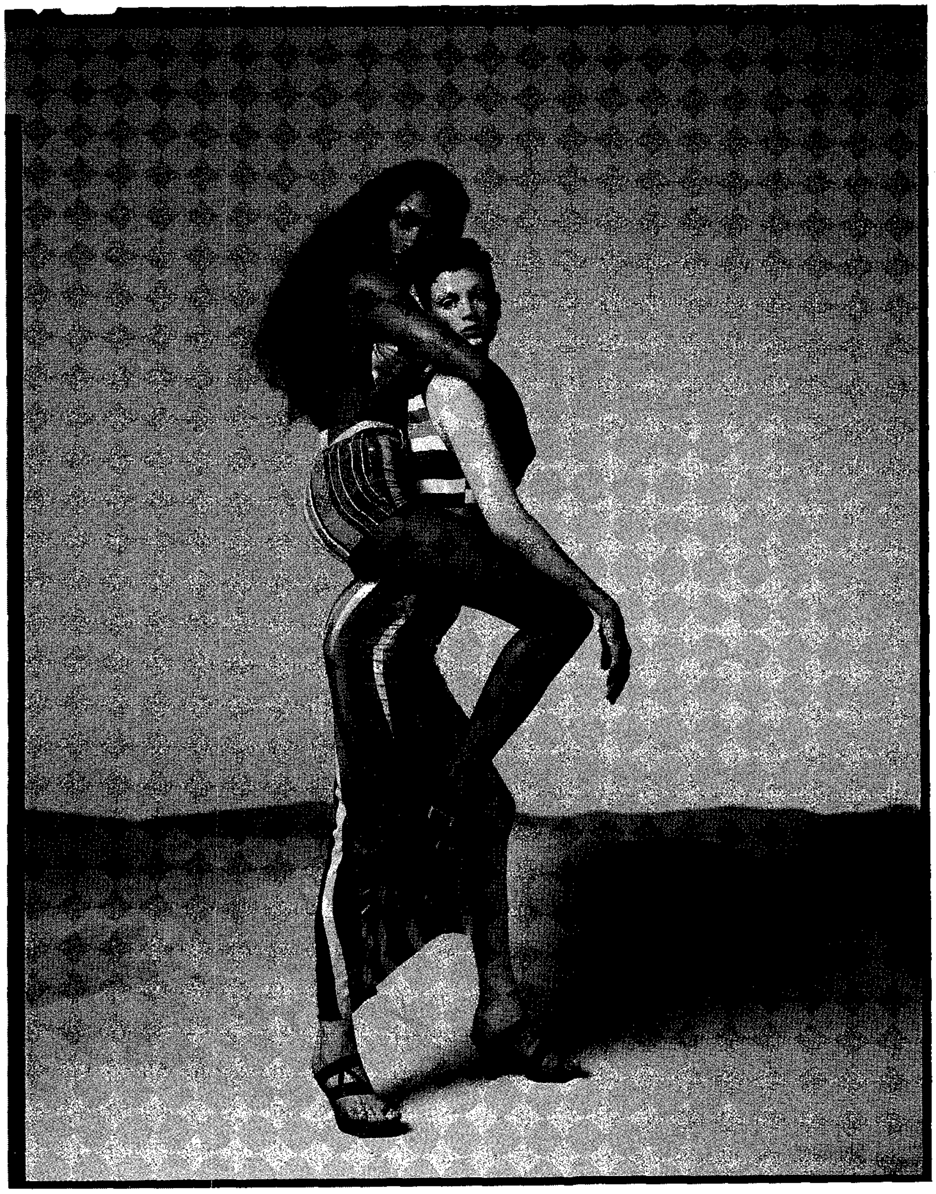




GIANNI
VERSACE

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON HOUSTON CHICAGO
LAS VEGAS BAL HARBOR HONOLULU MEXICO CITY VANCOUVER TORONTO

the annual question of who will be allowed to march in the St. Patrick's Day parade, still unsettled for this year. With very bad luck, the Amy Fisher–Joey Buttafuoco story will also be around for years. And there is the question of what really happened in connection with Dinkins' cable-television stock, an issue that came up again and helped kill the Ickes appointment. In Clinton's Presidential campaign, Ickes was the most active local figure in bringing off the victory in the Democratic primary here. But as it turned out, it was an aspect of his successful efforts to elect Dinkins that helped deprive him of the reward he surely thought he had reason to count on: following his Presidential candidate to the White House. In 1985, Dinkins was elected Manhattan borough president, the only elected office he held before he ran for mayor. In that post, according to the local government structure at the time, he might have had to vote on issues important to the cable-television industry. He owned a block of shares in the Inner City Broadcasting Corporation, of which his good friend Percy Sutton has the majority control. During the 1989 mayoral campaign, the question came up of whether he had continued to hold the stock. It arose at a critical point in the campaign and could have led to Dinkins' defeat by his Republican opponent, Rudolph Giuliani; in the end, his winning margin was two per cent. The Dinkins campaign, with Ickes as counsel, announced that back in 1985 Dinkins had transferred ownership to his son David, Jr. The campaign then produced a letter—the details of the alleged transaction are now so familiar that it is routinely referred to in local political and law-enforcement circles as the "Dear Dad" letter, in honor of its salutation—that substantiated the claim. Suspicions were immediately voiced that the letter had been concocted and backdated. There were eventually two investigations of the stock deal, one by United States Attorney Andrew Maloney, which ended with no recommendation for an indictment of anyone, and another by a special counsel hired by the city's Department of Investigation, which said it could not determine whether the letter was a possible forgery because the younger David Dinkins had declined to testify. After members of the Clinton transition team began looking into the expected Ickes appointment, their attention was called to the fact that Ickes had been the lawyer for a union that the federal government had found was pervaded by the Mafia. After the two investigations of Dinkins' cable-stock transaction, the *Times* reported that investigators "concluded that there was substantial evidence that the ["Dear Dad"] letter had been written during the campaign and backdated and that the Mayor may have lied about it." Last month a report was leaked to the *Post* saying that after Maloney's grand-jury proceedings federal prosecutors had written to the city investigators expressing the belief that Ickes' testimony about the circumstances surrounding the letter had been untruthful.

On January 14th, Ickes withdrew his name. Asked about the move the next day, Dinkins praised the honesty and integrity of his friend, badly damaged in what may have been considered an all-means-necessary effort to elect him mayor. Dinkins did not mention that the investigations raised major ethical and legal questions about his own actions in the matter; after all, who was the "Dear Dad"? No one, of course, knew who, years after the fact, had leaked the information. Since Andrew Maloney had been a Republican appointee, sponsored by Senator Alfonse D'Amato, suspicion naturally fell on local Republicans, who would do what they could to see Giuliani—making his second race against Dinkins—win in November. Until Ickes' withdrawal, the Dinkins campaign had faced a pleasing prospect. Bill Lynch, who as Dinkins' campaign manager in 1989 had worked closely with Ickes, left his job as Dinkins' Deputy Mayor for Intergovernmental Affairs last September to work for the Clinton team in the city. After November 3rd, he moved directly into his role as manager of this year's mayoral campaign. If Ickes had gone to the White House, there would surely have been some chances for Lynch to pick up the phone and line up a carefully scheduled ceremony here, a photo opportunity there. But that is not the way things are going to be.

Whatever presence New York had in the new White House, in one respect the President's association with the city would continue. The 1969 recorded version of "Chelsea Morning," which the Clintons have said moved them to give their child her name, was sung by Judy Collins, who also sang at the Inauguration, and its lyrics, which refer to "the sun through yellow curtains and a rainbow on my wall" and traffic "a-ringing up like Christmas bells" ("We'll put on the day and we'll talk in present tenses"), are by Joni Mitchell. As Americans gradually learned their Clinton lore, many of them—and the Clintons themselves—assumed that the Chelsea so happily described was the one in London. However, Mitchell told the *News* last month that she had written the song when she was crashing in a ground-floor apartment at 41 West Sixteenth Street, in the Chelsea section of this city. Across the street are St. Francis Xavier Church and its adjoining school, of which Mayor Jimmy Walker and Supreme Court Justice Anthony Scalia are alumni. A few steps down the block, there used to be an institution with, in one area of life, a message different from that of the church: Margaret Sanger's headquarters, part of which is now a center for the study of Buddhism. (New York is nothing if not eclectic, or, if you wish, diverse.) By coincidence, the neighborhood just north of Chelsea is called Clinton, named for DeWitt Clinton, who was the first mayor of the city to occupy City Hall after it was completed, in 1811. Each day, the *Post* runs an item from the paper which appeared on the same day a hundred and eighty-six years earlier; one published last spring a few days after the Presidential primary here reported on the activities of "the Clintonians" of that time. The neighborhood paper is the Chelsea Clinton *News*. You can now read it at the Chelsea Clinton Cafe, which opened in late December on Eighth Avenue near Nineteenth Street, a few blocks from the apartment that inspired the song. The café's name is in honor of the President's daughter. The moderately priced menu is divided among such categories as Les Pasta, Les Entrees, and Les Sandwiches, and does not include grits or sweet-potato pie; after all, this is Manhattan's West Side. In the gorgeous-mosaic tradition, the Chelsea Clinton Cafe replaced an eatery called the Akadi, which specialized in food from the Ivory Coast. Business is said to be good, but it's early days for the restaurant, and for the President. B.Y.O.B. ♦

LETTER FROM LIMA

DOWN THE SHINING PATH

The capture of Abimael Guzmán, the leader of the Shining Path guerrillas, has brought Peruvians face-to-face with the invisible man who terrorized their country for more than a decade—and whose bizarre vision still lives.

BY ALMA GUILLERMOPRIETO

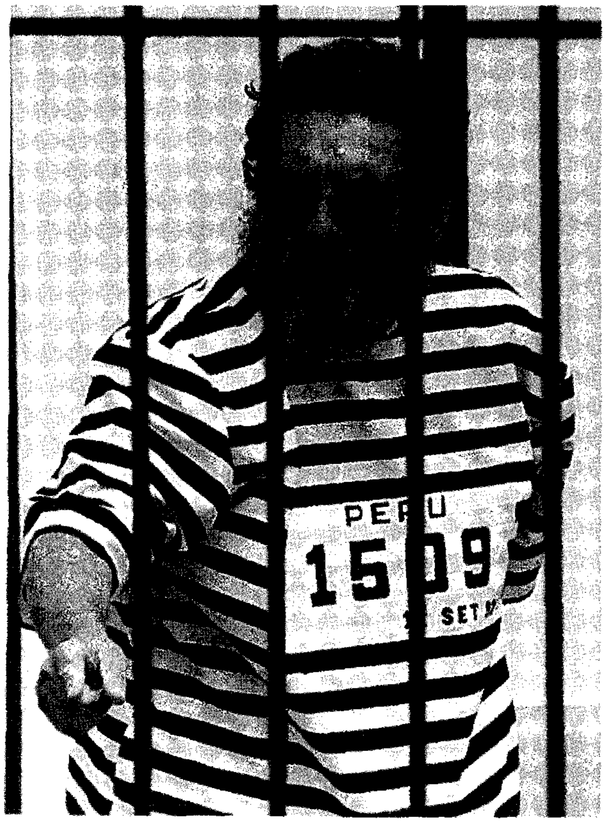
A JOURNALIST I know in Ayacucho, where the ultra-Maoist revolutionary group Sendero Luminoso, or Shining Path, got its start, tells a story about the guerrillas that he heard from a friend of his, a local military officer. The officer had captured three members of the Communist Party of Peru, which is the official name of Sendero, and proceeded to torture them in what is, in this country, routine fashion. Eventually, one of the three captives died. As a second captive seemed to be struggling for his life, the third intervened. "I will coöperate," he said. "But if you let my compañero live he will let the word out that I talked, and I'll be a dead man. Kill him first, and then I'll talk." The officer accepted the deal and murdered the second man, but at that point the prisoner who had promised to talk in exchange for the killing began insulting his captors more fiercely than ever, kicking out at them and provoking even worse treatment. The officer, astonished, reminded him that he had promised to coöperate. "I'll never talk," the man said. "I'm a member of the Communist Party of Peru. The other man was just a collaborator, and I saw he was beginning to crack and would have put our compañeros in danger. Now he won't talk, and you can kill me."

In its harshness, horror, and unyielding fanaticism in the face of brutality, this possibly apocryphal story reflects perfectly what Peruvians know about the organization that has terrorized their country for the last thirteen years. During that time, the fundamentalist revolutionaries of Sendero Luminoso have been engaged in a steadily intensifying effort to demoralize and undermine the Peruvian state, and make it ripe for a violent takeover. Peru, with a population of twenty-three million, has a standing Army of a hundred and thirty thousand; generous estimates put Sendero's total of full-time militants at six thousand. Defense and security take up forty per cent of the national budget; Sendero attacks with shotguns, revolvers, and even knives. There have been twenty-five thousand or so deaths—mostly civilians—in the violent struggle between the Army and Sendero; of these, Sendero has been responsible for nearly half. The group operates throughout the country, and has forced the military to stretch itself past any reasonable limit just to patrol—ineffectually—areas challenged or dominated by Sendero. The Army is constantly in a reactive, defensive mode, while Sendero has never once been obliged to engage in combat. Instead, it has bombed police headquarters and municipal offices, gas stations and middle-class apartment buildings, think tanks and public schools. It has paralyzed the country with so-called armed strikes, and set fire to bus drivers who defied its orders to stay home on strike days. It has murdered peasant families and leftist leaders. Most often, the victims are killed in full view of their family or community. Sometimes they are hanged and sometimes shot, but often an execution-squad member—in many cases a woman—delivers the coup de grâce with a knife. Sometimes the tail of a live cat will be set on fire and then the animal will be let loose in a field of corn ready for picking. Sometimes a man who has just finished casting a mandatory vote in a national election will have the finger with the telltale electoral ink hacked off.

Despite its omnipresence, Sendero has until recently remained almost entirely opaque in the public mind, and the journalist's story about the three captured guerrillas illustrates part of the reason. Besides, for years the war took place in the most inaccessible villages of the Andes, and thus had little or no impact in the cities; this was particularly true of Lima, where a quarter of the country's population lives. Beginning in 1989, however, Sendero moved the war to the capital, first consolidating its hold on the shantytowns and then, last year, announcing its presence among the middle class with a series of spectacular car bombings. Still, the organization remained magically elusive.

This perception changed dramatically last September 12th. At 8:30 P.M., members of the Dirección Nacional Contra el Terrorismo, or Dincote, an independent branch of the national police, arrested Carlos Abimael Guzmán, the fifty-seven-year-old Fourth Sword of Marxism and the chairman of the Communist Party of Peru. Guzmán is not only the leader and strategist of Sendero. In his incarnation as Presidente Gonzalo, as he is now known, he is its godhead: its creator, patriarch, and single source of inspiration. It is he who moves his followers to self-immolation, and he who authorizes the car bombs and the mutilating punishments. He is the sole proponent of something called Gonzalo Thought, which initiates see as a dazzling intellectual construct by means of which the wisdom of Mao is adapted to conditions in Peru, and Marxist theory as a whole is further advanced. There are songs to Gonzalo, and poems. When he is depicted in murals or in easel paintings, he is shown wearing glasses, as befits a scholar, and rising out of the mountains or shining from the sky like the sun. His apparent invulnerability was central to his mystique; between the day in 1980 when a small group of university students descended on a voting station in an isolated Andean village and set fire to the ballot boxes, thus beginning Sendero's military operations, and last summer, when all

Lima appeared to be under siege by a force that blew up entire city blocks in fashionable neighborhoods, none of his followers had been persuaded to reveal his whereabouts. On September 12th, though, he was arrested swiftly and with a minimum of fuss in a quiet Lima neighborhood, on the second floor of a house whose first floor functioned as a modern-dance studio. In the days following that arrest, transfixed television viewers feasted on images of the man who in his writings fulminated against "reactionaries who unleash their bloody claws upon the people and shred their flesh," who claimed to speak with the people's "voice of angry thunder"—the scourge of Peru, the exterminating angel.



When a caged Guzmán was proudly displayed on national television, the public's response was not one that the government had bargained on.

BETTMANN

There is Guzmán on the screen at the moment of his detention—owlish, bearded, riddled with psoriasis—in a tape that was not intended for public consumption but got leaked anyhow. Sitting next to his companion, Elena Iparraguirre, in the book-lined study where he was arrested, he addresses his captor, General Antonio Ketín Vidal, who is the head of Dincote. "You can kill a man, but you can't kill this," he declares emphatically, tapping his head. "And when we die, this will live on." Vidal, a character straight out of Simenon, is clearly not listening. Dressed casually in a leather hunting jacket and dark-gray slacks, slightly built, with an intelligent, beaked face, he is standing next to his prey, looking down on him in amazement, trying to comprehend the fact that he, Vidal, has just bagged the Minotaur. Still blinking in similar shock, viewers sucked information off the screen, veering dizzily between a sense of historic moment and a recognition of absurdity: Look at his paunch! Look at how calm he is! Look at how much like a nun Elena Iparraguirre looks, and how defiantly she stares at the camera! And look at the little red flag with a hammer and sickle that she keeps waving protectively over Guzmán's head! Look at how comfortable the room they are sitting in seems!

There were other tapes, these willingly released by the government: Guzmán taking orders from his captors, removing his clothes, so the psoriasis showed, then methodically getting dressed again. And the very first one, the one in which Guzmán and seven persons arrested with him were presented to the press. A young woman I know was called out of the shower that morning by an urgent scream from her mother. Rushing to the television set, she arrived in time to scream, too. "Maritzita!" she cried, staring at the screen, where her high-school chum Maritza Garrido Lecca, the star pupil, the fervent Catholic, the ballet student turned bohemian and modern dancer, was being identified as a terrorist agent who taught Nickolaus-technique alignment exercises on one floor of her rented house and kept Guzmán hidden on another. Maritza, it turned out, was the niece of an ex-nun of Welsh descent, Nelly Evans, who had been captured two years earlier. The aunt is reported to have handled Sendero's sizable bank accounts abroad, and is presumed to have given over some of her other housekeeping activities to Maritza. Maritzita's friend tried to recognize the nice girl she knew in the blazing-eyed woman with the set jaw who, with a fist clenched in the air, kept shouting "Long life to Presidente Gonzalo and the Communist Party of Peru!," but the images of Maritzita past and present did not add up.

Really, none of it does, still. The startled, mildly ironic Guzmán on the leaked arrest tape, who objects to his captors' request to pat him down ("What do you think I have on me, a *gun*?"), is hard to reconcile with the barking maniac who was presented to the world twelve days later, dressed in cartoonish prison stripes and confined in a "Silence of the Lambs" cage in the Lima police courtyard. And the image of the man who has inspired thousands to suicidal struggle hardly meshes with the performer in the cage, either. The speech he delivered there was a model of retro revolutionary rhetoric and structural incoherence, swerving crazily from exhortations to his adherents to follow up the achievements of the Third Central Committee Plenum with the launching of the Sixth Military Plan, to a cursory account of imperialism in Peru, and then to dire warnings that unnamed forces were trying to divide the country. Having finished with a throaty "Honor and glory to the Peruvian people!" Guzmán marched toward the door of his cage, obviously expecting to be led away in oratorical triumph. Instead, his captors refused to open the door. Glaring at the horizon with his fist raised, Guzmán stuck stubbornly by the door while an increasingly frenzied crowd of local reporters jeered and then, in a fit of patriotism, burst into the national anthem. Guzmán responded by lighting into the "Internationale," but he either forgot the words or realized too late that he had missed a unique opportunity to look patriotic. Silent once more, he stood with weakly clenched fist until his captors tired of the circus and ordered the journalists out of the courtyard.

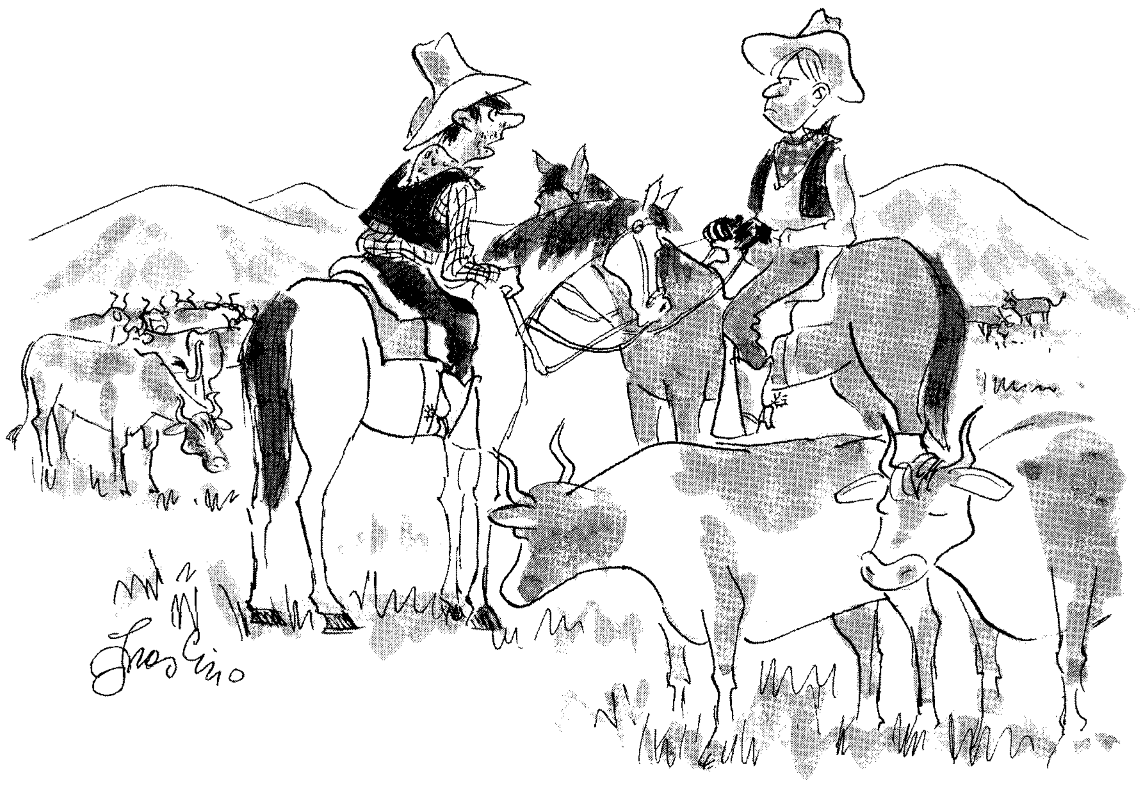
Some days later, I discussed the Guzmán tapes with a bright, ambitious young woman from the provinces who is here in Lima trying to make a career for herself in marketing. "There is such wisdom in everything that man says!" she said. "I have no sympathy for Sendero, but I got chills in the scene where he taps his head and says you can't kill a man's ideas. In just a few words he'd said all that is important!" Maritzita's friend, having taken her first good look at Presidente Gonzalo, responded similarly. "Sendero is a terrorist organization, but one has to acknowledge that he is an incredibly well-prepared man," she said. Giovanna Peñaflor, who runs a poll-taking organization that is small but asks interesting questions, found that twenty per cent of her respondents felt "compassion" when they saw the caged Guzmán.

THE weirdly positive response of so many Peruvians to a man who traffics in brutality, whose writings are few and unimpressive, and who in the flesh turns out to be flabby, splayfooted, and solemn, says something about the desperate state of Peruvian politics. President Alberto Fujimori himself is said to have come up with the idea for Guzmán's cage and stripes, but the attempt to make his top prisoner look foolish was at best a mixed success. In order to appear really foolish to Peruvians, Presidente Gonzalo would at the very least have had to equal the performance of the members of Congress who in the summer of 1991 famously spent three days in a rowdy discussion of whether the official spelling of an ancient city in the Andes should be "Cusco" or "Cosco." At that time, Peru was having one of those weeks in which the final breakdown of the ruling order seems barely hours away: Sendero had stepped up its terror campaign against the cities; every single one of the country's teachers and nurses was on strike; police were threatening to go on strike, too; and the chronic water and electricity shortages that keep Lima in a state of unshowered, refrigeratorless stress were worse than ever.

President Fujimori cites this episode whenever he feels compelled to explain why, on April 5, 1992, he suspended the writ of habeas corpus, announced a complete purge and restructuring of the judiciary, and closed down Congress—an *autogolpe* that left him, in effect, with dictatorial powers. Fujimori, who shares with Presidente Gonzalo an extreme contempt for Peruvian politicians, has a hunger for revenge and a pronounced authoritarian bent—most vividly expressed in the April coup—along with a popularity that many find inexplicable. Having leaped out of nowhere to gain an astonishing electoral victory over the novelist Mario Vargas Llosa two years ago, Fujimori went on to enforce a drastic package of neoliberal reform measures. He can claim, with justice, that the reforms have been effective: no one believed that it would be possible to bring inflation down from more than seven thousand per cent in 1990 to a mere fifty per cent and keep it there, but he has. He has also restored the nation's reserves to almost two billion dollars. He has renewed payments to the international banking community, which were suspended by his predecessor, and, by successfully concluding negotiations with hundreds of private banks that had lawsuits pending against Peru, he has opened up the international money flow again. He has balanced the budget, primarily by dismissing thousands of employees from a fat bureaucracy, putting dozens of state-owned enterprises up for sale, and reducing government investment to nearly zero.

The President is less forthcoming when it comes to discussing the incidental expenses of what is known as the Fujishock. Two and a half years ago, the number of people living below the poverty line—unable to afford rent, utilities, and food staples—was seven million. Today, the number is twelve million—about half the population. The number of government-assisted soup kitchens has risen from one thousand to four thousand in Lima alone—a figure that does not include many thousands of communally operated kitchens, where a majority of shantytown residents get their only real meal of the day. A cholera epidemic that broke out after the Fujishock left thousands dead in 1991. Last year, the incidence in Peru of tuberculosis—a disease directly related to poverty—was for the first time higher than that in any other country in Latin America, and recently even cases of bubonic plague have been reported. The G.N.P. keeps shrinking. Comparable statistics elsewhere in the hemisphere have caused riots and brought governments to their knees, yet Fujimori, though he has lately begun to subside in the polls, nevertheless retains a high over-all popularity rating, and the cleverest political analysts and newspaper columnists are hard put to it to give reasons. There are at least some partial explanations. His hatred of politicians helps a great deal; the more or less unbroken record of official corruption, cynicism, and incompetence here makes for embarrassing reading. The loathing for him expressed by an increasingly disoriented and impotent white establishment also helps; the President's outsider status as a descendant of Japanese shopkeepers and as a former agronomy professor is much appreciated by the brutally marginalized poor, who suffer a burden of racism and exploitation rarely equalled in Latin America.

After the April dictatorial decrees, Fujimori's opponents thought that they had more than enough moral ammunition with which to bring him down, but it turned out that most people liked the *autogolpe*, because Fujimori closed down Congress. The coup has been followed by a series of increasingly arbitrary Presidential statements and measures, and by a sweeping campaign against virtually every national politician—a grab bag of people who detest each other but whom the President now accuses, unconvincingly, of conspiring with dozens of military officers who appear to have wanted to overthrow him and, Fujimori says, assasinate him. One result of all this heavy-handedness is that Fujimori, who used to be known everywhere as El Chinito—the Little Chinaman—is now referred to, more respectfully, as El Chino. Even among his opponents, there is an unaffectionate but steady conviction that, unlike his predecessors, he at least gets things done. Fidel Castro used to say that revolution is like a bicycle: if you stop pedalling, it falls down. In that sense, El Chino knows how to ride a bike. He issues decrees with great frequency, keeps a firm hand on the economy, overturns institutions at the drop of a hat, and delights in the kind of effrontery that, for example, led him recently, at graduation ceremonies for Navy cadets, to point out to the new officer corps just how corrupt their institution is. Of course, Fujimori has the other *presidente* to thank for a good part of his popularity: Guzmán's arrest may have made him politically unassailable for all time. Yet, in what Guzmán would no doubt leap to point out as a dialectical unity of opposites, it can also be argued that Fujimori's economic program—the pauperization he has enforced on the already very poor—accounts for a good part of the measurable support for Presidente Gonzalo, and for Sendero's swift growth in the last couple of years.



"The animal-rights folks are getting on our case for cowpunching."

AYACUCHO, an impoverished town surrounded by bare rocks, dry streams, and empty fields, is where it all began a quarter of a century ago. I flew there in November on the day before nationwide elections, scheduled by Fujimori, for a Constituent Assembly that has replaced the closed-down Congress. I was told to travel light, for Sendero traditionally protests elections by calling armed strikes, whose most immediate target is public transportation. On such days, Ayacuchanos who have to travel know that it is preferable to walk the mile or so between the town and the airport, luggage in hand, rather than risk a Sendero reprisal. In the event, the strike either was not called or was only feebly enforced—no one seemed to know which—and I was able to take a taxi to the Hotel de Turistas, which these days is inhabited mostly by local officials, who live in the heavily guarded hotel because they do not feel safe from Sendero in their homes.

Carlos Abimael Guzmán was hired as a philosophy professor by the University of San Cristóbal of Huamanga, situated in the Ayacucho town square, in 1963. He had earned a doctorate in philosophy and practiced law in his home town of Arequipa, a lovely and prosperous city a world away from the upper Andes, and then had travelled around the country, teaching here and there, until fate delivered him to the one town in Peru where backwardness and an eagerness for modernity, and vast social rancor of poor against rich, Indians against whites, and provincials against Limeños, were most poisonously concentrated.

Guzmán harbored some rancor of his own. He was the polite, studious, and illegitimate son of a prosperous importer, who he appears to feel slighted him—treatment he is said to resent to this day. He was also a *provinciano*, which meant that in Lima, despite his doctorate and a weighty thesis on Kant, he was condemned to remain always a scrofulous outsider, a hick in a funny suit and a bad haircut trying to make it in the world of people who count. In Ayacucho, however, it was he who was from the big town: no one at the university had read more books or could quote from them more impressively. The current rector of Huamanga, Pedro Villena Hidalgo, who in the mid-nineteen-seventies played a significant part in the ouster of Sendero Luminoso from its academic power base, was among the few who were not star-struck. Late one afternoon, I talked to him in his office, which is presently his home as well, because, like everyone else who has crossed Guzmán in the past, he fears for his life; he leaves the relative safety of his guarded administrative compound as seldom as possible. It was a holiday, and was nearly dark; every time the outside door creaked, he shifted uneasily in his chair.

When Villena arrived from Lima, in 1973, to teach chemical engineering, Ayacucho had just acquired its first air link to the capital, in the form of two rattletrap commercial flights a week. He found temporary living quarters near the plaza, in a run-down, ancient house with a dirt courtyard and no running water, where the owner felt it necessary to place one of her indentured servants, or *pongos*, at Villena's disposal. Until Villena protested, the *pongo* slept on the slag-stone floor outside his bedroom every night, ready to bring a glass of water or empty a chamber pot. In these and other ways, Ayacucho struck Villena as semi-feudal. In reality, however, it was undergoing drastic changes: electricity, water-treatment plants, and television-transmission stations were finally being put in, along with a stadium and a cultural center, and changes were being made in the university itself. Headed by a progressive rector and with bright young leftist teachers hired, like Guzmán, largely from around the provinces, Huamanga actively recruited students from among the sons and daughters of the *pongos*—students who were first-generation literates, put through school, at huge sacrifice, by their families.

Villena didn't think much of the academic level. “Guzmán's second-in-command used to teach that ‘communism’ was a derivative of ‘commune,’ and that was about as far as theory got,” he recalls. Yet for the proud, ambitious new students the lessons about dialectical materialism, evolution, and matter in motion were world-changing events. “You have to realize that until the day we graduated from high school all of us believed that the first man was Adam and the first woman was Eve,” a former student of Guzmán's told me. “Once we had learned that the Bible could be wrong, everything was up for grabs.” Guzmán taught this student that Marxism was the culmination of fifteen billion years of evolution, leading from the first gestation of matter through the amoeba, the dinosaurs, pithecanthropus, the French Revolution, and, finally, dialectical materialism and the unity of opposites. And he reminded him and the other students constantly that the fact that they were at the university made them privileged but that, this man added, “in Lima they would always look down on us, because we were from the provinces.”

Guzmán at the time was no more radical than any of the other teachers who were convinced that socialist revolution was the only way to dynamite Peru out of its cruel, idiotic stupor, but he was the only one equipped with such gravitas or with such a comely, intense, and fervently ideological wife. Augusta La Torre, who graduated from the Ayacucho nuns' school, was the daughter of the local Communist Party leader, and the legend that surrounds her speaks of her mad determination to escape the suffocating provincialism of Ayacucho by waging war on it. She is said to have had herself sterilized, so that she would never be distracted from her revolutionary task by succumbing to the temptation to have children. And she also made other crucial decisions in her life based solely on their revolutionary worthiness, according to a man who loved her so much that he still catches his breath at the mention of her. “She told me that she would not marry me, because Guzmán was the one who was destined to carry our revolutionary task to completion,” he said to me. “He was the one with the theoretical grounding. She wanted to keep on seeing me anyway, but that was something I couldn't do as a man.” The frustrated lover became wistful. “What I know about Augusta is that she was fulfilled politically, but she wasn't happy as a woman.” Like other people in Ayacucho who knew the couple well, he is convinced that Guzmán would never have propelled himself and his group of followers into armed struggle if he had not been constantly urged on by La Torre. She was the group's most persistent and most successful organizer, and work that she did in the nationwide teachers' union provided the base that has allowed Sendero to influence, and even recruit, schoolchildren, whom Senderistas see as the only noncorrupt force in society. Five years ago, after she began to suffer from a serious heart condition, La Torre committed suicide rather than leave the country for treatment. She is the greatest hero in Sendero's pantheon.

The road from the university to revolution was long: there were years spent by Guzmán building up a power base in the Revolutionary Federation of Students, or FER, which was essentially a Communist Party front organization; there was the 1963 Sino-Soviet split, which in Peru took the form of a long discussion at a secret meeting of the Partido Comunista Peruano, Sector Ayacucho, in which Guzmán doggedly refused to back down from a demand that, as Mao would have wished, Stalin be included in the list of honorary members of the presidium, along with Marx, Lenin, and José Carlos Mariátegui, a Peruvian socialist visionary. (This split gave rise to the name by which the Communist Party of Peru is now generally known: the FER split also, and Guzmán's followers, to distinguish themselves from the revisionists in the pro-Moscow FER, appended the tag line “Down the Shining Path of José Carlos Mariátegui” to their name.) After the split came a long trip by Guzmán to China, sometime between 1965 and 1968, followed by an even longer, comfortable stint as head of personnel for Huamanga University. For six years, from a tiny office that sat like a guard post directly opposite a fig tree in the university's cobbled patio, Guzmán determined staff appointments, kept a close watch on who taught what, and supervised the school cafeteria and dormitories, with their vitally important subsidies for the campesino students. It was during these glory days that Sendero Luminoso, in all seriousness, came up with the theory that Huamanga University was “objectively” destined to be the seedbed of the Peruvian revolution.

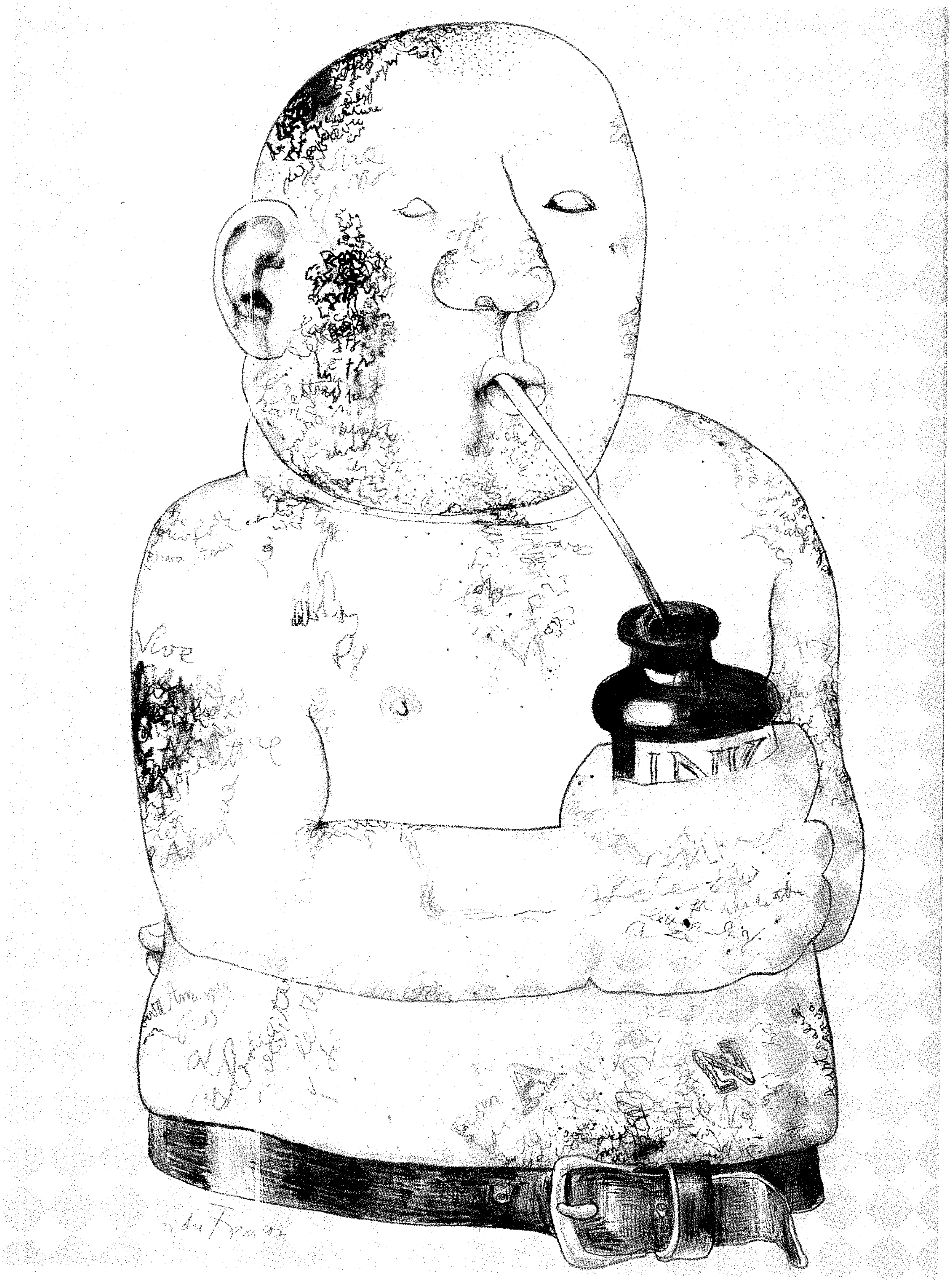
There were setbacks; in 1969, Guzmán and his disciples were expelled from the pro-Maoist Communist Party he had helped create. Then, in the mid-seventies, they were ousted from the university bureaucracy by a coalition of anti-Maoist, anti-Guzmán leftists, and had to take their organizing work into the surrounding countryside, where some Sendero anthropologists and schoolteachers had established contacts.

Even in the bad years, though, the cult of Guzmán continued to grow. Carlos Tapia, who was then another Huamanga firebrand and is now one of Guzmán's more perceptive critics, recalls that one day he was invited by a friend to a baptismal celebration. Referring to Guzmán by his nickname, which reflected his acknowledged brainwashing skills, the friend said, “Shampoo Guzmán is the godfather, and there will be lots of food and drink.” Tapia found that the *chicha* and barbecue were indeed plentiful at the party, but he saw no sign of a baptized baby. Eventually, it was explained to him that the host, a man named Juan Alberto, was celebrating his own baptism: in honor of the man he admired more than any other, he had gone to the civil registry and had his name changed from Juan Alberto to Juan Abimael. “And Guzmán seemed to think that this was an unremarkable and entirely appropriate thing to do,” Tapia says.

“From the day I met Abimael, I knew that he was incapable both of walking a whole city block and of killing a man, and when I saw him on television the other day I knew I had been right.” Thus the man who loved Augusta La Torre stumbled on what is probably the princi-

ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK BY ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS

INTERIOR DECORATION


Vive
INK
André François

pal source of Shampoo Guzmán's appeal: the Guzmán of the leaked arrest tapes, like the Guzmán of Ayacucho memory, is placid and solicitous of his inferiors; possessed of great book learning and a dense, professorial self-esteem; incapable, in his monumental dignity, of causing hurt of any kind. But this unthreatening, physically lax side of Guzmán, while attractive, would not account for his ability to hypnotize if it were not for an added element of danger. In Ayacucho, he was not only ponderous and courtly; he was also a *misti*—a powerful white man. In Lima, he was quite literally invisible until the day of his arrest: throughout the bloody decade that followed Sendero's armed début, in 1980, the organization released no photographs of its leader, and, with one lengthy exception, he gave no interviews—not to the local press, not to influential international media, and not to any of the friendly publications from the many solidarity groups that were springing up in Europe and the United States. In this void, a private, monstrous image of Guzmán took shape in each Peruvian's mind—an image that was powerfully reinforced when the caged madman in prison stripes was finally put on display. A psychotherapist friend of mine confessed that following the caged press conference, she, too, like her patients, was having nightmares about him. Then *that* image was blurred, contradicted, and made infinitely more potent by the leaked arrest tapes, which showed Guzmán gravely asking about the welfare of his fellow-prisoners, and guarded by the love of his compañera. That Presidente Gonzalo was able to combine in his single person the attributes of Guzmán the Avenger and Guzmán the Kindly Uncle is without a doubt the luckiest thing that ever happened to Sendero.

By 1980, Sendero was ready to go to war. In May, the group trashed the ballot boxes in the Ayacuchano village of Chuschi during the first democratic elections held in the country since 1964. By 1982, it was a presence in the Andean countryside. In the years since, Peruvians who once scorned Sendero as simply another mad leftist organization, and Peruvians who paid it no mind for years, have spent many painful hours examining its formative period, sifting through the record of its failures and of Ayacucho's centuries of neglect, compiling anecdotes on the growth of Guzmán's ego and the parallel increase in his resentment—all in an attempt to explain the transmutation that took place in a group of university radicals in the nineteen-seventies and caused them to emerge from the Ayacucho crucible as a band of fundamentalist *justicieros*, ready to tear Peru apart in order to save it.

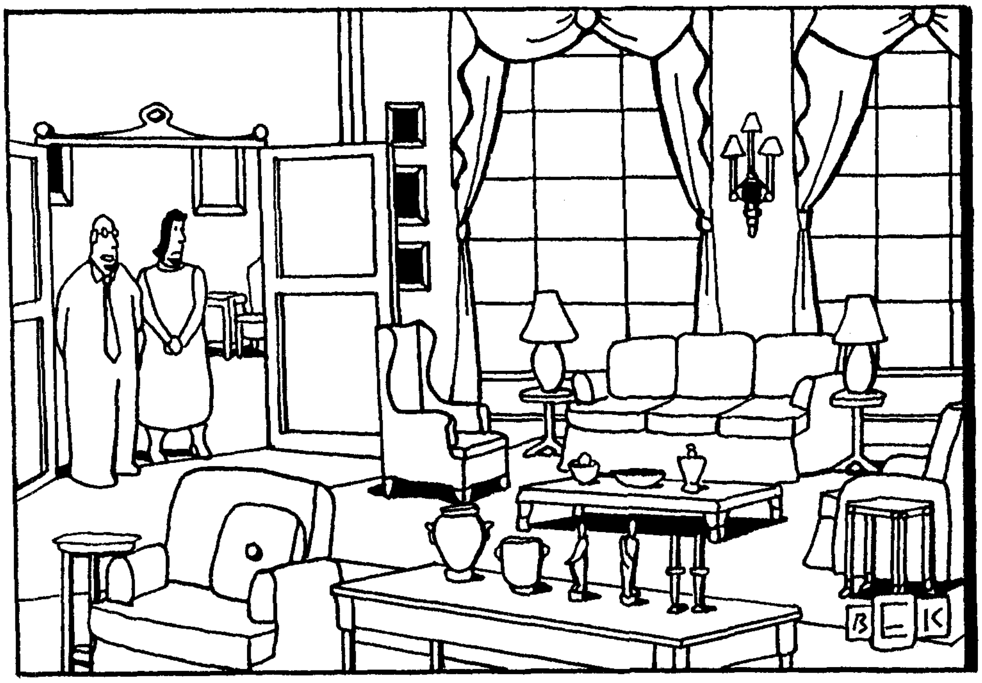
THE WEST WINDOW

When the cracked plaster and patchwork of thin bricks
and dry boards that were partitions out of lives not long gone
had fallen and the room emerged empty and one
I was seeing something that had been there in the house
through births ages deaths but that no one had set eyes on
a whole that the parts all the time had been part of
then the wordless light fingered the rubble on the floor
as though it had come upon it there formerly
and the windows went on with their lives as though they were
separate and outside where each had a sky of its own
to the south the wrecked doorway toward the slope and village
to the north the opening onto fields and valley
but it was the west window that the moment seemed to be
coming from the day moving in silence through the tall
casements the ivy watching from the hewn edges
that framed the rough stone stairs winding under the rock face
below the lane and garden wall and the pigeons on a gabled roof
how completely it all knew itself even to the dust at my feet
and the dark holes gaping in the floor the colored pieces of plaster
it had been there once and it would be there in its time
as it appeared to me in the light from that window

—W. S. Merwin

Carlos Iván Degregori, a Senderologist whose essay titles make good reading in themselves (one, on Guzmán, is called "How Difficult It Is to Be God"), in attempting to account for the bloodthirsty fundamentalism of a movement that began as a backcountry intellectuals' revolt, once described Sendero as a phenomenon in which the claustrophobic density of the Ayacucho environment generated a concentration of energy and mass out of all proportion to the group's apparent size or merit. The black hole created by this concentration of energy, the logic goes, devoured the Senderistas' reason, sense of proportion, and basic respect for life, whether their enemies' or their own. Perhaps this is enough to explain the years of rage and insane murder that followed—the disembowelling of children, the gouging out of young women's eyes, the castrations and hangings, the human bonfires.

In Peru, the years between 1983 and 1986 are outstanding chapters in the world annals of war and desolation which have been compiled by organizations like Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch. Thousands were butchered—by the Peruvian military or by Sendero. Entire villages emptied out. Hundreds of thousands of Quechua-speaking campesinos descended on the provincial capitals and then on Lima, fleeing Sendero's terror and the Army's horrific forms of blanket revenge. In Ayacucho, on the day after I talked to the rector of Huamanga University, I asked to be taken to a nearby village. All the nearby villages were abandoned, I was told, and no one was willing to take me as far as an inhabited one, because of fear of being seen on the road with a foreigner and ambushed by Sendero. Lima, always dysfunctional, is now virtually paralyzed by overload. Agricultural production has undergone trauma, and so has the national culture. One day in November, I went to an open-air "colosseum"—four back yards fenced together—in a poor Lima neighborhood where the Andes' greatest "scissor dancers," or ritual acrobatic performers, were competing for a prize. All the audience members I talked to were from the Andean region, and all had come to Lima fleeing the war. So had the dancers. Similarly, the country's best weavers, retablo artisans, and carvers are nearly all in Lima now, and only the luckier ones can continue to make a living at their craft.



"See? Isn't this better than being happy?"

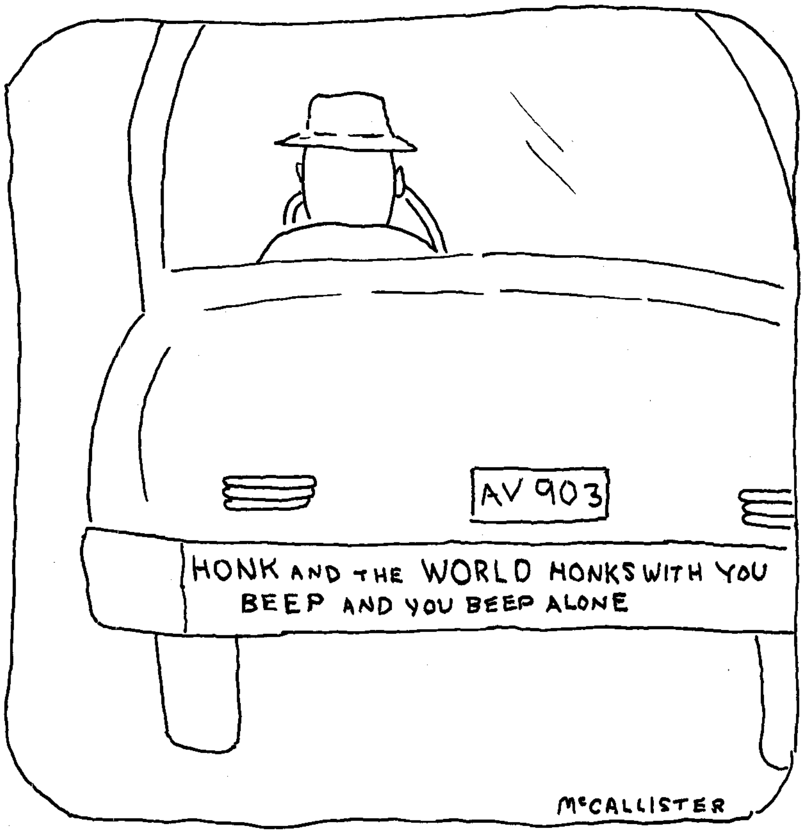
From Sendero's singular point of view, the apocalyptic years in the mid-eighties were a triumph; by 1988, it was ready to stage a Great Party Congress to celebrate its successes and ponder the next move. A captured videotape of that meeting has allowed Peruvians a brief glimpse of Presidente Gonzalo at the moment of his crowning glory. His theories have just been elevated to the category of Gonzalo Thought, on a par with Mao's. Criticism and self-criticism have taken place, and although a de-facto tenet of self-criticism is that the leader never engages in it, there has been, at the conclusion, an implicit acknowledgment by the Presidente that mistakes have been made, that perhaps the unending violence has been off-putting to people Sendero would like to consider *masas*, or followers. In the future, the goal will be to "broaden mass work"—that is, kill more selectively—and move the focal point of the struggle from the country to the city. In the meeting room of the Party Congress, the floor is littered with cigarettes. On red-bunting-covered tables there are empty glasses, and Presidente Gonzalo, sitting at the center of the main table, is clearly a little buzzy, as happy as any of his comrades, a surprising number of whom are women. They are severe, nunlike in their dark Mao suits, but one is glowing radiantly, alight with love. She is Elena Iparraguirre, a middle-aged, middle-class widow and longtime militant whom Guzmán installed as his companion following Augusta La Torre's death. In the video, their relationship seems brand-new. Teasingly, she asks him to dance and, muttering "Let's see if I remember how," he follows her onto the cigarette-strewn floor as the theme song from "Zorba the Greek" begins to play. There are little exclamations of surprise and pleasure from his audience as he moves into the music with the fluid solemnity of a walrus. He dances with great conviction and good rhythm while Iparraguirre encircles him with dainty steps and a shower of glances that are at once flirtatious, tender, and protective. His followers watch adoringly. One could almost wish them well.

Within months of this happy evening, Sendero's campaign against the cities began in earnest, and a self-effacing, sombre police colonel who would have preferred to be a psychiatrist, Antonio Ketín Vidal, joined the Direccíon Nacional Contra el Terrorismo, a seven-year-old agency that was being given greater power by the government of Alan García on the off chance that it might have better luck against Sendero than the rampaging troops who were earning Peru such a dismal human-rights reputation abroad but accomplishing little else. Vidal had been fascinated by Sendero for years—ever since, as a young intelligence officer, he had met one of the group's high command and realized how different the man was from the average leftist revolutionary. But when Vidal arrived at Dincote he discovered that the agency was equipped with only two telephone lines, a handful of operatives, and not a single computer to keep track of its files. Vidal was obsessed with files. Night after night, he sifted through them, updating and correcting, tracing networks and interrelationships. His admiration for Guzmán—for his commitment, for the efficiency with which he used scarce resources, for his learning, and for his disciplined attention to security—grew apace. Vidal slept little, ate little, and listened to Wagner and Chopin for relaxation. He might have made progress, but three months after he joined Dincote he was abruptly—and inexplicably—dismissed.

It might have been possible to capture Guzmán back then. For years, he had been living much as he was living at the moment of his arrest: in Lima, shuttled between safe houses in the trunk of a car, usually driven by one of the women who so loved to take care of him. Investigators who traced Guzmán's steps for years confirm that, contrary to rumor, he neither drank heavily nor womanized—he worked. Although, as the organization grew, he had increasing difficulty overseeing as many aspects of it as he would have liked, he appears to have been responsible for its general strategy and specific plans throughout. He read newspapers, received reports, and, occasionally, wrote tracts—although, if the published record is any indication, he is neither an inspired nor a perceptive theoretician.

Oddly, a long slog through his collected writings and speeches does not reveal even any instinctive feeling for or empathy with Peru: the country's ethnic diversity, its racism, its heart-stopping mountain vistas, its maddening bureaucracy are nowhere mentioned. Nor is the word "Quechua," or the unflinching industriousness of its people. Just as the attempts at art produced by Sendero look like copies of old propaganda photographs from "China Reconstructs," so the texts of Presidente Gonzalo read like bad Mao. He always begins his expositions with an imitation of the neutral, pedagogical tone that Mao mastered, but he has none of Mao's epigrammatic gift, and his rhetoric is alarmingly, perhaps even psychotically, inconsistent. Just minutes after beginning a calm exposition of the state of the nation, he will lapse into the barking, bloodthirsty mode for which he is best known: "The people, enraged, arm themselves and rise in rebellion . . . tear the reactionaries' flesh to shreds, and these black tatters it will sink into the bog, what remains it will set on fire and throw the ashes into the wind."

In practice, these exhortations translated into the murder of a woman I once met briefly, María Elena Moyano, and the takeover of a series of organizations that she and other members of the nonviolent left had built up painstakingly over the years. Moyano was an original member of Peru's largest squatter settlement, Villa El Salvador, which currently has a population of about three hundred and fifty thousand and a place in the history of social movements as a brilliant example of grass-roots organizing. Moyano was active in the Women's Federation in Villa, as it is known, whose members organized soup kitchens and ran day-care centers and health clinics, and she was also a founder of the Villa branch of the Vaso de Leche, or Glass of Milk, movement. Vaso de Leche depends on donated food supplies—milk, primarily—to provide a nutritious breakfast for children who would otherwise eat very little; but supplies, and particularly those donated by the government, are fitful. Vaso de Leche's members have become expert at persuading the government to coöperate: whenever the authorities get negligent, the women take to the streets of downtown Lima, and, after a fairly well-established ritual involving tear gas, high-pressure water hoses, and police clubs on the part of the authorities and much jeering and dodging on the part of the women, the supplies are usually resumed.


AV 903
HONK AND THE WORLD HONKS WITH YOU
BEEP AND YOU BEEP ALONE
McCALLISTER

The last time I saw María Elena Moyano, a forceful, strongly built black woman with a golden smile, was at one such demonstration a couple of years ago. She was too busy yelling into a megaphone about the obscene, scandalous increases in the cost of staying alive, and about the government's bald attempts to coöpt her organization, and about the rage that every mother taking part in the march felt at watching her children go hungry, to pay much attention to me and my questions. It is strange now to see this militant, radical woman proclaimed a heroine, and "one of the best generals in the war," by the very establishment that used to despise her and her fellow-activists as rabble and curse them for tying up traffic. But she is an official hero now, because the powers that be have come to understand with urgent clarity that the only thing separating the vast mass of the poor from Sendero Luminoso is the radical but nonviolent left represented by the likes of Moyano. This conclusion is so unassailable that even Sendero agrees with it.

I recently went to the place in Villa where, last February, Moyano was murdered. My guide was a nun who happened to be about a block away when Moyano, returning from a rare day at the beach with her two small sons and a twelve-year-old nephew, stopped for a chat with fellow-members of the Women's Federation. The women were gathered in one of the communal halls that are a feature of all of Villa's carefully designed "social areas"—arid, graceless spots that nevertheless include a playground, a clinic, a soup kitchen, and a day-care center, as well as the meeting hall. From the playground, an unknown woman approached, gun in hand and backed by several youths, who were also armed. Moyano's friends tried to form a protective circle around her when they saw the intruder, but she said, "This is for me," and stepped out to deal with the armed woman. She was shot. Her weeping nephew tried unsuccessfully to prevent the murderer and her accomplices from igniting a stick of dynamite they had tied to Moyano's body. When the nun I spoke to arrived on the scene, a few minutes later, there was nothing to be done except say a final prayer.

At the time of her death, Moyano was deputy mayor of the Villa municipality and was considering running for mayor of Lima. Last month, the man who succeeded her as deputy mayor, Ramón Galindo, was himself slain—shot six times as his family looked on. Today, the current mayor of Villa lives surrounded by bodyguards and in fear of his life, and someone who is close to him told me, in a voice strained by months of tension, that virtually all the community organizations that used to be a part of Villa's exemplary political structure are under Senderista control. "Go visit them," she said, "but don't tell them you've spoken to us, or you'll be the enemy." I did as she suggested, and found myself travelling through Villa in the company of a woman who claimed to have no connection with Sendero but made sure I cleared every checkpoint in the slum where youths stopped our taxi and demanded to know my business there. "All the old politicians have failed us," the woman said. "Like Moyano, they lied and stole from us and acted as informants for the government, saying we were Senderistas. She deserved to be killed, and now we have taken power into our own hands."

SHORTLY after Moyano was killed, Guzmán changed safe houses for the last time, to the comfortable quarters directly above Maritza Garrido Lecca's modern-dance studio. It is not clear whether Maritza was originally recruited by her aunt, Nelly Evans, who used to do community work in shantytowns like Villa El Salvador, and who, practically from the day she left the convent, some twenty years ago, began recruiting for a nonviolent Maoist group with links to Sendero. Perhaps Maritza was recruited instead by her husband, a tense young architect who, around the time he began his relationship with her, is said to have approached a friend, full of anguish because he wanted to leave Sendero but didn't know how. It is unlikely that Maritza, who, as a dancer, had a demanding life of her own in what might be considered a frivolous and self-centered occupation, was a very high-ranking Sendero member. More probably, she was simply a young woman looking to make sense of the mindless chaos that is Peru, taking up Senderismo as acquaintances of hers took up herbal medicine or massage therapy, and being used eagerly by Sendero, which saw her occupation as an excellent cover for Guzmán. There is another videotape—of Maritza in her studio, giving an introductory lesson in Nickolaus technique to an unseen student, and then crossing the dance floor on the diagonal, in a Graham-technique plié run. Her shoulders are too tense and high, the spiral of her back has little flow to it, and instead of looking up and out into the distance she seems to be staring straight up at the ceiling, toward the room overhead where Guzmán is hiding.

General Vidal, who three years after his removal from Dincote had been appointed to head the agency by the Fujimori government, is said to have had no idea that it was Guzmán himself he was tracking down in the little dance studio in the Surquillo neighborhood, just off a small park where mothers bring their children to play. On his return, Vidal had found a more professional agency with a slightly bigger budget, a few more phone lines, and even a computer. Within weeks, he raided a house in which Guzmán had been hiding only minutes before, and a few months later—last August—he acquired several more computers, as a result of his first major strike against Sendero: his men raided a college and captured several members of Sendero's Central Committee, in charge of logistics for the entire organization, along with several of its computers and dozens of diskettes loaded with Sendero files. As Guzmán himself admitted later, this was a stunning blow, from which the organization was still recovering at the time of his own arrest. Dincote has a reputation for avoiding what are known here as "scientific interrogation" techniques. Its success is due instead to its reliance on investigative procedures that in hindsight seem obvious: Dincote officers followed the relatives and friends of captured Senderistas on their way back from jail visits; they sifted through trash, and studied discarded reading material; they networked; and, inspired by Vidal's single-minded dedication, they refused to take bribes.

ICE CREAM
LÁSZLÓ

There is some confusion regarding the precise sequence of events that led to the moment on September 12th when some forty Dincote agents crashed into Maritza Garrido Lecca's studio and arrested her, her husband, two terrified family visitors, and, upstairs, Guzmán and Iparraguirre along with two other high-ranking Senderistas. The National Intelligence Service, which has been made to look somewhat ineffectual by the arrests, would like to take some credit for them, and sources close to the service insist that its office had captured and "scientifically interrogated" Elena Iparraguirre's brother, and that his testimony led to the discovery of Guzmán days later. This seems unlikely: Why would the intelligence service have handed the information over to a rival agency? What definitely did happen is that minutes before the raid on the Surquillo house a separate detachment of Dincote agents raided another, and found in it large quantities of Sendero documents and other sources of information. Minutes later, the detachment led by Vidal himself burst into Garrido Lecca's house and seized Guzmán, who, seeing them, commented mildly, "Yes, it was my turn to lose. Congratulations."

IT used to be that journalists in Lima who wanted to interview Senderistas had only to hail an ancient VW taxicab—the Peruvian national vehicle—and head for Canto Grande prison, where a special cellblock was reserved for captured Shining Path militants. The prisoners kept the floors there spotless. In the women's pavilion, little curtains of neatly patched-together newspaper hung between the cots. In the courtyard, murals decorated the clean walls. Smiling compañeras offered biscuits. Others explained the revolution's goals. Songs were sung. Chants were chanted. Praise was voiced for the universal struggle of the proletariat. The world and its disasters were explained in simple paragraphs. Often the women performed a song-and-march routine straight out of the Cultural Revolution, with red caps, Mao suits, and red flags, and one could understand how powerful was the dream of perfect order which fuelled the Senderistas, how great their need to create a utopia as much unlike the dismal real Peru as possible.

Today, such easy access to the revolution is no longer possible: Sendero, which lately began to express a new eagerness for international publicity and press contacts, is in hiding. Much of the Central Committee is in prison. Last May, a government attempt to retake the Sendero wing of Canto Grande prison was successful only after thirty-six Senderistas were killed.

A great many people have been lulled into the conviction that Sendero is as dead as it is out of view, but this is to ignore one of the most interesting problems the organization faced in the last couple of years, which is that, as of its move into Lima, Sendero grew at a phenomenal rate—so much so that the rigid control the Central Committee had normally exercised became difficult. In the shantytowns and at all levels of the education system, Sendero is—if not exactly the mass organization its members aspire to—very definitely a force to contend with. I looked for Sendero cadres all over Lima, and probably found them.

In a highly politicized squatters' settlement plunked in the middle of an expanse of sand dunes, I talked with an anxious young woman whose husband, hauled in by the Army several times for questioning, had finally been surrounded on the street one day by men in uniform and never seen again. Other people were in the room where the woman told her story: there was the compañero head of the local block organization, the compañera head of the food kitchens, and a compañero who slipped into the meeting halfway through, offered a memorably sweaty handshake, and kept his face turned away, an ear cocked toward me, for the rest of the session. There was a compañero lawyer who came to me with information about human-rights violations against suspected Senderistas, who had an equally damp handshake, and who worked himself into a froth when I asked him about certain gruesome murders committed by Sendero. "Human-rights organizations care only about the rights of the bourgeoisie," he said, biting on each word. "But what about the rights of the thousands of children who die of malnutrition every year in Peru?" And there was a compañera *profesora* and teachers'-union organizer, who also talked about human rights and then reacted with fury at the sight of a few scribbled and torn-up notebooks her students had left lying about the schoolyard. "Even children so young are corrupted by the system and show no respect at all for our efforts!" she exclaimed in disgust. I gave her a ride downtown, and on the way we passed a recreation center for the national police whose walls were covered with Coca-Cola signs. The schoolteacher, barely able to contain her enthusiasm, told me that the walls were a Sendero victory of sorts. Despite the best efforts of the police, she said, Senderistas used to cover the walls of the center with graffiti night after night. In the end, the red-and-white Coca-Cola logos were the only way the police could insure that Sendero's slogans, which are always painted in red, would at least not be visible. Because of the circumstances in which we met, and what I knew about her already, there was no doubt in my mind that she was a Senderista, but, like the others, she would not reveal herself in that role to me.

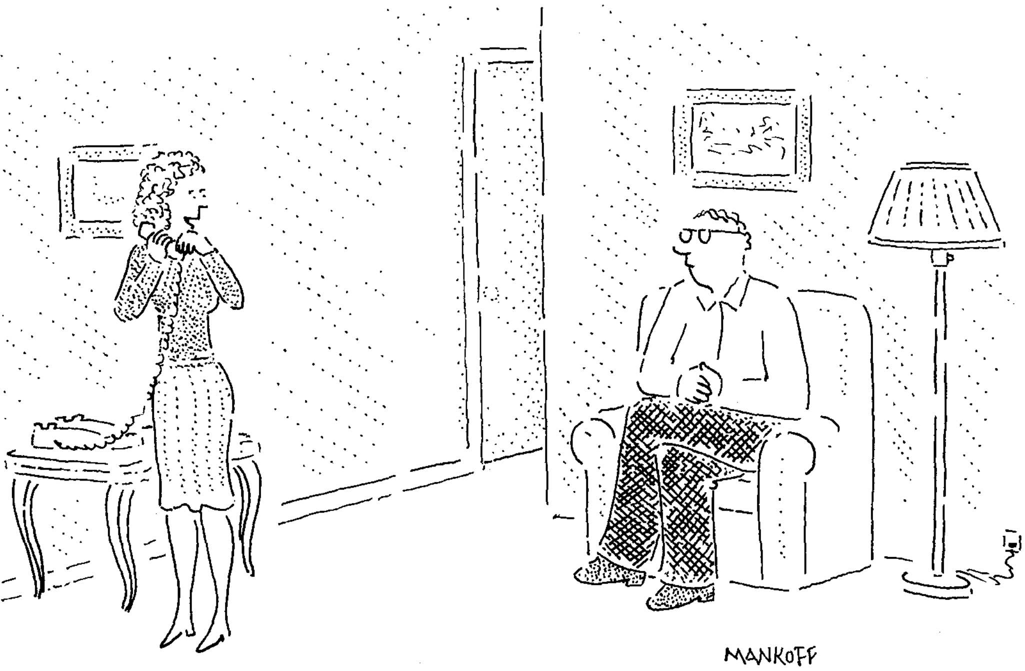
Julián, when I made contact with him, was pleasingly different. We talked in a cafeteria in San Marcos University, the nation's largest, which is currently surrounded by tanks and constantly patrolled by soldiers. A couple of years ago, this campus, which is operated on a skeletal budget by the government, looked like a nightmare set in the New York City subway system. Revolutionary posters and graffiti covered every wall of overcrowded classrooms and hallways. Periodically, Sendero would stage mass rallies, which sometimes would take place in the evening, in coördination with the dynamiting of electrical pylons, so that while the city was plunged into darkness torches set out in the shape of a hammer and sickle on the campus hillside would shine in the night. Now that the Army has come, San Marcos's walls are clean, there are no demonstrations, and Julián and I were free to chat comfortably while I took notes and he made no effort to keep his voice down. He was cheerful and dry-palmed, was obviously intelligent, and, despite his teen-age looks, was endowed with self-confidence and an unmistakable gift for leadership. He wished to be identified only as a compañero *democrático*, who could not speak for the Party, but soon "we"s and "our"s were flying through his conversation, particularly when he explained how truly democratic Sendero is. "We all coexist here peacefully," he said. "And even though we're the majority, we respect everyone else. They say we beat the students up, but we don't just beat up anyone. Say someone from the opposition wants to put up one of its posters next to one of ours. That's pluralism, and we tolerate it. But say they *tear down* one of our posters to put up one of theirs. That is an attack against our organization, and it must be punished. And if they persist, then they must be annihilated."

He talked on and on, full of confidence in the perfect logic of everything he said. Could I disagree that in Peru the vast majority live lives that are an affront to human dignity? Or that whether dictators ruled or whether elected demagogues were in power has made little difference to the poor? Could anyone object to the sacrifice he himself was making, living on the run and in virtual certainty of a horrid early death just so the people could at last be free? Yes, undeniably, people were afraid of Sendero at first, but once the masses became familiar with it they accepted Sendero's work. "The left in this country has always promised everything. My father himself was involved in the union movement for a long time, but where did that get him? Through our very radicalism, people understand that we are here until final victory. And they come to understand that our justice is right. Everyone here knows someone in that Glass of Milk program who is stealing the supplies, everyone now understands that María Elena Moyano was an enemy. Didn't the establishment press call her one of its best generals? What more proof do you need of her miserable nature?"

I asked him whether, now that Guzmán had been captured, he remained convinced that his leader was infallible.

Julián hesitated. "Perhaps as a person he may have made mistakes," he finally said. "That's only human. But in his thinking Presidente Gonzalo has shown a magisterial interpretation of our reality. People say that we repeat phrases like parrots, but what is wrong with repeating scientific truth? If his theory hadn't been proved in practice over and over again, would it have been elevated to the category of Gonzalo Thought? Of course his capture has been a blow for us, but it was not a surprise; we always knew that he could be captured, or that he could die, like any human being. What is important is that the Party is in place.

Presidente Gonzalo once said that as long as a single member of the Central Committee remains alive, as long as a single Communist remains alive, victory will be ours. Now the eyes of the world's proletariat are anxiously on us, waiting to see how history is being made. As Presidente Gonzalo said, we are condemned to win."



"It's my ex. He wants to pay me a conjugal visit."

TOWARD the beginning of Presidente Gonzalo's caged presentation in September, there was a moment when he interrupted himself to address his press audience's demand that he answer questions instead of making a speech. "If you want an interview, put in your requests with the government, and then we'll see," he shouted back. Twelve days earlier, at the time of his capture, he had congratulated General Vidal on his skill and, as the video cameras rolled, delivered a short statement to the effect that fate can make enemies of two men who pursue different paths in life, but that "this does not mean that they can't respect each other." One can guess what he was thinking as he addressed his extraordinarily polite and deferential captor: in the future, there would be captivity, yes, but there would also be time to read, and reflect on the great events coming to pass, and—why not?—to indulge Vidal in a little fireside game of chess, two geniuses facing each other across the board.

Fifteen days after Guzmán's arrest, the military won a frenzied bureaucratic skirmish with Vidal's Dincote for custody of Peru's most illustrious prisoner, and made it clear that in Guzmán's future there would be no room for press interviews or civilized respect for one's enemies.

A few weeks ago, the newsletter *Peru Report* published an account of Guzmán's current situation. Following a three-day military trial, Guzmán has been sentenced to spend the rest of his life in a windowless basement cell at the San Lorenzo Island naval base, off the coast of Lima. Presidente Gonzalo has no access to books or newspapers and is under constant surveillance. He has grown irritable, the newsletter says, and suffers from the psoriasis now left untreated and compounded by the stress of his imprisonment. He may die soon. One of the first priorities for the newly elected Constituent Assembly—in which Fujimori has a majority—is to authorize the death penalty. It would be unconstitutional to make that penalty retroactive in order to apply it to Guzmán, but the Constitution, after all, has been suspended by Fujimori, who is known to be very keen on Guzmán's death. In fact, there were widely circulated rumors that he was irritated with General Vidal for having failed to kill his captive on the spot, which may help explain why Vidal was summarily relieved of his post on January 4th.

Another armed strike took place last week, on the eve of nationwide municipal elections. On a normally busy weekday, Lima was paralyzed—Sunday quiet except for a few bomb explosions here and there. Four policemen were killed, and so was a mayoral candidate in Villa.

There is a rare video portrait of Sendero in a documentary that was broadcast last year by England's Channel 4, and which so pleased the organization that it now distributes the tape through its solidarity committees in the United States. In the film, a few dozen campesinos are shown marching through the countryside, carrying a red banner, in one of the guerrilla group's Andean "support bases." The peasants are native Quechua speakers, desperately poor, traditionally dressed, unsmiling, and slightly stooped. As the peasants approach on the screen, the first words the audience hears from them are "Long live the Strategic Equilibrium!" in heavily accented Spanish. One can imagine the dizzying thrill of empowerment that lies in pronouncing such scientific, modern words, and in explaining that they refer to the balance of force achieved under Presidente Gonzalo's leadership in Sendero's battle against a corrupt and rotten state.

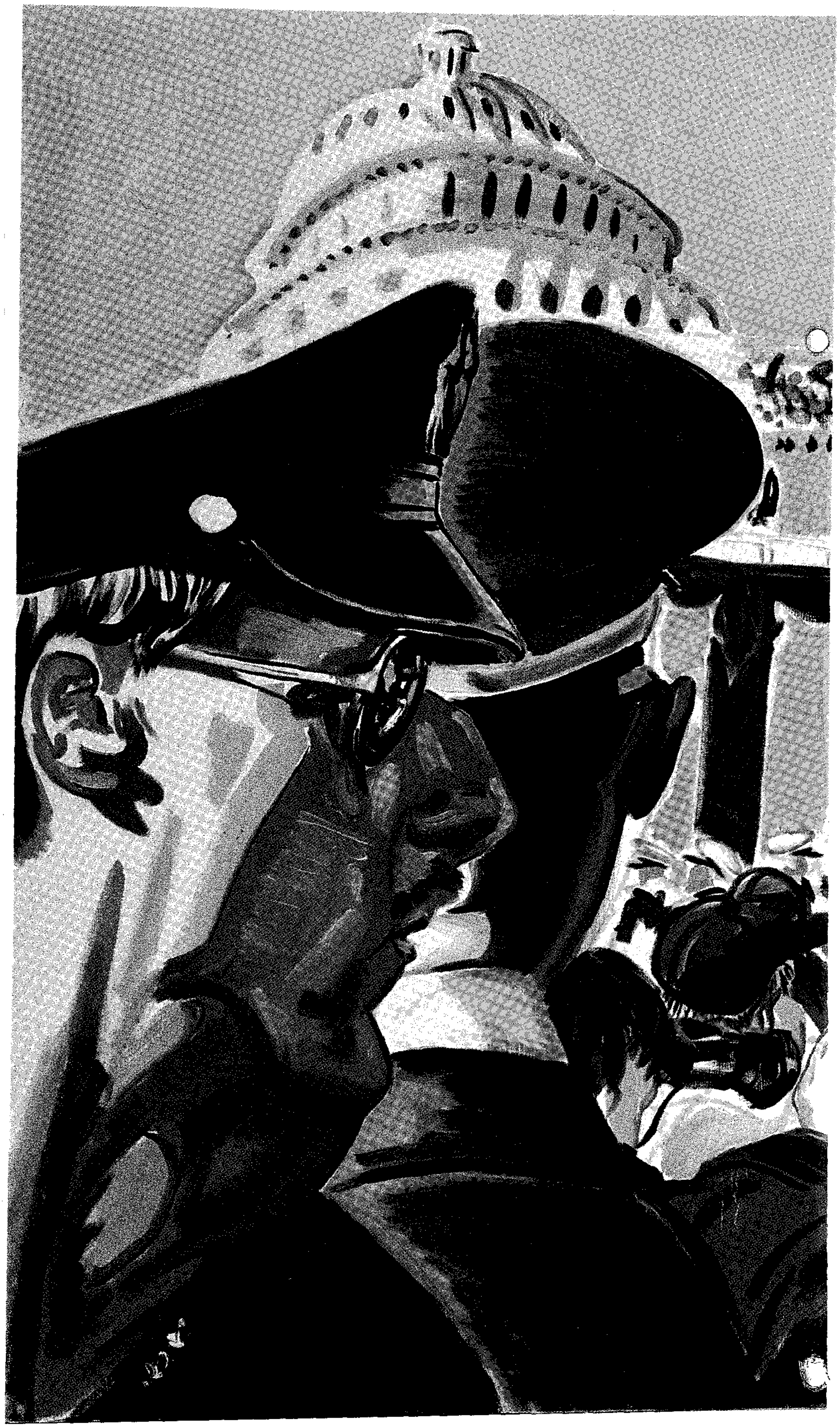
Strictly speaking, of course, they should be shouting not "*Viva*" but "*Muera*" to the Equilibrio Estratégico, since it is not meant to perdure. In the beginning, the Senderistas spoke sagely of a struggle that might take generations, and, calling forth images of the millenarian patience of the peasantry, stated that they were in no hurry. But the very real urgency of their *masas* has overtaken Sendero, as have their own striking successes and the stubborn inclination of the Peruvian state to keep heading for the void. That Sendero may be able to triumph, now or in the next generation, remains an inconceivable thought, but every aspect of Peruvian reality seems inconceivable. In his sombre prison cell, the Fourth Sword of Marxism continues to imagine things that cannot be, and his children—the multiplying squadrons of Juliáns spawned by Gonzalo Thought—strain to catch his dreams and obey them. ♦

OUR MAN STANLEY

THE INAUGURATION

BY PHILIP HAMBURGER

PAINTINGS BY PHILIP BURKE



JUST back from Washington and largest crush of hopeful humankind in my experience. (This my fourteenth Inauguration, starting with first of Franklin D. Roosevelt, in 1933. Missed only two: F.D.R.'s second and third.) Arrived Sunday before Wednesday swearing-in, headed (in mild weather) for huge gathering around Lincoln Memorial Reflecting Pool. Clutched valid invitation to seat near Memorial, for program of pageantry and musical goings on. Fat chance! Thousands upon thousands already there—deep in churned-up mud, lining slippery banks along pool, huddled on quilts and blankets. Many more surging vainly forward, holding equally useless tickets. Had impression *everybody* wearing some sort of button. Buttons of Bill, of Hillary, of White House. Buttons saying "We did it." Thousands of black faces, yellow faces, white faces. No pushing, no shoving. Cynics don't buy this, but there are times when hope is palpable.

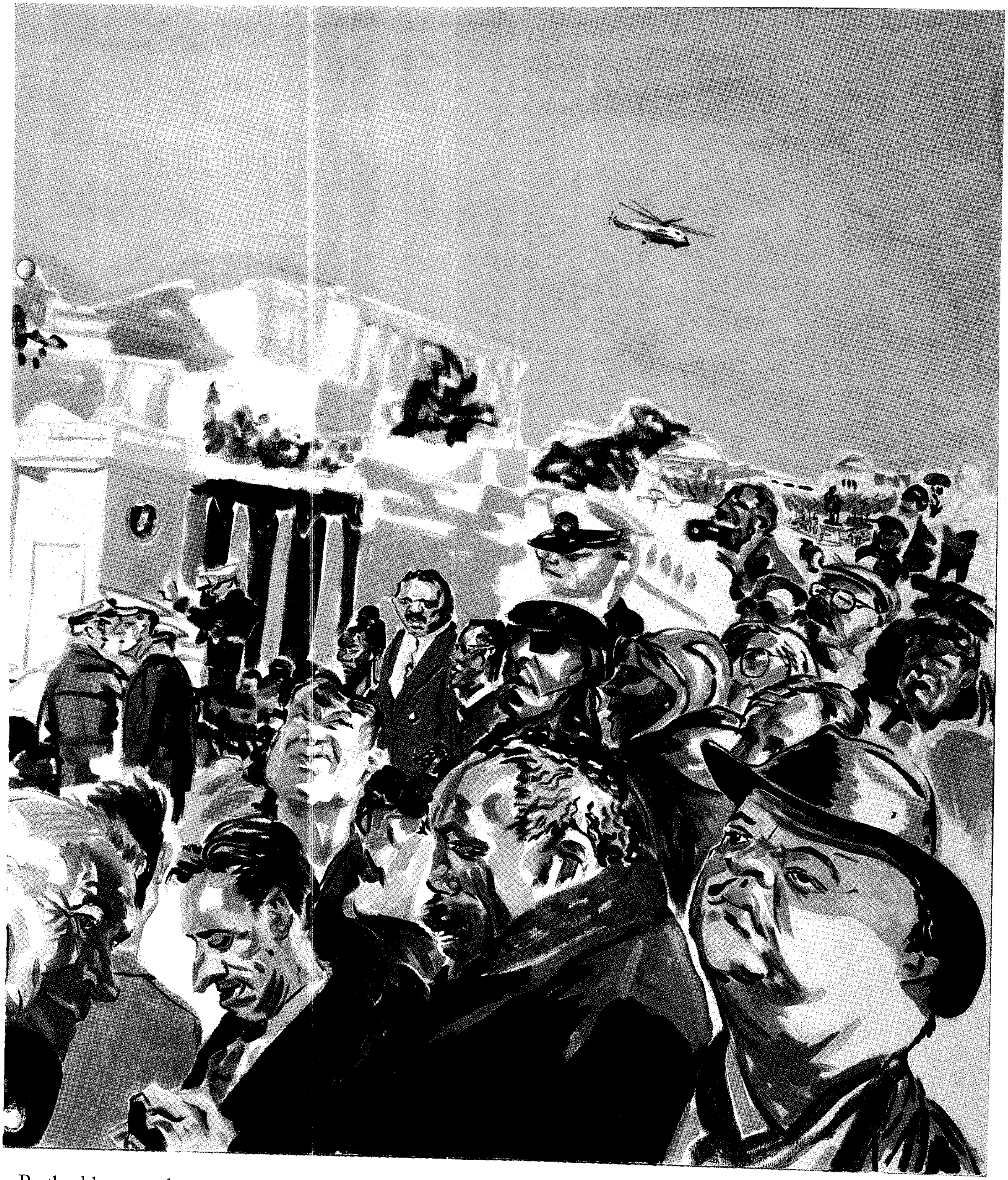
Signs everywhere: "First Aid," "Lost Children." Watched small boys scrambling into bare trees for better view of Memorial.

Depth of Depression, first F.D.R. investiture. I'm nineteen, ticketless, facing east façade of Capitol, far away. Spotted leafless tree, climbed branch, shared tree with woman in rags, elderly gentleman in patched tweeds, beautiful redhead. Fitting spot: entire country up tree. Sombre, gray, despairing day suddenly electrified by F.D.R.'s unforgettable "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." "I think we'll live," redhead said as we climbed down from citizens' perch. She was right.

Splendid amplification sending forth "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Always showstopper. Booming voice intoning, "And Mr. Lincoln said, 'As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master.' " Vast crowd fell silent. Voice intoned, "And Mr. Lincoln said, 'Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. . . .' "

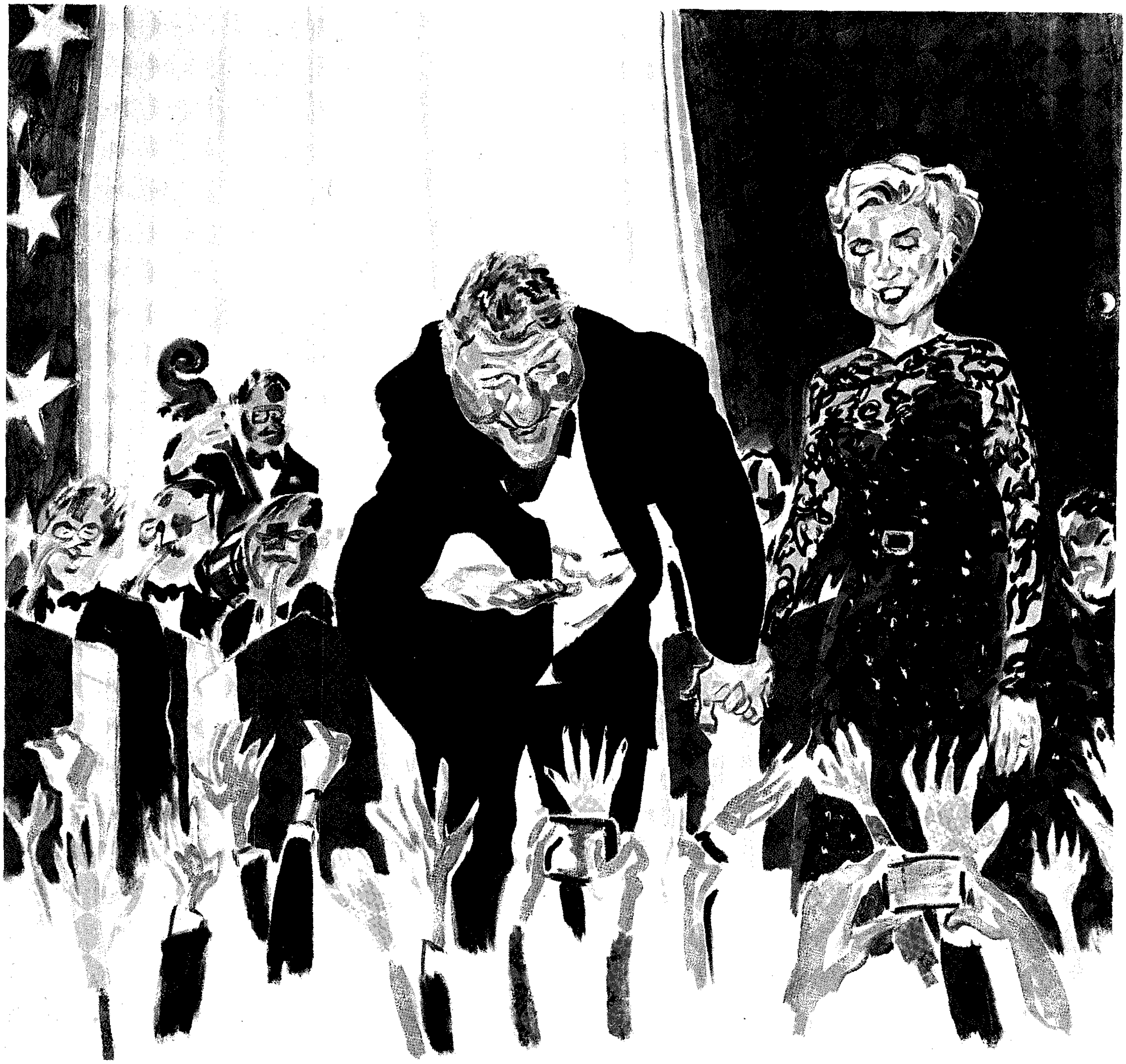
Stranger beside me said, "I have an unexpected feeling that something good is about to happen to our country."

MONDAY. Breakfast with friend—Thomas H. Allen, former Mayor of Portland, Maine (current member of Portland's City Council). Rhodes Scholar and friend of Clinton's at Oxford. Down for festivities with wife and two daughters. Great admirer of Clinton, especially of his ability—anytime, anyplace—to curl up on bed or sofa, take catnap, regardless of people jabbering, radio blaring in room. "He always woke up refreshed," Allen said. "When he came to



Portland last year, he ran us all ragged. He loves reaching out, always asks more questions than are put to him. An immensely serious man, yet full of fun, and an omnivorous reader." Allen particularly remembers the connection Clinton made with the porters at Oxford. "Other scholars were astounded," Allen said. "They would hear porters swapping stories among themselves about the State of Arkansas—anecdotes told to them by Clinton." Allen's first and continuing impression of Clinton: warmth.

Second Reagan Inauguration. Temperature: 4° F. Fear that whole government would freeze to death, nix next four years, turn Reagan into historic icicle. All outdoor festivities cancelled, my lovely ticket invalid. Roy L. McGhee, then Senate Periodical Gallery superintendent, phoned me at hotel, said, "If you can get here in seven minutes, I have a ticket for you inside the Rotunda for the swearing-



in." Unforgettable wild ride to Capitol. Fast-talked way past cadres of Secret Service, clock ticking, and was escorted into Rotunda by McGhee just as Reagan, with experienced actor's impressive gait, strode Presidentially into vast vaulted room to take oath.

Treated myself to yummy crab cake (not Baltimore class, but close) and wandered on to America's Reunion on the Mall. Another mob scene. Holiday spirit (it was Martin Luther King Day), with thousands swarming over grounds, in and out of huge white tents featuring music, exhibits, food: fried trout, buffalo burgers, crawfish Monica, chicken panang. Multicultured bellies. (Maalox moments to come later.) Approached eighty-eight-foot-long wall entirely covered with hundreds of six-inch colored-paper squares. Concept of Brooklyn visual artist Phyllis Yampolsky, who calls it "The American Town Hall Wall." Markers provided, and people scribbling messages, tacking them onto any available space: "Don't Mess with Bill." "One Race: The Human Race." "Sorry to See You Go, George." "Feed the Hungry Help the Homeless Stop the Killing." I grabbed a square of green paper and wrote "Courage!," but before I could reach wall I was tapped on shoulder by Secret Service man, who said, firmly, "Sit down at this table." He then directed a woman and her daughter to sit beside me. Thought for moment we had been mistaken for Iraqi terrorists. "Just keep seated, and don't rise when Mrs. Clinton comes through," said Secret Service man. Moments later, Hillary Clinton arrived, walked past wall, to frenzied cries of "Hillary! Hillary!" Smart. Serene. Long black coat. Stopped by table where I was sitting. Mother beside me took her hand, said quietly, "We need health and education, Mrs. Clinton. Health and education. And don't let anybody fool your husband." Mrs. Clinton heard her. Handed her my green square that said "Courage!" She read it, smiled, looked directly into my eyes, said "Thank you," and was swept along down Mall, trailed

by Secret Service men holding thin yellow rope protecting her from crowds. People again crowded around wall. Unsmiling couple took close look at myriad messages of hope and despair. Man turned to woman and said, "I didn't know there were so many of *them*."

Traffic gridlocked. Cabdrivers unanimous this worst traffic within memory. Kept bumping into friends old and new, many just trying to get across town. Good talk with Haynes Johnson, Pulitzer Prize-winning political writer. He shared my feeling this most important election in sixty years—critical time in nation's history. Said he felt both Justice Department and C.I.A. had become completely politicized, hence vital areas for new Administration. Shared my worry about press becoming too aggressive. "I'm worried by a current of cynicism," he said. "An exclusive interview with a high official today would make you appear to be the enemy. If a President calls, you are tainted."

Saw old friend Judy Collins—slim, blue-eyed, excited. All set to sing at one of the balls. Said she'd first met Clintons at Chautauqua in summer of 1991. They had come backstage after hearing her concert. "They evaluate ideas," she said. "They're both so bright, they love good music, they sustain multiple points of view. Artists need support—Clinton seems to understand this." Collins said she hardly believed it when she woke up to find that Clinton had won. She said, " 'It was a Chelsea morning, and the first thing that I heard was a song outside my window. . . .' "

Bumped into disgruntled Republican friend. Fine woman, enamored of the likes of William Bennett. Hated Republican Convention, blamed religious right for everything, felt sad to see so many buddies leaving town, and was looking forward to upcoming symposium featuring Cap Weinberger and other disgruntleds. Told her, generally speaking, I was happy that hope springs eternal.

SWEARING-IN DAY. Put on long johns but didn't need them. Cloudless bright-blue sky. Pleased with self for buying Metro ticket ahead: system almost swamped. But, again, no pushing. Unprecedented crowds heading for Capitol. Brisk walk up Capitol Hill. Elaborate security: Secret Service, marines, electronic checkpoints. Escorted to Seat 53, just below podium. Turned to look back at unending throng far below, stretching onto distant Mall. Official stand behind podium filling up with dignitaries. Marine Band in red dress costume.

F.D.R.'s fourth. Wartime. F.D.R. ailing, in wheelchair, unable or unwilling to make trip to Capitol, sworn in on South Portico of White House. Wind up standing next to Archibald MacLeish, then an Assistant Secretary of State, on narrow balcony of old State Department Building, and catch glimpse of F.D.R., tiny figure through trees, taking oath of office. MacLeish, in strange gesture, keeps running fingers over engraved calling card he holds. "Feel this," he says to me several times.

Kennedy Inauguration. Bitter, bitter cold. Snow, ice everywhere. Robert Frost solemnly reading poem while smoke curled all around him, light bulb having ignited speech. Aging poet obviously mistook smoke for cold breath in frigid air, plowed ahead with prosody until alert Secret Service man, aware that the entire United States government was about to go up in flames, somehow extinguished blaze.

Last "Hail to the Chief" for Bush. Sombre-faced Clinton took place on podium. Disappointed when Associate Justice Byron White, substituting for Thurgood Marshall, administered Vice-Presidential oath to Gore. At close of oath, White said to Gore, "And I *know* you will." Bandmaster had sharp eye on clock, played rousing medleys until precise second of noon, when Clinton took oath of office. Twenty-one-gun salute sounded through entire city, and nation had new President. Throng moved by historic pageant. Glorious voice of Marilyn Horne singing of children everywhere. Firm, quiet Inaugural Address (pleased that he said, "There is nothing wrong with America that cannot be cured by what is right with America"). Moved by ending of Maya Angelou's poem:

Very simply
With hope—
Good morning.

Lost interest in jam-packed, airless Inaugural Balls years ago. Accepted invitation this time to elegant reception at National Gallery. Chance to see exhibit "The Greek Miracle"—classical sculpture from dawn of democracy, fifth century B.C. Thirty-four objects on display, each a treasure. Nike unbinding her sandal, her beautiful body clearly delineated through flowing sculptural gown. Eerie feeling to stand in front of pieces of stone from, say, 410 B.C. and find them so alive. Listened to audiotape of exhibit, narrated by former director of Gallery, J. Carter Brown, who made clear that besides the aesthetic quality of what stood before us there was another message: In Greek thought, individual was free to take charge of his or her destiny but morally subject to needs of the community. Read in catalogue: "Self-knowledge and social responsibility were civic values that encouraged the development of constitutional democracy."

Something to think about all the way home. ♦

AMERICAN CHRONICLES

FIRST FAMILY OF ASTORIA

In an Oregon town near the mouth of the Columbia River, the descendants of Captain George Flavel can still command the attention of their neighbors, in one way or another.

BY CALVIN TRILLIN

YOU can't really talk about Astoria without talking about the Flavels. It isn't that Astoria's history is so thin that it can be dominated by one family. As visitors are informed at the city limits, Astoria is the "Oldest Settlement West of the Rockies," dating from a post that John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company established a dozen miles from the mouth of the Columbia River in 1811. As early as 1836, Washington Irving wrote an entire book about Astoria, although his inspiration was apparently not the history Astoria had seen but the fee Astor was willing to pay. By then, the fur-trading post had withered and died—not through any fault of John Jacob Astor's, readers were assured by Irving, who wrote, "It is painful, at all times, to see a grand and beneficial stroke of genius fail of its aim." By the later part of the nineteenth century, though, Astoria was thriving, thanks to its proximity to the mouth of the Columbia and to a supply of lumber and salmon that appeared to be inexhaustible.

Finnish and Swedish and Norwegian gill-netters worked the river by boat; horses that were kept in barns built on pilings in the river were brought out on the islands exposed at low tide, to haul in seines. Astoria's waterfront was lined with canneries, where the salmon was processed by a contract-labor force so uniformly Chinese that when an automatic fish-skinner was finally invented it was known as an Iron Chink. Astoria's port was busy sending the product of its lumber mills across the Pacific, and there was also work for its mariners close to home, on the Columbia bar—the shallow passage where a local pilot is taken aboard to deal with the tricky combination of tides and currents and winds brought together by the meeting of the ocean and the river. Throughout all this, Astoria, like any number of small towns in the Pacific Northwest, nurtured grandiose dreams of its destiny. A promotional poster published in 1926 says, under a drawing of the skyscrapers envisioned on the banks of the Columbia, "The Future New York of the Pacific—God's Highway to the Sea."

In the decades beginning around the time of the Civil War, God did not control the Highway to the Sea. The Columbia bar belonged to Captain George Flavel. One of the earliest bar pilots licensed by the State of Oregon, Flavel managed to put together what amounted to a bar-pilotage cartel. A ship going into or out of the Columbia River had to deal with him, and his rates reflected a keen awareness that options to his services were not readily available. In those days, talk about the Flavels included a lot of talk about the Captain's stranglehold on the bar; an editorial of the times refers to him as "this bloodsucker at the mouth of the river." Still, by the time Captain Flavel died, in 1893, after a business career that had expanded from bar pilotage and shipping to include timber and banking and real estate, one newspaper said, "The death of Captain George Flavel removes from our midst Astoria's most prominent citizen."

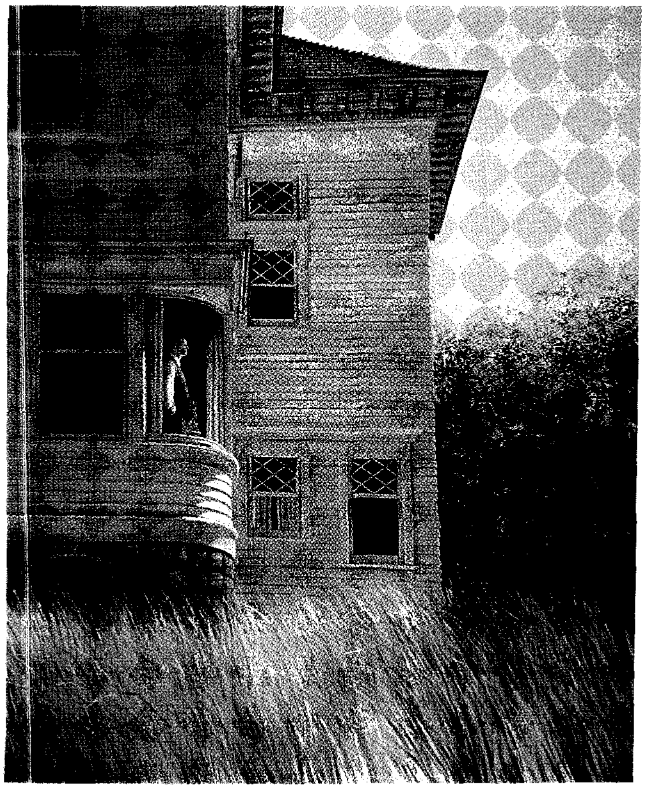
A decade before his death, George Flavel had erected an elaborate Victorian mansion, in a style described as Queen Anne or Italianate or Carpenter Gothic, and from there his widow, who had been only fourteen when she married the Captain, presided over Astoria society for thirty years the way Mrs. Astor was said to have presided over society in the New York of the Atlantic. (According to one rather rarefied theory, the Flavels lorded it over the other "pioneer families" of Astoria not simply because of their wealth and prominence but because most of the other families had come overland by wagon instead of arriving by ship.) The Captain's spinster daughters—Miss Nellie, a coloratura soprano, and Miss Katie, an accomplished pianist—lived out their lives in the mansion, although they were often mentioned in the newspapers for having returned from music studies in Europe or having departed to spend the winter season in New York. The Captain's son—also a captain, also named George—assumed his father's place among the most prominent citizens of Astoria.

The mansion eventually passed into the hands of the Clatsop County Historical Society, which began guided tours and published a booklet devoted to the history of the family. Long before that, the Flavel line had shifted to another mansion: in 1901, the second Captain George Flavel built a less grandiose but extraordinarily handsome frame house of his own several blocks away from where his sisters were holding their musicales. His son—Harry M. Flavel, the grandson of the founder—inherited that house, as well as his father's position as president of the Flavels' bank. The daughters born to Harry M. and his first wife settled in California, but he and his second wife, a schoolteacher named Florence Sherman, started another family, which remained in Astoria. Harry M. Flavel died in 1951. His widow, Florence, is now in her nineties. Their children, Mary Louise and Harry Sherman, neither of whom has ever married, are in their sixties. In other words, the current Flavels are presumably the last Flavels that Astoria will have available to talk about, and, it has to be said, Astoria has made the most of the opportunity.

ASTORIA did not become the New York of the Pacific. It reached its high point, of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, during the Second World War, partly because of the wartime level of activity at a local naval base. The naval base closed, though, and improved dredging of the Columbia pulled a lot of port business upriver, toward Portland. Astoria also began to suffer from the fact that neither salmon nor lumber turned out to have been in limitless supply after all. In Astoria these days, it's still possible to see a gigantic freighter being loaded with hemlock trunks on their way to Japan, but almost all the mills have closed. The waterfront, which once had twenty-two canneries and at least that many saloons, is quiet. The headquarters of Bumble Bee, which had provided the town with what one resident calls "the sort of people who serve on school boards," packed up and moved to San Diego a dozen years ago. The great ethnic neighborhoods—the Finns in Uniontown, the Swedes and Norwegians in Uppertown—have largely broken up, through intermarriage and the departure of the young to follow the job market.

People who still live in Astoria tend to look back with some longing to the days when there was work for any able-bodied young man who wasn't afraid of it, but they also tend to accept the hand they've been dealt. They are often described as stoic, a characteristic associated with the dark countries in the northernmost part of Europe and with people who work hard in industries based on elements that seem beyond anyone's control—the number of fish in the river, say, or the amount of lumber needed by some faraway country nobody has ever been to. Astoria remains a place strongly marked by its history. It has a working waterfront, even if there hasn't been much work lately, and streets full of splendid Victorian houses that rise from downtown in a way that is likely to reward a casual glance out the kitchen window with a magnificent view of the river and a couple of freighters and the hills of Washington state on the northern bank. In recent years, a sprinkling of outsiders, some of them drawn by the Victorian houses and the history, have settled in Astoria. Still, it remains less than half the size it once was—that rare example of an Oregon coastal town that has lost population.

There is agreement in Astoria that the Flavel family has also been in decline. Some say that it was in Harry M.'s time that the family's performance began to fall behind its prominence. Although Harry M. Flavel is remembered as a charming man, he was not the civic heavyweight that his father and grandfather had been. ("What he had to give was different than what they gave to this community," an Astoria editor said at the time of his death. "He gave cheerful self-effacement, a warm and gentle honesty that the world needs much of these days.") He apparently did not overwork after the family bank was acquired by a larger bank. Even before Harry M. Flavel died, there was talk about erratic and angry behavior by his son, Harry S. One summer evening in 1947, when the younger Harry was only twenty, a man named Fred Fulton, who lived next door to the Flavels in a nearby beach community, heard Florence Flavel shouting for help. Fulton rushed into the Flavel house, broke through an upstairs hall door to free Mrs. Flavel, and then, trying to break into the bedroom to which young Harry had fled, was cut on the arm with a hatchet. At Harry's trial for assault with a dangerous weapon, the Flavels agreed, according to the local paper, that Mrs. Flavel had been in no danger, her son having locked her into her room simply so she could concentrate on finding a key that was important to him. ("The son considered the evening of June 5, 1947, as good a time as any for having her look for it, the youth's testimony established.") Harry Flavel, arguing that he had used the hatchet in self-defense, said that he had been frightened by a strange look on Fulton's face; Florence and Mary Louise Flavel said that Fulton was surely drunk. Young Flavel was found not guilty, but for a while he was known to some as Hatchet Harry.



"Harry at Home," by Robert D. Hoag.

ROBERT D. HOAG COURTESY OF RICCIARDI G ERY

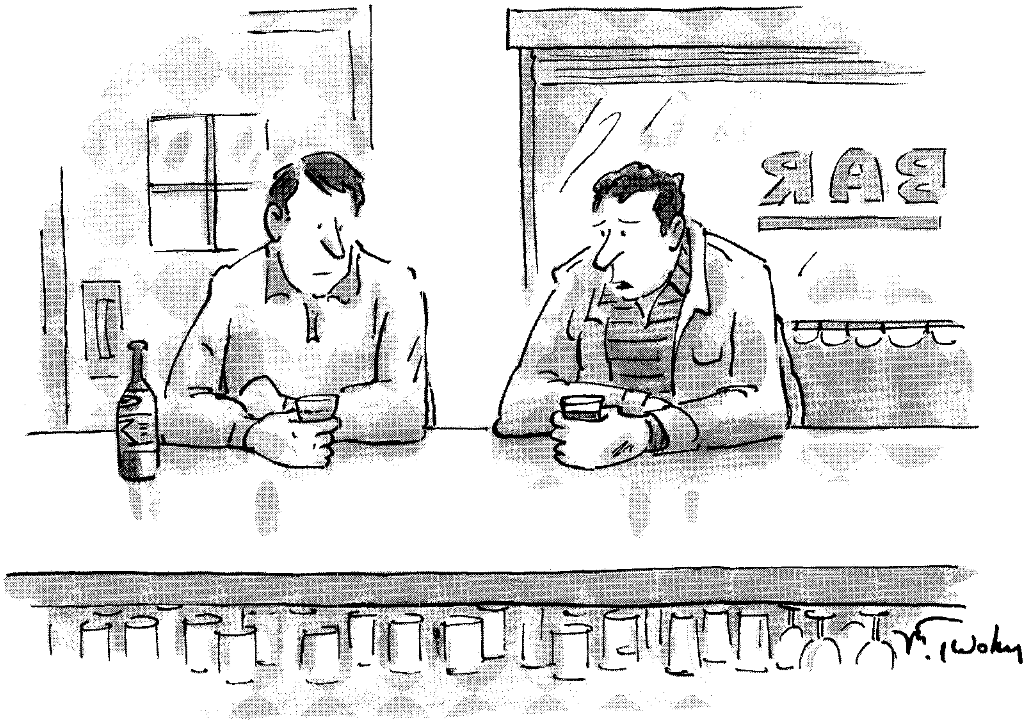
He turned out to have an aptitude for matters scientific and mechanical, which came in handy for maintaining the commercial property the family still owned in downtown Astoria—basically, two buildings, on Ninth and Commercial, with eight or nine storefronts that were rented for years to such substantial enterprises as a bank and the local power-company office. No one doubted Harry's intelligence—he seemed to soak up knowledge, not just from books but also from unlikely sources, like tool catalogues or the sides of shipping cartons—but he had an intensity that often made people uneasy. "Harry would go along all right for a while," a lifelong Astoria resident has said, "and then something would set him off."

Mary Louise Flavel, who was more sociable than her brother, and always made a fine first impression, seemed to have inherited the family interest in music. She was active in the local concert series, which would have made her Great-Aunt Nellie and her Great-Aunt Katie proud, except that the best-known stories about the family participation became stories about how the Flavels had promised to underwrite one of the concerts and then reneged or stories about the night that the police came to haul Mary Louise Flavel off to jail because she refused to leave a Community Concert reception she had not been invited to. For some years in the sixties, she spent most of her time in New York;

according to the talk in Astoria, she had become friendly with Jerome Hines, the Metropolitan basso, and, maybe with his help, had become a manager of opera singers. But she returned in the early seventies, full of stories about the New York opera world, which some people in town said they'd take with a grain of salt, and she moved back with her mother and her brother in the imposing house her grandfather had built.

From then on, it was common to see at least two of the three surviving Flavels together. Florence Flavel and her daughter were regular worshippers at the Presbyterian church, which had been built largely through the beneficence of the Flavel family. Mary Louise and Harry would usually appear together when there was business to go over with their downtown tenants. A tenant who had just had a visit of an hour or two with Harry and Mary Louise would sometimes discover that their mother had been waiting outside in the car the entire time. As the years passed, the Flavels seemed close to the exclusion of other people. Florence and Mary Louise might call on a neighbor for tea, but the neighbor did not return the visit. Although strangers were shown daily through the ornate mansion built by the original Captain, it became unusual for anybody at all to enter the house in which Flavels were living.

The absence of eyewitness reports about the imposing Flavel residence, of course, only increased curiosity about what might be found inside. In Astoria, winters are long and dark; because it isn't exactly on the way to any place, it has an atmosphere of isolation that enriches local legends. A lot of people who live in Astoria have been there a long time—long enough to respond to a Finnish name, for instance, with stories of how the Finns of Uniontown were considered clannish and dangerously left-wing, long enough to have traded legends about how ships owned by old Captain Flavel's competitors seemed to experience bad luck, if that's what it was. One prominent citizen believes that, in the way some places are called City of Churches, and Portland, a couple of hours to the southeast, is called the Rose City, Astoria could be called City of Rumors. A place the size of Astoria is likely to have at least one rather reclusive family living in a large house, but it isn't normally the first family of the town. Since before the Civil War, the Flavels had been the subject of a lot of talk in Astoria—talk about the old Captain's scheme to establish a town called Flavel, say, or about his son's purchase of Astoria's first motorcar, or about his grandson's divorce—and the talk didn't stop simply because there was no longer a Flavel at the bank.



"My wife understands me."

There were some known facts. It was clear, for instance, that the Flavels adopted stray dogs. It was clear that Harry's angry shouting could sometimes be heard by neighbors and passersby. But a lot of stories about the Flavels tended to have more than one version. Maybe Harry used the bannister in the Flavels' house for firewood and maybe he chopped it up with his hatchet just to irritate his mother or sister and maybe it wasn't a hatchet but a chain saw and maybe the bannister was removed for some perfectly sensible reason that nobody happens to know. Maybe Mary Louise returned from New York because she ran out of her share of the Flavel estate and maybe because her only client was stolen by another agency and maybe because her father (who died fifteen years or so before this version could have taken place) went to New York and found her starving herself to death in a luxurious Park Avenue apartment. Maybe when Florence and Mary Louise Flavel wanted to go on a trip around the world that Harry was said to oppose they left secretly by cab after Harry dropped them off at church and maybe they secretly borrowed a car and left it in the Park 'n' Fly at the Portland airport.

There was consistent talk in Astoria about Harry and Mary Louise Flavel showing up in the dark of night in the premises of businesses that rented space in their buildings on Commercial Street. Some people thought they had extra keys; some people preferred to think that they appeared, as burglars sometimes appear in Astoria, through abandoned streets that became basement-level tunnels when the old downtown burned in the twenties and the new downtown was built right on top of it. What people agree on was that the Flavels were, for some of their tenants and other Astorians they came in contact with, difficult to deal with. "Difficult?" a local businessman said not long ago. "Impossible!" A woman who once had to negotiate with the Flavels in a meeting having to do with a historical-society matter—a meeting that seemed dominated by Mary Louise Flavel's concern that the family was not being given its due—has said, "It was the longest three hours of my life, and I count major surgery and childbirth."

Some businesspeople in Astoria gave the Flavels a wide berth because they had a reputation for being litigious. One retailer, a woman who came to Astoria from a different part of the country, recalls being impressed by Mary Louise Flavel while looking for a suitable space for her store ("She talked about being an impresario in New York. I thought she was smart, interesting"), and then, after choosing another space, being told she would be hearing from the Flavels' lawyer about breach of a verbal contract. As it turned out, the retailer was not sued, but there are businesspeople in Astoria who would swear that she's the only one. The Flavels were not always the plaintiffs. At one point, the hotel at the Portland airport got a judgment against Mary Louise Flavel—the contention was that she and her mother had maintained a room there for some months and had not paid for it—and when lawyers tried to attach Flavel property in Astoria there was a flurry of countersuits. Merchants traded stories about goods delivered on approval or loan that were hard to get back. Nobody knew whether the Flavels had a shortage of money or a disinclination to spend it, but it was known that they were not easy people to collect a bill from. For one thing, the collectors couldn't get in the door. Kandy Renninger, the only private process-server in Astoria, says that the first time she successfully served Harry Flavel, a lawyer who had no involvement in the dispute stopped her on the street half an hour later to congratulate her.

All this might have been made more irritating to the residents of Astoria by the fact that the Flavels—particularly Mary Louise Flavel—seemed to have an air appropriate for people who still controlled the bar pilotage and the bank and a good part of downtown. Even after the huge house seemed somewhat neglected and Mary Louise Flavel's wardrobe seemed to have narrowed, she retained a rather grand manner. "Mary Louise seems almost aristocratic," a man who has dealt with her in Astoria said recently. "Once, I had a long conversation with her, and only at the very end did I notice that the lining of her coat was hanging loose. It was not apparent at first, because of her bearing." Some residents of Astoria didn't mind her manner—she was not really arrogant—but some residents felt that they were being condescended to by someone whose house needed painting.

Mary Louise Flavel has always had her defenders in Astoria. There are people who believe, for instance, that she should have been invited to that Community Concert reception—she had been an effective member of the society—and that the fault lay not with her but with a high-handed chairman. An older resident who has known her all her life said not long ago, "Mary Louise is a nice girl, just as normal as she could be—well, a little eccentric with her renters." One of the theories about the eccentricity of the Flavel family is that Florence and Mary Louise grew strange trying to cope with Harry, or that they were in thrall to Harry, either because he was physically menacing to them or because he may have somehow ended up with the Flavel money. But there are also people in Astoria who believe that Mary Louise is the most difficult member of the family, particularly when it comes to business.

What seemed to bother a lot of people in Astoria about the Flavels was that their way of doing business—never settling for the hand they were dealt—often worked. According to the stories, a merchant might take back a somewhat used item rather than cause an argument or a lawsuit. Although people who are difficult to collect from may have trouble getting credit, they may also end up paying less. "They seemed to get a thrill out of getting the better of people," one resident of Astoria said not long ago. "They had a miraculous way of coming out on top." As the years passed and the Flavels got a bit more reclusive and, in the minds of some Astorians, quite a bit more irritating, a lot of the talk about Astoria's first family was not about how much they had done for the town but how much they seemed to get away with. Then, in 1983, Harry Flavel got involved in an incident that it seemed unlikely he was going to be able to come out of on top. It involved a young man named Alec Josephson.

ALEC JOSEPHSON'S forebears were Northern Europeans who made their living from salmon. His maternal grandparents spoke Finnish at home. His father's father was a Swedish gillnetter. In February of 1983, when the encounter with Harry Flavel took place, Alec Josephson was twenty-two years old and had recently married; a former captain of the high-school basketball team, he was taking some community-college courses and hoping, as he put it, to "go into the Army and jump out of airplanes." On the evening in question, he had watched a Portland Trail Blazers game on television with some friends and shared a pitcher or two of beer with them at the Workers Tavern, in Uniontown; at around ten-thirty, he was on his way home when he was startled by a noise that made him think his car had been hit by a rock. Enraged, Josephson stopped his car—this was on Irving Street, a residential street about ten blocks above the river—and went looking for what he assumed would prove to be kids up to no good.

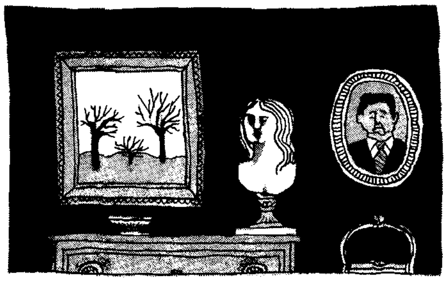
He found Harry Flavel—in a dark walkway next to the gymnasium of the Roman Catholic school, Star of the Sea. Flavel had been out walking two dogs and had thought that Josephson was travelling too fast. Apparently, the noise Josephson had heard was Flavel's chain dog leash being swung at the car. There were some angry words. Hearing an argument from his room in the rectory nearby, Father Arthur Dernbach called the police. A couple of minutes later, after going down to see for himself what was happening, Father Dernbach phoned again, to say that an ambulance would be needed: the one man who remained there, next to the gym, had been stabbed. From what the emergency-room surgeon said later, Father Dernbach's intervention saved Alec Josephson's life. Josephson had lost a lot of blood. A blade had come within half an inch of passing completely through his body—entering at the stomach and nicking the nerves near his spine at the back.

The police showed up at the Flavels' pretty quickly. Josephson had been able to say that the man who stabbed him was an older man who had been walking two dogs, and a neighbor knew who routinely walked his dogs on that stretch of Irving Street every night. But talking to Harry Flavel about the events of the evening turned out to be a problem. Nobody had ever had an easy time getting into the Flavels' house, and the police who showed up to ask him about the stabbing of Alec Josephson were no exception. As the police and the District Attorney, Steven Gerttula, stood on the front porch, the Flavels talked to the city manager on the telephone. (They had phoned the city manager, Harry Flavel later testified, because they knew that the police chief was out of town, leaving in charge an officer who had not long before refused Flavel's request to help him make a citizen's arrest of a tenant, and had done what Flavel called "nasty little things to me and my family.") Flavel turned himself in a couple of days later, and the police eventually got a warrant to search the Flavel house for a weapon. But there was muttering in Astoria that Harry Flavel had once again been allowed to get away with something.

Flavel was charged with attempted murder and first-degree assault, which in Oregon is assault that involves using a deadly weapon with an intent to do serious injury. He pleaded not guilty, insisting that he had acted completely in self-defense against someone he referred to as a "madman." In a pre-trial hearing, Flavel's attorney, a well-known Portland criminal lawyer named Des Connall, managed to get a ruling that would have admitted a lie-detector test that he considered supportive of Flavel's version of events. By the time that ruling was reversed and a few more postponements were granted, more than two years had passed. Alec Josephson was just about fully recovered—the nick in the nerves near his spine having caused a slight weakness that lingered in one leg. In the spring of 1985, Harry Flavel finally came to trial, in St. Helens, the seat of the adjoining county. A change of venue had been granted after a hearing in which an assistant of Connall's who had taken a telephone survey among potential jurors in Clatsop County testified that she had not received a single positive response to a question about Harry Flavel's general reputation, and that many of the times she had recorded a "no opinion" it was because "when I would ask the question I would get a lot of laughs."

It was a particularly contentious trial. It lasted more than two weeks, and it wasn't difficult for those attending to get the impression that Des Connall was reluctant to let a day pass without a motion for a mistrial. Connall and Glenn Faber, the deputy district attorney who tried the case, were constantly embroiled in bitterly contested matters of procedure and admissibility of evidence. The defense spent an extraordinary amount of time trying to prove that Josephson had consumed more than the half-dozen beers he acknowledged having had during that long evening, and the prosecution, in addition to presenting evidence to contradict that contention, argued that the effort to portray Josephson as drunk was simply an attempt to find some way of making Harry Flavel's story believable. Flavel testified, more or less as he had testified forty years before in his trial for assaulting his next-door neighbor with a hatchet, that he had acted completely in self-defense, trying to calm down a young man who seemed drunk or "drug-crazed" or somehow deranged. According to Flavel's testimony, Josephson, constantly threatening to kill him, had come at him perhaps a dozen times, swaying before him between attacks with a strange look on his face. Flavel said that even after he took out his pocketknife and waved it threateningly Josephson tried to choke him, and would have surely killed him if the knife hadn't been used.

The prosecution argued that it was absurd to believe that the tiny Boy Scout knife Flavel carried had inflicted the wound that the attending surgeon described as having reminded him of a bayonet wound. Josephson, acknowledging that he had shouted at Flavel angrily and called him a "fucking jerk," testified that the only time he had touched Flavel was when he grabbed him in order to keep him from leaving before he had given his name and address. The prosecution presented some circumstantial evidence that argued against Flavel's version of events—the angle and size of the wound, for instance, and Flavel's behavior after the stabbing—but basically the jury had to decide whether to believe Harry Flavel or Alec Josephson, the only two people who knew for certain what had happened behind the Star of the Sea gym that night. The jury found Harry Flavel not guilty of attempted murder but guilty of first-degree assault.



In Oregon at the time, a trial judge automatically handed down the statutory sentence for a crime—up to twenty years for first-degree assault—and then turned the defendant over to a state board, which would decide the actual time to be served. Under the guidelines then in place, Flavel would probably have done two or three years. But the judge, after imposing the customary sentence, suspended it, and gave Flavel five years' probation, on the condition that he pay restitution to Josephson for medical expenses and serve a year in the county jail. Flavel was certainly going to appeal the guilty verdict—even before the sentencing, his lawyers had moved for a new trial—and Des Connall told the judge, in open court, that the trial had contained so many errors of law that the verdict would obviously be overturned on appeal. The judge agreed that the year in jail would not have to be served until the appeals process had been exhausted. There are those in Astoria who believe that he did not understand what "exhausting the appeals process" would mean to the Flavels.

Harry Flavel's strongest ground for appeal had been discovered by a defense lawyer among the medical bills handed in for restitution: when Josephson's recovery seemed to be going more slowly than it should, he had undergone nearly a dozen sessions of "hypnotherapy," administered by a mental-health counsellor whose only degree, it turned out, was a certificate in mortuary science. Because of the delay in starting the trial, this had been well before Josephson took the stand, and the defense pointed out that it had not been carried out according to state rules designed to prevent the enhancing of a witness's memory through hypnosis—rules that in Oregon include the videotaping of all sessions. That argument was rejected without comment by the Oregon Supreme Court, and so were a number of others. The defense turned to the federal system, and managed to take the case all the way up to the Supreme Court of the United States twice, also without success. The way people in Astoria tended to see it, the Flavels were using their money—which seemed to be there when they needed it, despite their reputation for thriftiness—to try to get away with something yet again. As the appeals worked their way through the courts in the years following Harry Flavel's conviction, it was often said in Astoria that Harry Flavel would never see the inside of a jail.

During the appeals process, Mary Louise Flavel tried some more direct approaches: she would show up, unannounced, at the door of an appeals-court judge or an influential public official, making her usual excellent first impression, and stay the evening, presenting her argument that the entire case was simply a malicious witch-hunt. That didn't work, either. Apparently, there was some hope among defense lawyers that, even if the appeals did not succeed, the passing of time and the cooling down of community concern about the incident might induce the judge to drop the condition of probation which called for Harry Flavel, a reclusive man in his sixties, to spend a year in jail. But that didn't happen. Finally, in August of 1990, the court accepted Glenn Faber's argument that all appeals had been exhausted. The lead paragraph of the account in the *Daily Astorian* summed up the judge's order in four words: "Go directly to jail."

By that point, though, the defense had a new argument. Five years had passed since the sentence was handed down. During that period, Harry Flavel had reported to his probation officer regularly; he had just turned over to the court the final payment for restitutions. Defense lawyers argued that, the assigned probationary term having been served, the judge no longer had any jurisdiction over Harry Flavel. The judge responded by extending the probation for a year to make time for the jail term; the defense appealed his right to make that extension; and, just before Harry Flavel was due to turn himself over to the sheriff, a higher court stayed the jailing so that it could consider the appeal. But there were two new problems. One was that Mary Louise Flavel had stopped payment on the final restitution check. The other was that Harry Flavel was nowhere to be found. Neither was his sister. Neither was their mother.

Gladiators

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Neither were their two dogs. The Flavels, people in Astoria said, were on the lam.

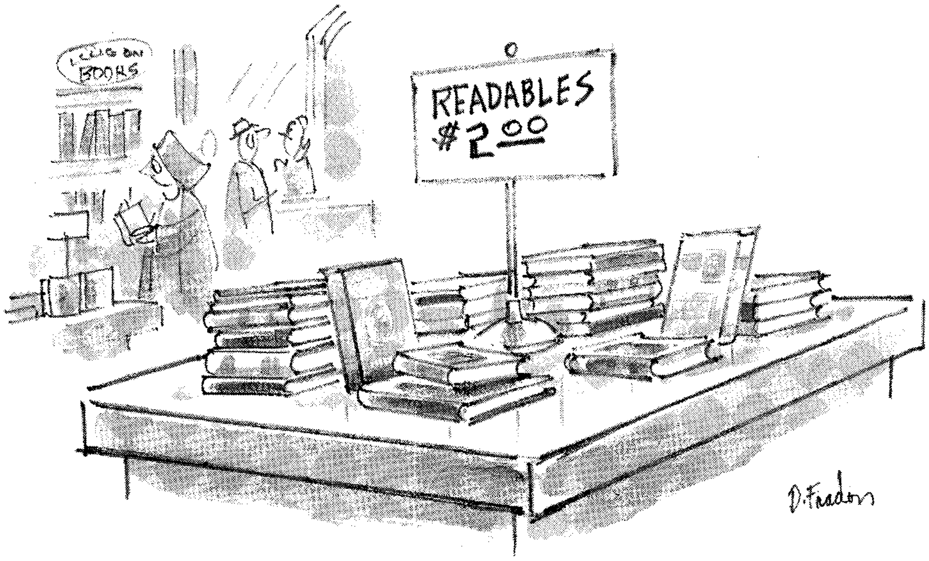
FOR two months, there was no word of the Flavels. Then, toward the end of October of 1990, Harry Flavel turned up in jail in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Apparently, there had been a question about whether the Flavels had removed some towels from their room at a motel in Willow Grove, outside Philadelphia, and a check of their license plate turned up the information that Harry Flavel was wanted in Oregon. An extradition order was granted, but Flavel, to the surprise of no one in Astoria, contested it. On New Year's Eve of 1990, with the argument over extradition still in progress, he was released from jail on payment of a fifty-thousand-dollar cash bond. After some delays having to do with which lawyer would represent him, a hearing was set for March 5, 1991, at the Montgomery County Courthouse. Harry Flavel did not appear. The Flavels were off again. Some people in Astoria wondered whether going from motel room to motel room in a gang that included a ninety-two-year-old woman and two dogs was really preferable to going to jail for a year in Astoria. In the words of one resident, "It couldn't have been much like 'Thelma and Louise.' "

In November of 1991, fifteen months or so after the Flavels had left Astoria, a maintenance man at the Residence Inn in Tewksbury, Massachusetts, not far from Boston, became suspicious about a family that had been in residence a long time. It isn't unusual for people to stay awhile at the Residence Inn, which is designed more like an apartment complex than a motel; it's sometimes used by people in training programs for nearby high-tech industries and by executives who have been transferred to the area and are still house-hunting. The family in question, though, didn't fit either of those profiles, and they paid their bills in cash. The maintenance man, who was a former police officer, checked their license plate, and not long after that a couple of F.B.I. agents showed up at the door to arrest Harry Flavel. Three months later, after a number of delays and appeals, a Boston judge ruled that Flavel had to return to Oregon. Three months after that, on June 8, 1992, Harry Flavel was finally in the Clatsop County jail, awaiting a hearing at which the court would decide whether to revoke his probation. The *Daily Astorian* began its story, "Harry Flavel is back in town."

By that time, some people in Astoria—particularly the sort of people who are interested in the history and the Victorian houses—had begun to look on Harry Flavel's case with a certain amount of amusement. At the Ricciardi Gallery, where customers can order espresso and latte, in the Pacific Northwest manner, and linger over copies of the New York *Times*, in the New York manner, a steady stream of citizens came by to have a look at a painting of a younger man standing in the window of a house that looks just like the house that Harry and Mary Louise and Florence Flavel lived in. Its title is "Harry at Home." Among the coffee drinkers, there was a certain amount of speculation about what being on the lam with the Flavels might have been like and how long the saga of Harry Flavel's criminal case could last. "I love the Hitchcock element," one resident said not long ago. "I love the story that their house seemed so haunted that when the police did the search for the weapon policemen with loaded guns were afraid to go down to the basement. It's like having a caricature of a first family."

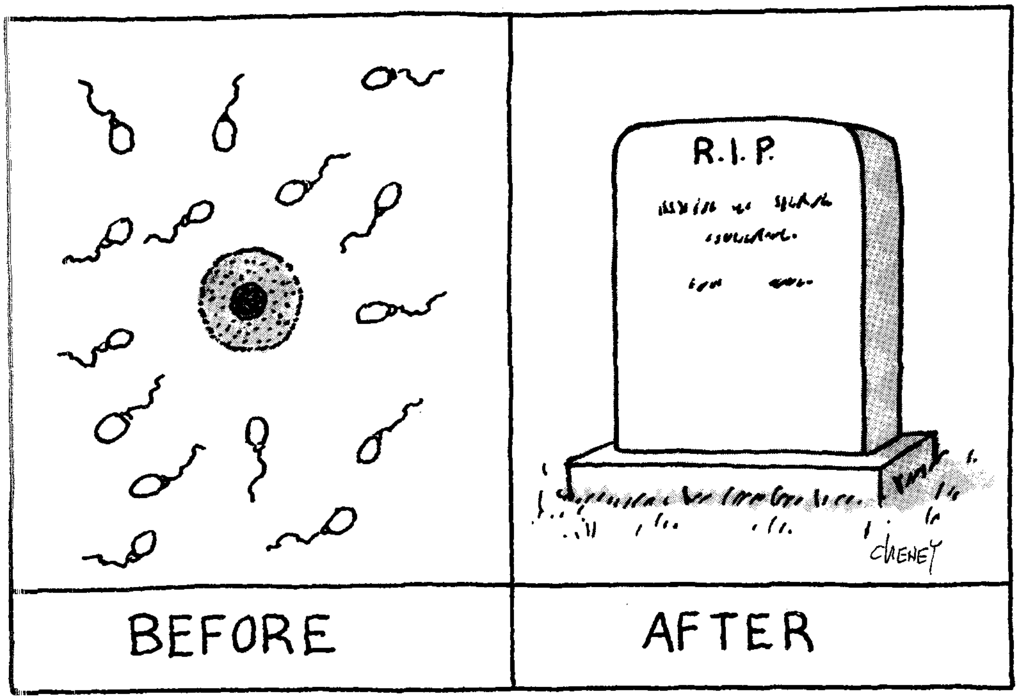
SHORTLY after her son's arrest, Florence Flavel fell seriously ill, and she is on a respirator in a hospital not far from Tewksbury. There has been talk in Astoria that Mary Louise Flavel was living in sordid conditions in some tiny motel room, but in fact she is living in the same neat two-bedroom unit at the Residence Inn that the family was in when her brother was picked up. She remains well spoken and courteous—a rather handsome gray-haired woman, gracious in the way someone in the leading family of a town might be gracious; so that in recounting a story, say, she might remark with approval that someone had a strong handshake or seemed to have been properly brought up. She still likes to talk about her days as a manager of opera singers; among the keepsakes she has with her is a copy of a full-page ad in *Musical America* with a portrait of the tenor Flavanio Labo and a notation that exclusive management is by Mary Louise Flavel. In those days, she says, Rudolf Bing had such faith in her judgment of young singers that when she recommended a young baritone to the Metropolitan Bing offered him a contract without troubling to hear him sing.

James Sardos, who has been Jerome Hines' manager for thirty years, rolls his eyes at the story about Bing, but he says that Mary Louise Flavel did manage Flavanio Labo, a small but mighty Italian tenor, and "through a kind of innocent persistence" got him back into the Metropolitan after his contract had been dropped. Sardos remembers her as a fan—an opera fan and, particularly, a fan of Jerome Hines—who eventually got into the business, and didn't do badly at it for a few years, handling Labo and perhaps a few other singers. Jerome Hines, who, at seventy-one, is still giving concerts, agrees. He says that she had indeed grown close to him and his family at one time—in 1955, she became godmother to his first son—but that contact with her grew faint after she moved back to Astoria. The last time the Hineses saw her, he says, was when she showed up at their place in New Jersey in December of 1990. Among the topics she wanted to discuss was whether Hines could be of some help in raising fifty thousand dollars to bail her brother out of jail in Pennsylvania. He couldn't.



Mary Louise Flavel says that, whatever people in Astoria may believe about her reasons for giving up her career as a manager of opera singers, she returned to Astoria simply because her mother needed help with the management of the downtown property, her brother's interest being in the maintenance end rather than the business end. Without becoming angry or defensive, she can dismiss all the Astoria versions of the stories about the Flavel family—even versions supported by a number of eyewitnesses—and replace them with versions that show the family to be at least innocent and probably put upon. A lot of her stories involve someone who seemed nice at first but turned out not to be—that next-door neighbor who got cut with a hatchet in 1947, for instance, who, she says, chose to believe that Florence Flavel was crying out for help when she was actually having an allergic reaction to some medicine. Mary Louise Flavel does not accept the proposition that the Flavels were ever on the lam. They had been forced to remain in Astoria for the five years of her brother's probation, she says, and when that ended they took a trip. She speaks of it the way her Aunt Nellie or her Aunt Katie might have spoken of a motor tour of the West or a visit to New York during the winter season.

They first went to Denver, she says, because "my former next-door neighbor, a young actress, was living in Denver and she had wanted me to come visit her." But Florence Flavel, her daughter says, suffered from the altitude in Denver, so the family headed south, and proceeded to the East Coast along a route that was close to sea level. In Mary Louise Flavel's telling of the tale, the three-thousand-mile journey across the country is much more slowly paced than "Thelma and Louise": quiet mornings when Florence Flavel preferred to rest instead of moving to the next destina-



tion; rather leisurely days in the car, with regular stops to walk their two dogs, Odin II and Dugan; a week's stay in Virginia when Florence Flavel got pneumonia.

And where were they headed? To Philadelphia, she says, where Dr. Martin T. Orne, an expert on the effects of hypnosis on court testimony, happens to live. Apparently, they never actually saw Dr. Orne, although Mary Louise Flavel says that she paid a visit to his house and had a nice conversation with his wife. Then, after a stop in New York—she had been hoping to ask the advice of a lawyer she knew when she lived in the city, she says, but he turned out to have died—they came to the Residence Inn, which they chose because of its proximity to the Boston area and its welcoming attitude toward their dogs.

Why the Boston area? Dershowitz. According to Miss Flavel, her brother had read the books of Alan Dershowitz, the Harvard Law School professor who has handled a number of high-profile appeals, and believed that Dershowitz had the experience and the intelligence to get the original conviction overturned. She says that they attended some of Dershowitz's lectures ("fascinating, very interesting") and tried to pin him down for an appointment, to no avail. "We had at least three appointments," she says. "But something more important always came up—I mean from his point of view." On the day her brother was taken to jail in Boston, Mary Louise Flavel says, "I immediately went to Professor Dershowitz's house to tell him that it was an emergency. He lives in Cambridge, just a block from the governor. Beautiful residential area." She says that Dershowitz, about to leave for California, suggested another lawyer, but that the recommended lawyer had a secretary who turned out to be "haughty." In fighting her brother's extradition to Oregon, she also tried the direct approach that she had used in Oregon: apparently, she knows how close Dershowitz lives to the governor because she approached the governor, both at a ceremony in downtown Boston and at home. But her stories of such efforts tend to begin with the person in question giving the impression of being a trustworthy and open person but sooner or later "turning cold."

Mary Louise Flavel sees the prosecution of her brother as a miscarriage of justice that has been aided by "untrue, inflammatory, prejudicial" press coverage. One of the letters she sent Dershowitz was written on a copy of an article from the Portland *Oregonian* that she had color-coded, so that yellow highlighting indicated material she believes is contradicted by the trial transcripts and pink highlighting indicated material—a story, for instance, about Harry's locking her and her mother out on the balcony that wraps around part of the second story of their house and spraying them with a garden hose—that she categorizes as "maliciously fabricated and false." She often quotes third parties—a woman who quietly approached her at the supermarket in Astoria to say that Harry was being railroaded; a veterinarian who said that one of the Flavels' dogs might have been poisoned—to bolster her contention that her family has been persecuted. She has at times accused Steven Gerttula, the District Attorney, of being a cousin of Alec Josephson, on the Finnish side of the Josephson family, and both she and her brother sometimes see his prosecution as a vendetta that can be traced to some of the run-ins the Flavels have had with the city and the county and the police. But she also talks about a less specific animus in Astoria against the Flavel family. "Sometimes, we meet people and they like us because one of their ancestors worked for Captain Flavel and was well treated," she has said. "But sometimes we meet people and they hate us. They don't know why and we don't know why. Something having to do with their grandfather and grandmother—things we know nothing about."

IT would be difficult to find anybody in Astoria who believes that what has happened to Harry Flavel is the result of any sort of vendetta. "For Harry, the whole world's out of step and he's in step," someone who has known the Flavels for years said recently, expressing a sentiment that is often heard in Astoria. "He's above the law. Everything's unfair. He could have taken his medicine and saved himself a couple of hundred thousand." Still, as one resident put it not long after Flavel's return, "The District Attorney's office is obviously not unhappy about seeing Harry Flavel get his comeuppance. These people have just been so *irritating*."

Steven Gerttula, who says he is not related to Alec Josephson, believes that the problem is that Harry Flavel has been treated not too harshly but too leniently, beginning with the original sentence of probation rather than prison and the judge's willingness to postpone the jail term even then. People who worked on the prosecution side tend to think that the trial judge was overimpressed by the self-assurance of a big-shot Portland defense lawyer. (Since Flavel says that his counsel absolutely assured him that he would be acquitted, and then absolutely assured him that the conviction would be overturned, he might have been overimpressed by the self-assurance of a big-shot Portland defense lawyer himself.) The unfortunate impression given by the Flavel case, Gerttula believes, is that someone with enough money—and Flavel's willingness to walk away from a fifty-thousand-dollar bond in Pennsylvania convinced a lot of people in Astoria that he had enough money—can subvert the legal system.

In recent months, both Gerttula and Glenn Faber have left the Clatsop County District Attorney's office for private practice. The position of the county is still that Flavel's probation should be revoked—meaning that he would serve a penitentiary term, presumably minus the time that he has already spent in jail—but, eight months after Harry Flavel got back to town, the hearing to decide that has not been held. The judge recently recused himself. Flavel, not for the first time, has been between lawyers. At this point, the case of Oregon v. Harry Sherman Flavel seems becalmed, but that is not to say that the Flavels have exhausted the appeals process. Reminded not long ago that no appeals court has ever ruled on Flavel's contention that the judge lost jurisdiction over him after the five years of probation were over—a contention some lawyers think of as perhaps audacious but not necessarily without merit—Gerttula just smiled and nodded.

Harry Flavel is sixty-five now—an intense man, with longish gray hair and a jailhouse pallor. He still seems to be the sort of man who might be described, as he has been described by a longtime acquaintance, as "always on the edge." He still seems to be the sort of man who might be described, as he is often described in Astoria, as terrifically smart—practically a genius, some say, in matters mechanical. (According to one story in Astoria, Flavel completely took apart the boiler of his house, but the story then splits into the customary two versions on the question of whether he managed to get it back together.) When he meets with a visitor, he takes copious notes on yellow legal pads, even if the visitor is an old friend just trying to buck up his spirits, and he's alert to anything he considers a misstatement. A visitor who begins a sentence by saying "If you believe you are innocent" will be interrupted instantly and almost angrily: "I don't *believe* I am innocent. I *know* I am innocent."

These days, Flavel is not easily diverted from the subject of his case. He is conversant not only with the events of that night—he still insists that Josephson was drunk or high on drugs or disoriented by steroids or badly affected by the movie "The Warriors," which had come on just after the Trail Blazers game, or in a "self-induced psychosis"—but also with areas of law having to do with, say, special conditions of probation and the effect of hypnosis on testimony. Flipping furiously through the pages of his legal pad, he'll cite an Oregon regulation or a case out of North Carolina. He says that the jury consisted of "unsophisticated people from a semi-rural area who didn't understand the concept of self-defense and didn't reach a just verdict." Far from believing that he has subverted the legal system, he insists that it is his right—his duty, really—to appeal an unjust verdict. ("I believed that the system had self-correcting factors built in. I fully expected to have it correct its errors.") He sees himself as the true victim: "I went to trial and I told the truth and this is what happened to me."

THE complaints that Harry Flavel is getting away with something are not quite as pointed now that he will have to file his appeals from the Clatsop County jail. Counting the time in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, he has already served much more than a year. He has, according to his sister, exhausted his inheritance on legal fees. He has spent months as a fugitive—although he wouldn't acknowledge that he was a fugitive. ("When I left the state of Oregon, I was a free man. The judge acted illegally. He had no jurisdiction.") The rest of his family—and the Flavels, of course, have always been a close family—are at the other end of the continent. An outsider might expect to find in Astoria a body of sentiment for calling a halt to the whole business and letting Harry Flavel go home.

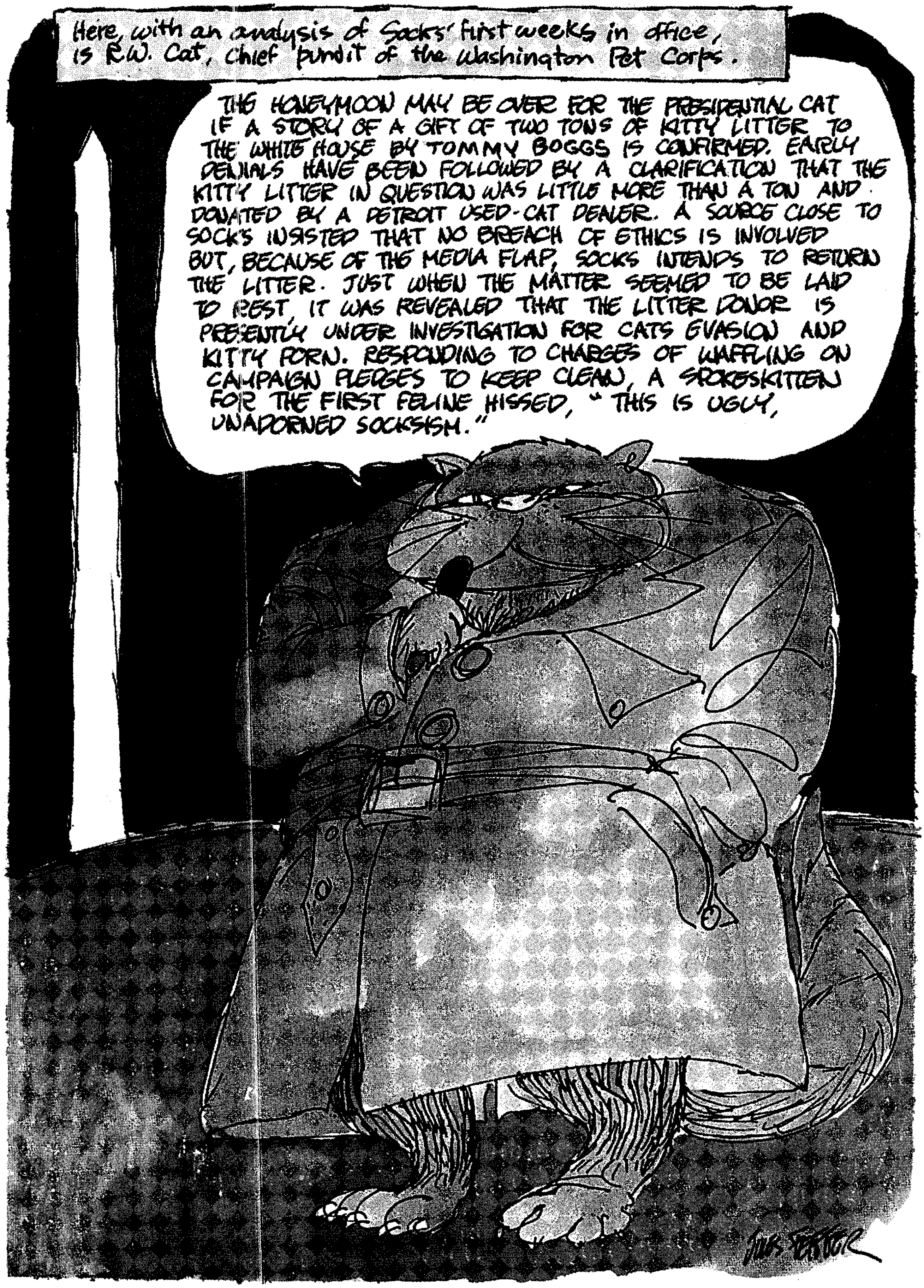
Steven Gerttula says that he has not heard those feelings expressed—quite the opposite—and other people who circulate widely in the community agree that Astoria simply doesn't have much sympathy for Harry Flavel. Asked why, both of the Flavels are likely to mention a saying about Russians that in their view works equally well for Finns: nothing makes them happier than the misfortune of their neighbor. The Flavels, of course, have no capital of good will to draw on. In the words of one businessman, "They haven't exactly been lovable over the years." In addition to everything else, downtown people often mention the family's neglect of its commercial real estate, which now consists of facing lines of nearly empty storefronts. Lately, there has been some discussion about whether the tourism industry, properly developed, might be an answer to Astoria's economic problems: the area already has, among other attractions, a fine maritime museum and a monument to Lewis and Clark, and a tour through the mansion that was built by Captain George Flavel. The last thing the town boosters want is the appearance of near-abandonment on an important downtown corner.

Harry Flavel may have been slowed down some by the events of the past several years, but he hasn't lost his capacity to irritate. "When they brought him back here and he came into court, he looked so much older and tireder," one of the people who had worked on the prosecution said recently. "I really felt some sympathy for him. I thought, This thing has really cost him. Then he started haranguing the judge. I thought, Now I remember this guy. It all came back."

Not long ago, one resident said that, however much Astorians complain about the Flavels, they feed on the family's story, and would hate to see it end. If Astoria is to be the City of Rumors, he points out, it has to have prominent people to spread rumors about, and in recent years the cast has been thinning. Even if the Flavels are a caricature of a first family, they are the only first family that Astoria has. Mary Louise Flavel would not put it that way, but her interpretation of the events of the last several years sometimes seems close to that. "If our name were not Flavel, in Astoria," she said, "this would not be happening to us." ♦

STORYBOARD BY JULES FEIFFER

CAT SCAN


Here, with an analysis of Socks' first weeks in office, is R.W. Cat, chief pundit of the Washington Pet Corps.
THE HONEYMOON MAY BE OVER FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL CAT IF A STORY OF A GIFT OF TWO TONS OF KITTY LITTER TO THE WHITE HOUSE BY TOMMY BOGGS IS CONFIRMED. EARLY DENIALS HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED BY A CLARIFICATION THAT THE KITTY LITTER IN QUESTION WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A TON AND DONATED BY A DETROIT USED-CAT DEALER. A SOURCE CLOSE TO SOCK'S INSISTED THAT NO BREACH OF ETHICS IS INVOLVED BUT, BECAUSE OF THE MEDIA FLAP, SOCKS INTENDS TO RETURN THE LITTER. JUST WHEN THE MATTER SEEMED TO BE LAID TO REST, IT WAS REVEALED THAT THE LITTER DONOR IS PRESENTLY UNDER INVESTIGATION FOR CATS EVASION AND KITTY PORN. RESPONDING TO CHARGES OF WAFFLING ON CAMPAIGN PLEDGES TO KEEP CLEAN, A SPOKESKITTEN FOR THE FIRST FELINE HISSED, "THIS IS UGLY, UNADORNED SOCKSISM."
JULES FEIFFER

FICTION

OPEN SECRETS

BY ALICE MUNRO

It was on a Saturday morning,
Just as lovely as it could be.
Seven girls and their Leader, Miss Johnstone,
Went camping from the C.G.I.T.

There was Betsy and Eva Trowell
And Lucille Chambers as well.
There was Ginny Bos and Mary Kaye Trevelyan
And Robin Sands and poor Heather Bell.

“Seven was all she could get,” Frances said. “And every one of them, there was a reason. Robin Sands, doctor’s daughter. Lucille Chambers, minister’s daughter. They can’t get out of it, for just that reason. The Trowells—country. Glad to get in on anything. Ginny Bos, the double-jointed monkey—she’s along for the swimming and the horsing around. Mary Kaye living next door to Miss Johnstone. Enough said. And Heather Bell new in town. *And* her mother away on the weekend herself—yes, she was taking the opportunity to get off on an expedition of her own.”

It was about twenty-four hours since Heather Bell had disappeared, on the annual overnight hike of the C.G.I.T.—which stood for Canadian Girls in Training—out to the Falls on the Peregrine River. Mary Johnstone, who was now in her early sixties, had been leading this hike for years, since before the war. There used to be at least a couple of dozen girls heading out the County Road on a Saturday morning in June. They would all be wearing navy-blue shorts and white blouses, and red kerchiefs round their necks. Maureen had been one of them, twenty or so years ago.

Miss Johnstone always started them off singing the same thing.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies—

And you could hear a hum of different words going along cautiously but determinedly, under the hymn words.

For the sight of Johnstone’s bum,
Waddling down the County Road,
We are the morons singing this song—
Doesn’t she look just like a toad?

Did anybody else Maureen’s age remember these words now? The ones who had stayed in town were mothers—they had girls old enough to go on the hike, and older. They would get into the proper motherly kind of fit about rude language. Having children changed you. It gave you the necessary stake in being grownup, so that certain parts of you—old parts—could be altogether forgotten and abandoned. Jobs, marriage didn’t quite do it—just made you act as if you’d forgotten things.

Maureen had no children.

Maureen was sitting with Frances Wall, having coffee and cigarettes at the breakfast table that had been wedged into the old pantry, under the high, glass-fronted cupboards. This was Maureen’s house in Carstairs, in 1967. She had been living in the house for eight years, but she still felt as if she got around it on fairly narrow tracks, from one spot where she felt at home to another. She had fixed up this corner so there was a place to eat other than the dining-room table, and she had put new chintz in the sunroom. It took a long time to work her husband around to changes. The front rooms were full of valuable, heavy furniture, made of oak and walnut, and the curtains were of green and mulberry brocade, as in a rich-looking hotel—you could not begin to alter anything there.

Frances worked for Maureen in the house, but she was not like a servant. They were cousins, though Frances was nearly a generation older. She had worked in this house long before Maureen came into it—she had worked for the first wife. Sometimes she called Maureen *Missus.* It was a joke, half friendly and half not. How much did you give for those chops, Missus? Oh, they must have seen you coming! And she would tell Maureen she was getting broad in the beam and her hair did not suit her piled and sprayed like an upside-down mixing bowl. This though Frances herself was a roly-poly woman with gray hair like brambles all over her head, and a plain, impudent face. Maureen did not think of herself as timid—she had a stately look—and she was certainly not incompetent, having run her husband’s law office before she “graduated” (as both she and he would say) to running his house. She sometimes thought she should try for more respect from Frances—but she needed somebody around the house to have spats and jokes with. She could not be a gossip, because of her husband’s position, and she didn’t think it was her nature, anyway, but she let Frances get away with plenty of mean remarks, and wild, uncharitable, confident speculations.

For example, what Frances said now about Heather Bell’s mother, and what she said about the hike in general. She thought she was an authority on that, because Mary Kaye Trevelyan was her granddaughter.

Mary Johnstone was a woman you were hardly supposed to mention in Carstairs without attaching the word “wonderful.” She had had polio and nearly died of it, at the age of thirteen or fourteen. She was left with short legs, a short, thick body, crooked shoulders, and a slightly twisted neck, which kept her big head a little tilted to one side. She had studied bookkeeping, she had got herself a job in the office at Douds’ Factory, and she had devoted her spare time to girls, often saying that she had never met a bad one, just some who were confused. Whenever Maureen met Mary Johnstone on the street or in a store, her heart sank. First came that searching smile, the eyes raking yours, the declared delight in any weather—wind or hail or sun or rain, each had something to recommend it—then the laughing question. *So what have you been up to, Mrs. Stephens?* Mary Johnstone always made a point of saying *Mrs. Stephens,* but she said it as if it were a make-believe title and she were thinking all the time, It's only Maureen Coulter. (Coulters were just like the Trowells that Frances had remarked on—country. No more, no less.) *What interesting things have you been doing lately, Mrs. Stephens?*

Maureen felt then that she was being put on the spot and could do nothing about it, that a challenge was being issued, and that it had something to do with her lucky marriage and her tall, healthy body, whose only misfortune was a hidden one—an early hysterectomy—and with her rosy skin and auburn hair, and the clothes she spent a lot of money and time on. As if she must owe Mary Johnstone something, a never specified compensation. Or as if Mary Johnstone could see more lacking than Maureen herself would face.

Frances didn't care for Mary Johnstone, either, in the pure and simple way she didn't care for anybody who made too much of themselves.

"And they almost didn't even go," Frances said. "Because of the downpour Saturday morning. They were waiting half an hour in the United Church basement, and she says, Oh, it'll stop—my hikes are never rained out! And now I bet she wishes it had've been. Then it would've been a whole other story."

It did stop raining, they did go, and it got so hot partway out that Miss Johnstone let them rest at a farmhouse, and the woman brought out Coca-Colas and the man let them take the garden hose and spray themselves cool. They were grabbing the hose from each other and doing tricks, and Mary Kaye said, now, that Heather Bell had been the worst one, the boldest, getting hold of the hose and shooting water on the rest of them in all the rude places.

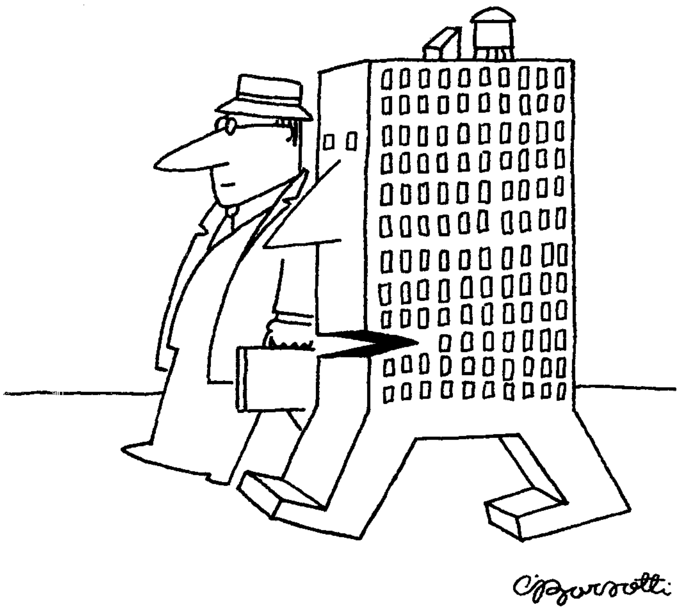
"They will try to make out she was some poor innocent, but the facts are dead different," Frances said. "It could have been all an arrangement, that she arranged to meet somebody the next morning. I mean some man."

Maureen said, "I think that's pretty farfetched."

"Well, I don't believe she drowned," Frances said. "That I don't believe."

The Falls on the Peregrine River was nothing like the waterfalls you see pictures of. It was just the water falling over limestone shelves, none of them more than six or seven feet high. There was a breathing spot where you could stand behind the hard-falling curtain of water, and all around in the limestone there were pools, smooth-rimmed and not much bigger than bathtubs, where the water lay trapped and warm. You would have to be very determined, to drown in there. But they had looked, that Sunday morning—the other girls had run around calling Heather's name and peering into all the pools, and they had looked in the place behind the curtain of water. They had skipped around on the bare rock and yelled and got themselves soaked, finally, plunging in and out through the curtain. Till Miss Johnstone shouted and made them come back.

Miss Johnstone had taken them on a half-mile hike before breakfast, as she always did, to climb the Rock—the chunk of limestone that jutted out over the Peregrine River, and was so rare a thing in that part of the country that it was not named anything but the Rock. On Sunday morning you always had to do that hike, dopey as you were from trying to stay awake all night and half sick from smoking smuggled cigarettes.



"Oh, I had some elevator trouble in the morning, but over all it was a pretty good day."

Shivering, too, because the sun wouldn't have reached deep into the woods yet. The path hardly deserved to be called one—you had to climb over rotted tree trunks and wade through ferns and what Miss Johnstone pointed out as may-apples and wild geraniums, and wild ginger. She would pull the ginger up and nibble it, hardly brushing off the dirt. Look what nature provides us.

I forgot my sweater, Heather said halfway up. Can I go back and get it?

In the old days Miss Johnstone would probably have said no. Get a move on and you'll warm up without it, she would have said. She must have felt uneasy this time, because of the waning popularity of her hikes, which she blamed on television, working mothers, laxity in the home. She said yes.

Yes, but hurry. Hurry and catch up.

Which Heather Bell never did do. At the Rock they looked at the view (Maureen recalled looking around for French safes—did they still call them that?—among the beer bottles and candy wrappers), and Heather had not caught up. On the way back they didn't meet her. She wasn't in the big tent, or in the little tent, where Miss Johnstone had slept, or between the tents. She wasn't in any of the shelters or love nests among the cedars surrounding the campground. Miss Johnstone stopped that searching short.

All right, girls, time for breakfast! Pancakes and coffee—who wants pancakes and coffee? When she smells the breakfast, that'll smoke our Heather out. They had to sit and eat—with Miss Johnstone first saying grace and thanking God for everything in the woods and at home—and as they ate Miss Johnstone kept calling out. Yum-*my!* Yummedy-yummedy-yums, she cried. Isn't this delicious, girls? Better hur-ry, Heather! Soon there won't be any left! Won't be any yumyums left for Heather!

As soon as they were finished, Robin Sands asked could they go now and look.

Dishes first, my lady, Miss Johnstone said. Even if you never do a tap of work at home.

Robin nearly burst out crying. Nobody ever spoke to her like that.

After they had cleaned up, Miss Johnstone let them go, and that was when they returned to the Falls. But she brought them back soon enough and made them sit in a semicircle, wet as they were, and she herself sat cross-legged in front of them and called out that anybody listening was welcome to come and join them. *Anybody hiding round here and trying to play tricks is welcome! Come out now and no questions asked! Otherwise we will just have to get along without you!*

Then she launched into her talk, her Sunday-morning-of-the-hike sermon, without any qualms or worries. She kept going and going, asking a question every now and then, to make sure they were listening. The sun dried their shorts and Heather Bell did not come back. She did not appear out of the trees and still Miss Johnstone did not stop talking. She didn't let go of them until Mr. Trowell drove in to the camp in his truck, bringing the ice cream for lunch.

ANTIQUES
d. ehrenberg

She didn't give them permission then, but they broke loose anyway. They jumped up and ran for the truck. They all started telling him at once. Jupiter, the Trowells' dog, jumped over the tailgate, and Eva Trowell flailed her arms and started to cry as if he had been the one lost.

Miss Johnstone got to her feet and came over and called out to Mr. Trowell above the girls' clamoring. "One's taken it into her head to go missing!"

Now the search parties were out. Douds' was closed so that every man who wanted to go could go. Dogs had been added. There was talk of dragging the river downstream from the Falls.

When the constable went to tell Heather Bell's mother, he found her just returned from her own weekend, wearing a backless sundress and high heels.

"Well, you better find her," she said. "That's your job."

She worked at the hospital—she was a nurse. She either was divorced or had never been married.

MAUREEN'S husband was calling her, and she hurried away to the sunroom. After he had a stroke, two years ago, at the age of sixty-nine, he had given up his law practice, but he still had letters to write and a bit of business to do for old clients who could never get used to anybody else. Maureen typed out all his correspondence and helped him every day with what he called his chores.

"Whaur doing out there?" he said. His speech was sometimes slurred, so she had to stay around and interpret for people who did not know him well. Alone with her he made less effort, and his tone could be testy and complaining.

"Talking to Frances," said Maureen.

"Wha' bout?"

"This and that," she said.

"Yeah."

He stretched out the word gloomily, as if to say he well knew what their talk had been about and he did not care for it. Gossip, rumor, the coldhearted thrill of catastrophe. He never went in for much talk, now or in the days when he could talk readily—even his reproofs were brief, a matter of tone and implication. He seemed to call upon a body of belief, on rules known to all decent people and maybe to all people, even those who spent their lives falling short. He seemed to be a little pained, a little embarrassed for all concerned, when he had to do this, and at the same time formidable. His reproofs were extraordinarily effective.

People in Carstairs were just growing out of the habit of calling lawyers Lawyer So-and-So, just as you would always call a doctor by his title. They no longer referred to any of the younger lawyers as Lawyer, but they always called Maureen's husband Lawyer Stephens. Maureen herself often thought of him that way, though she called him Alvin. He dressed every day just as he used to dress to go to his office—in a three-piece gray or brown suit—and his clothes, though they cost enough money, never seemed to fit well or to smooth out his long, lumpy body. Nor did they ever seem to be free of a faint sifting of cigarette ashes, crumbs, maybe even flecks of shed skin. His head wagged downward, his face sagged with preoccupation, his expression was shrewd or absent-minded—you could never be sure which. People liked that—they liked that he looked a little unkempt and at a loss and then could flash out with some fearsome detail. He knows the Law, they said. He doesn't have to look it up. He's got it all in his head. His stroke hadn't shaken their faith, and it really hadn't altered his appearance or his manner much, just accentuated what was already there.

Everyone believed he could have been a judge if he had played his cards right. He could have been a Senator. But he was too honorable. He wouldn't kowtow. He was a man in a million.

Maureen sat down on the hassock near him, to write shorthand. His name for her, in the office, had been the Jewel, because she was intelligent and dependable, in fact quite able to draw up documents and write letters on her own. Even in the household, his wife and the two children, Helena and Gordon, had used that name for her. The children still used it sometimes, though they were grownup and lived away. Helena used it affectionately and provocatively, Gordon with a solemn, self-congratulatory kindness. Helena was an unsettled single woman who came home seldom and got into arguments when she did. Gordon was a teacher at a military college, who liked to bring his wife and children back to Carstairs, making rather a display of the place, and of his father and Maureen, their backwater virtues.

Maureen could still enjoy being the Jewel. Or at least she found it comfortable. Part of her thoughts could slip off on their own. She was thinking now of the way the night's long adventure began, at camp, with Miss Johnstone's abdicating snores, and its objective—staying awake till dawn, and all the strategies and entertainments that were relied on to achieve that, though she had never heard that they were successful. The girls played cards, they told jokes, they smoked cigarettes, and around midnight began the great games of Truth or Dare. Some Dares were: take off your pajama top and show your boobs; eat a cigarette butt; swallow dirt; stick your head in the water pail and try to count to a hundred; go and pee in front of Miss Johnstone's tent. Questions requiring Truth were: Do you hate your mother? Father? Sister? Brother? How many peckers have you seen and whose were they? Have you ever lied? Stolen? Touched anything dead? The sick and dizzy feeling of having smoked too many cigarettes too quickly came back to

Maureen, also the smell of the smoke under the heavy canvas that had been soaking up the day's sun, the smell of girls who had swum for hours in the river and run and hidden in the reeds along the banks and had to burn leeches off their legs.

She remembered how noisy she had been then. A shrieker, a dare-taker. Just before she hit high school a giddiness either genuine or faked or half-and-half became available to her. Soon it vanished, her bold body vanished inside this ample one, and she became a studious, shy girl, a blusher. She developed the qualities her husband would see and value when hiring and proposing.

I dare you to run away. Was it possible? There are times when girls are inspired, when they want the risks to go on and on. They want to be heroines, regardless. They want to take a joke beyond where anybody has ever taken it before. To be careless, dauntless, to create havoc—that is the lost hope of girls.

From the chintz-covered hassock at her husband's side she looked out at the old copper-beech trees, seeing behind them not the sunny lawn but the unruly trees along the river—the dense cedars and shiny-leaved oaks and glittery poplars. A ragged sort of wall with hidden doorways, and hidden paths behind it where animals went, and lone humans sometimes, becoming different from what they were outside, charged with different responsibilities, certainties, intentions. She could imagine vanishing. But of course you didn't vanish, and there was always the other person on a path to intersect yours, and his head was full of plans for you even before you met.

When she went to the Post Office that afternoon to send off her husband's letters, Maureen heard two new reports. A light-haired young girl had been seen getting into a black car on the Bluewater Highway north of Walley at about one o'clock on Sunday afternoon. She might have been hitchhiking. Or waiting for just one car. That was twenty miles away from the Falls, and it would take about five hours to walk it across country. It could be done. Or she could have got a ride in another car.

But some people tidying up family graves in a forsaken country churchyard in the swampy northeastern corner of the county had heard a cry, a scream, in the middle of the afternoon. Who was that? they remembered saying to each other. Not *what* but *who. Who was that?* But later on they thought that it might have been a fox.

Also, the grass was beaten down in a spot close to the camp, and there were fresh cigarette butts lying around. But what did that prove—people were always out there. Lovers. Young boys planning mischief.

> And maybe some man did meet her
>   there
> That was carrying a gun or a knife.
> He met her there and he didn't care.
> He took that young girl's life.
>
> But some will say it wasn't that way
> That she met a stranger or a friend
> In a big black car she was carried far,
> And nobody knows the end.

ON Tuesday morning, while Frances was getting breakfast and Maureen was helping her husband to finish dressing, there was a knock at the front door, by someone who did not notice or trust the bell. It was not unheard-of for people to drop by this early, but it made difficulties, because Lawyer Stephens was apt to have more trouble with his speech early in the morning, and his mind, too, took a little time to get warmed up.

Through the pebbled glass in the front door Maureen saw the blurry outlines of a man and a woman. Dressed up, at least the woman was—wearing a hat. That meant serious business. But serious business, to the people involved, might still seem humdrum to others. Death threats had been issued over the ownership of a chest of drawers, and a property owner could pop a blood vessel over a six-inch overlap of a driveway. Missing firewood, barking dogs, a nasty letter—all that could fire people up and bring them knocking. *Go and ask Lawyer Stephens. Go and ask about the Law.*

Of course, there was a slim chance this pair might be peddling religion.

Not so.

"We've come to see the Lawyer," the woman said.

"Well," said Maureen. "It's early." She did not know who they were right away.

"Sorry, but we got something to tell him," the woman said, and somehow she had stepped into the front hall and Maureen had stepped backward. The man shook his head as if in discomfort or apology, indicating that he

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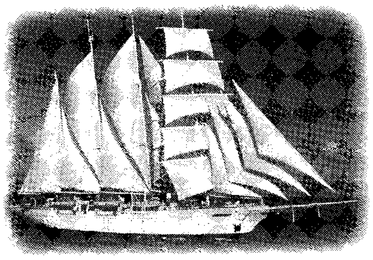

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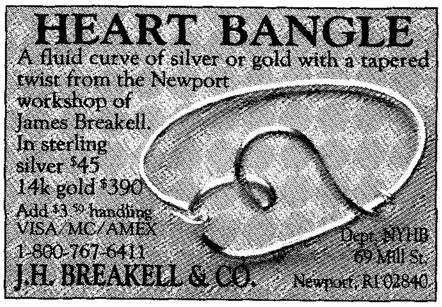

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had no choice but to follow his wife.

The hall filled up with the smell of shaving soap, paste deodorant, and a cheap drugstore cologne. Lily of the valley. And now Maureen recognized them.

It was Evelyn Hubbert. Only she looked different in a blue suit—which was too heavy for this weather—and her brown cloth gloves, and a brown hat made of feathers. Usually you saw her in town wearing slacks, or even what looked like men's work pants. She was a husky woman of about Maureen's age—they had been in high school together, though a year or two apart. Evelyn's body was clumsy but quick, and her graying hair was cut short, so that bristles showed on her neck. She had a loud voice, and most of the time a rather rambunctious manner. She was toned down now.

The man with her was the man she had married, not so long ago. Maybe a couple of years ago. He was tall and boyish-looking, in a cheap, cream-colored jacket with big, padded shoulders. Wavy brown hair, fixed with a wet comb. "Excuse us," he said in a soft voice—perhaps one that his wife was not intended to hear—as Maureen took them into the dining room. Close up, his eyes were not so young. There was a look of strain and dryness, or bewilderment. Perhaps he was not very bright. Maureen remembered now some story about Evelyn's getting him from an advertisement. *Woman with farm, clear title. Businesswoman with farm,* it could have been, for Evelyn Hubbert's other name was the Corset Lady. For years and years she had sold made-to-measure corsets and perhaps she still did, to the dwindling number of ladies who wore them. Maureen imagined her taking measurements, prodding like a nurse, bossy and professionally insulting. But she had been kind to her old parents, who lived out on the farm until they were a great age and had any number of things wrong with them. And now another story surfaced, a less malicious one, about her husband. He had driven the bus that took old folks to their therapeutic swimming session, at Walley, in the indoor pool—that was how they had met. Maureen had another picture of him, too—carrying the old father in his arms, into Dr. Sands' office. Evelyn charging ahead, swinging her purse by its strap, ready to open the door.

She went to tell Frances about breakfast in the dining room, and to ask her to bring extra coffee cups. Then she went to warn her husband.

"It's Evelyn Hubbert, or she used to be," she said. "And whatever that man's name is, that she's married to."

"Slater," her husband said, as she helped him along the hall. This was the way he would dryly bring forth the particulars of a sale or lease that you wouldn't have thought he could know so readily. "Theo."

"You're more up-to-date than I am," Maureen said.

As they went into the dining room, he asked if his porridge was ready. "Eat and listen," he said.

Frances brought in the porridge, and he fell to at once. Slathered with cream and brown sugar, porridge was his favorite food, winter and summer.

When she brought the coffee, Frances tried to hang about, but Evelyn gave her a steady look that turned her back to the kitchen.

There, thought Maureen. She can manage better than I can.

Evelyn Hubbert was a woman without one visible advantage. She had a heavy face, a droop to the cheeks—she reminded Maureen of some sort of dog. Not necessarily an ugly dog. Not an ugly face, really. Just a heavy and determined one. But everywhere Evelyn went, as now in Maureen's dining room, she would present herself as if she had absolute rights. She had to be taken account of.

She had put on a quantity of makeup, and perhaps that was another reason Maureen hadn't immediately recognized her. It was pale and pinkish and unsuited to her olive skin, her black, heavy eyebrows. It made her look odd but not pathetic. It seemed she might have put it on, like the suit and hat, to demonstrate that she could get herself up the way other women did, she knew what was expected. But perhaps she intended to look pretty. Perhaps she saw herself transformed by the pale powder that was hanging on her cheeks, the thick pink lipstick. Perhaps she had turned when she finished and coyly shown herself to her husband. Answering for his wife in regard to the coffee, he almost giggled when he said *lumps.*

He said please and thank you as often as possible. He said, "Thank you very much, please. Thank you. The same for me. Thank you."

THE SENTINEL

Around the family my brother's sure of himself,
he doesn't want advice, extra love, he's sown
his life right up to the doorstep and knows
it prospers, he can look out the window and see
how well he's done, nobody has to tell him,
nobody can accuse him of failure. I'm always
a little dizzy in his house, a little lost
and indecisive, I let his daughters kiss me
and make me play odd complicated games they make up
that go on endlessly until we are so tired we
want to fall asleep on the floor. My brother's always
fixing things, always planning, he scrapes the rust
off a hinge, gets down on his knees and looks
into the crawl space for what's rotten down there,
finds it and gouges it out while his daughters
win again at their indecipherable games; his wife
sits in the kitchen looking around, she gave up
a career for this, she barks and complains
in the empty kitchen as the night stands up close
against the windows like big hands covering her eyes,
she has counted to a hundred and is about to get up
and put a stop to something, somewhere, in some house.

—CHARLIE SMITH

"Now, we didn't know anything about this girl until after it seems like everybody else knew," Evelyn was saying. "I mean, we didn't even know anybody was missing or anything. Not until yesterday when we came into town. Yesterday? Monday? Yesterday was Monday. I have got my days all mixed up, because I've been taking painkiller pills."

Evelyn was not the sort to tell you she had been taking pills and let it go at that. She would tell you what for.

"So I had a terrible big boil on my neck, right there?" she said. She scrunched her head around, trying to show them the dressing on it. "It was giving me pain and I started getting a headache, too, and I think it was something connected. So I was feeling so bad on Sunday I just took a hot cloth and put it to my neck and I swallowed a couple of painkillers and I went and laid down. He was off work that day, but now he's working he's always got lots to do when he's home. He's working at the Atomic Energy."

"Douglas Point?" said Lawyer Stephens, with a brief look up from his porridge. There was a certain interest or respect all men showed—even Lawyer Stephens had to show it—at the mention of the new Atomic Energy station at Douglas Point.

"That's where he works now," Evelyn said. Like many countrywomen, and Carstairs women, too, she referred to her husband as *he*—it was spoken with a special emphasis—rather than calling him by his name. Maureen had caught herself doing it, a few times, but had corrected the habit without anybody's having to point it out to her.

"He had to take the salt out for the cows," Evelyn said, "and then he went back and worked on the fence. He had to go a quarter of a mile, maybe, so he took the truck. But he left Bounder. He went off in the truck without him. Bounder, our dog. Bounder won't go any distance unless that he can ride. He left him on guard, sort of, because he knew I had went and laid down. I had taken a couple of 222s, and I went into a kind of doze more than a regular sleep, and then I heard Bounder barking. It woke me right up, Bounder barking."

SHE got up, then, and she put on her wrapper. She put on her wrapper and went downstairs. She had been lying

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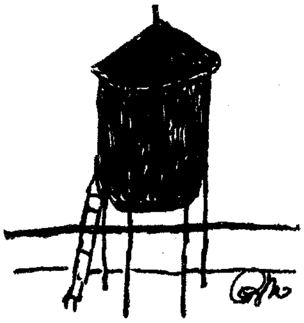
down just in her underclothing. She looked out the front door, out the lane, and there was nobody. She didn't see Bounder, either, and by that time he had quit his barking. He quit when it was somebody he recognized. Or somebody just going by on the road. But still she wasn't satisfied. She looked out the kitchen windows, which gave on the side yard but not the back. Still nobody. She couldn't see the back yard from the kitchen—to see it you had to go right out through what they called the back kitchen. It was just a sort of catchall room, like a shed tacked onto the house, all jumbled up with everything. It had a window looking out back, but you couldn't get near that or see out of it, because of cardboard boxes piled up and the old couch springs standing on end. You had to go and open the back door to see out. And now she thought she could hear something at that door like a kind of clawing. Maybe Bounder. Maybe not.



It was so hot in that shut-up back kitchen packed with junk that she could barely breathe. Under her wrapper she was all sticky with sweat. She said to herself, Well, at least you haven't got a fever—you are sweating like a pig.

She was more interested in getting air to breathe than she was scared of what might be out there, so she shoved the door open. It opened outward, pushing the fellow back that was up against it. He staggered back but didn't fall. And she saw who it was. Mr. Siddicup, from town.

Bounder knew him, of course, because he often went by and sometimes cut across the property on his walks and they never stopped him. He came right through the yard, sometimes—it was just because he didn't know any better anymore. She never yelled at him, the way some people did. She had even invited him to sit on the steps and rest if he was tired, and she had offered him a cigarette. He would take the cigarette, too. But he would never sit down.

Bounder was just nosing around and fawning on him. Bounder was not particular.

Maureen knew Mr. Siddicup, as everybody did. He used to be the piano tuner at Douds'. He used to be a dignified, sarcastic little Englishman, with a pleasant wife. They read books from the library and were noted for their garden, especially strawberries and roses. Then, a few years ago, misfortunes started arriving. Mr. Siddicup had an operation on his throat—it must have been for cancer—and after that he could not talk, just make wheezing and growling noises. He had already retired from Douds'—his hearing had begun to deteriorate before they found the problem in his throat. His wife died suddenly. Then the changes came in a hurry—he deteriorated from a decent old man into a morose and rather disgusting old urchin, in a matter of months. Dirty whiskers, dribbles on his clothes, a sour, smoky smell and a look in his eyes of constant suspicion, sometimes of loathing. In the grocery store, if he could not find what he wanted or if they had changed the places of things, he would knock canned goods and boxes of cereal over on purpose. He was not welcome anymore in the café, and never went near the library. Women from his wife's church group kept going to see him for a while, bringing a meat dish or some baking. But the smell of the house was dreadful and the disorder perverse—even for a man living alone it was inexcusable—and he was the opposite of grateful. He would toss the remainders of pies and casseroles out on his front walk, breaking the dishes. No woman wanted the joke going round that even Mr. Siddicup wouldn't eat her cooking. So they left him alone. Or you might spot him standing still, standing in the ditch, mostly hidden in tall weeds and grass, while your car whizzed by him. You could also run into him in a town miles away from home, and there a strange thing would happen. His face would take on something of its old expression, ready for the genial obligatory surprise, the greeting of people who lived in one place meeting in another. It did look as if he had a hope then that the moment would open out, that words would break through, in fact that perhaps the changes would be wiped out, here in a different place—his voice and his wife and his old stability in life might all be returned to him.

People were not unkind, usually. They were patient up to a point. Evelyn said she would never have chased him off.

She said he looked pretty wild, this time. Not just as he looked when he was trying to get his meaning out and it would not come, or when he was mad at some kids who were teasing him. His head was bobbing back and forth and his face looked swollen up, like a bawling baby's.

Now then, she said. Now, Mr. Siddicup, what's the matter? What are you trying to tell me? Do you want a cigarette? Are you telling me it's Sunday and you're all out of cigarettes?

Shook his head back and forth, then bobbed it up and down, then shook it back and forth again.

Come on now. Make up your mind, said Evelyn.

Ah, ahh was all he said. He put both hands to his head, knocking off his cap. Then he backed farther off and started zigzagging around the yard between the pump and the clothesline, still making these noises, *ah, ahh,* that would never turn into words.

Here Evelyn pushed back her chair so abruptly that it almost fell over. She got up and began to show them just what Mr. Siddicup had done. She lurched and crouched and banged her hands to her head, though she did not dislodge her hat. In front of the sideboard, in front of the silver tea service presented to Lawyer Stephens in appreciation of his many years' work for the Law Society, she put on this display. Her husband held his coffee cup in both hands and kept his deferential eyes on her by an effort of will. Something flashed in his face—a tic, a nerve jumping in one cheek. She was watching him in spite of her antics, and her look said, Hold on. Be still.

Lawyer Stephens, as far as Maureen could see, had not glanced up at all.

He did like that, Evelyn said, reseating herself. He did like that, and because she had not been feeling well herself she got the idea that perhaps he was in pain.

Mr. Siddicup. Mr. Siddicup. Are you trying to tell me your head hurts? Do you want me to get you a pill? Do you want me to take you to the doctor?

No answer. He wouldn't stop for her. *Ah, ahh.*

In his stumbling around he found himself at the pump. They had running water in the house now but still used the pump outside and filled Bounder's dish at it. When Mr. Siddicup took note of what it was he got busy. He went to work on the handle and pumped it up and down like crazy. There wasn't any cup to drink from, like there used to be. But as soon as water came he stuck his head under. It splashed and stopped, because he had quit pumping. Back he went and pumped again, and stuck himself under again, and on like that, pumping and dousing, letting it pour over his head and face and shoulders and chest, soaking himself and still, when he could, making some noise. Bounder was excited and ran around bumping into him and letting out barks and whines in sympathy.

That's enough, you two! Evelyn yelled at them. Let go that pump! Let go and settle down!

Only Bounder listened to her. Mr. Siddicup had to keep on till he got himself so drenched and blinded he couldn't find the pump handle. Then he stopped. And he lifted one arm up, he lifted and pointed, back in the general direction of the bush and the river. He was pointing and making his noises. At the time that didn't make any sense to her. She didn't think about it till later. Then he quit that and just sat down on the well cover, soaked and shivering, with his head in his hands.

Maybe it's something simple after all, she thought. Complaining because there isn't a cup.

If it's a cup you want I'll go and get you one. No need to carry on like a baby. You stay there, I'll go and get you a cup.

She headed back to the kitchen and got a cup. And she had another idea. She fixed him up some graham crackers, with butter and jam. That was a kid's treat, graham crackers, but it was a thing old people liked, too, she remembered from her mother and daddy.

Back to the door she went and pushed it open with her hands full. But there was no sign of him. Nobody in the yard but Bounder, looking the way he

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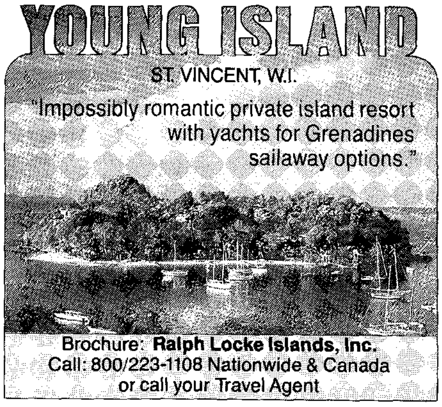

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did when he knew he'd made a fool of himself.

Where did he go, Bounder? Which way did he go?

Bounder was ashamed and fed up and wouldn't give any sign. He slunk off to his place in the house shade, in the dirt, by the foundations.

Mr. Siddicup! Mr. Siddicup! Come see what I got for you!

All silent as the dead. And her head was pounding. She started eating the crackers herself but she shouldn't have—a couple of bites and she wanted to puke.

She took two more pills and went back upstairs. The windows up and blinds down. She wished now they'd bought a fan when the sale was on at Canadian Tire. But she slept without one, and when she woke it was nearly dark. She could hear the mower—he was out finishing the grass at the side of the house. She went down to the kitchen and saw that he had cut up some cold potatoes and boiled an egg and pulled green onions to make a salad. He was not like some men—a hopeless case in the kitchen, waiting for the woman to get out of a sickbed and make him a meal. She picked at the salad but couldn't eat. One more pill and up the stairs and dead to the world till morning.

We better get you to the doctor, he said then. He phoned them up at work. I got to take my wife to the doctor.

Evelyn said, What if she just boiled a needle and he could lance it? But he could not stand to hurt her, and anyway he was afraid he might do something wrong. So they got in the truck and drove in to see Dr. Sands. Dr. Sands was out, they had to wait. Other people waiting told them the news. Everybody was amazed they didn't know. But they hadn't had the radio on. She was the one who always turned it on and she couldn't stand it, the way she felt. And they hadn't noticed any groups of men, anything peculiar, on the road.

Dr. Sands fixed the boil but he didn't lance it. His way of dealing with a boil was to strike it a sharp blow, knock it on the head when you thought he was just looking at it. There! he said, that's less fuss than the needle and not so painful over all because you didn't have time to get in a sweat. He cleaned it out and put the dressing on and said she'd soon be feeling better.

And so she was, but sleepy. She was so useless and foggy in the head that she went back to bed and slept till her husband came up around four o'clock with a cup of tea. It was then she thought of those girls, coming in with Miss Johnstone on Saturday morning, wanting a drink. She had lots of Coca-Cola and she gave it to them in flowered glasses, with ice cubes. Miss Johnstone would only take water. *He* let them play with the hose. They jumped around and squirted each other and had a great time. They were trying to skip the streams of water, and they were a bit on the wild side when Miss Johnstone wasn't looking. He practically had to wrestle the hose away from them, and give them a few squirts of water to make them behave.

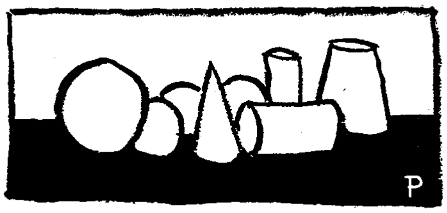
She was trying to picture which girl it was. She knew the minister's daughter and Dr. Sands' daughter, and the Trowells, with their little sheep eyes. You would know a Trowell anywhere. But which of the others? She recalled one who was very noisy and jumping up trying to get the hose, even when he took it away, and one was doing cartwheels and one was a skinny, pretty little thing with blond hair. But maybe she was thinking of Robin Sands—Robin had blond hair. She asked her husband that night did he know which one, but he was worse than she was—he didn't know people here and couldn't separate out any of them.

Also she told him about Mr. Siddicup. It all came back to her now. The way he was upset, the pumping, the way he pointed. It bothered her, what that could mean. They talked about it and wondered about it and got themselves into a state of wondering so they hardly got any sleep. Until she finally said to him, Well, I know what we have to do. We have to go and talk to Lawyer Stephens.

So they got up and came as soon as they could.

"POLICE," said Lawyer Stephens now. "Police. Who should gone to see."

The husband spoke. He said, "We didn't know if we should ought to do that or not." He had both hands on the table, fingers spread, pressed down, pulling at the cloth.



"Not accusation," Lawyer Stephens said. "Information."

He had talked in that abbreviated way, even before his stroke. And Maureen had noticed, long ago, how just a few words of his, spoken in no very friendly tone—spoken, in fact, in a tone of brusque chastisement—could cheer people up and lift a weight off them.

She had been thinking of the other reason, why the women stopped going to visit Mr. Siddicup. They didn't like the clothes. Women's clothes, underwear—old frayed slips and brassieres and worn-out underpants and nubbly stockings, hanging from the backs of chairs or from a line above the heater, or just in a heap on the table. All these things must have belonged to his wife, of course, and at first it looked as if he might be washing and drying them and sorting them out, prior to getting rid of them. But they were there week after week, and the women started to wonder. Did he leave them lying around to suggest things? Did he put them on himself, next to his skin? Was he a pervert?

Now all that would come out, they'd chalk that up against him.

Pervert. Maybe they were right. Maybe he would lead them to where he'd strangled or beat that girl to death in a sexual fit, or they would find something of hers in his house. And people would say in horrid, hushed voices that no, they weren't surprised. *I wasn't surprised, were you?*

Lawyer Stephens had asked some question about the job at Douglas Point, and Evelyn said, "He works in Maintenance. Every day when he comes out he's got to go through the check for X-rays, and even the rags he cleans off his boots with, they have to be buried underground."

When Maureen shut the door on the pair of them and saw their shapes wobble away through the pebbled glass, she was not quite satisfied. She climbed three steps to the landing on the stairs, where there was a little arched window. She watched them.

No car was in sight, or truck or whatever they had. They must have left it parked on the main street or in the lot behind the town hall. Possibly they did not want it to be seen in front of Lawyer Stephens' house.

The town hall was where the police office was. They did turn in that direction, but then they crossed the street diagonally and still within Maureen's sight they sat down on the low stone wall that ran around the old cemetery and flower plot called Pioneer Park.

Why should they feel a need to sit down, after sitting in the dining room for what must have been at least an hour? They didn't talk, or look at each other, but seemed united, as if taking a rest in the midst of hard shared labors.

Lawyer Stephens, when in a reminiscing mood, would talk about how people used to rest on that wall. Farm women, who had to walk into town, to sell chickens or butter. Country girls on their way to high school, before there was any such thing as a school bus. They would stop and hide their galoshes and retrieve them on the way home.

At other times he had no patience with reminiscing.

"Olden times. Who wants 'em back?"

Now Evelyn took out some pins and carefully lifted off her hat. So that was it—her hat was hurting her. She set it in her lap, and her husband reached over. He took it away, as if anxious to take away anything that might be a burden to her. He settled it in his lap. He bent over and started to stroke it, in a comforting way. He stroked that hat made of horrible brown feathers as if he were pacifying a little scared hen.

Maureen felt a shock. She felt a shrinking in her bones.

Her husband came out of the dining room. She didn't want him to catch her looking at them. She turned around the vase of dried grasses that was on the window ledge. She said, "I thought she'd never get done talking."

He hadn't noticed. His mind was on something else.

"Come on down here," he said.

Early in their marriage Maureen's husband had mentioned to her that he and the first Mrs. Stephens gave up sleeping together after Helena, the younger child, was born. "We'd got our boy and our girl," he said, meaning there was no need to try for more. Maureen did not understand then that he might intend some similar cutoff for her. She was in love when she married him. It was true that when he first put his arm around her waist, in the office, she thought he must believe that she was headed for the wrong door—but this was a conclusion she came to because of his propriety, not because she hadn't longed to feel his arm there. People who thought she was making an advantageous, though kindly, marriage would have been amazed at how happy she was on her honeymoon—and that was in spite of having to learn to play bridge. She knew his power—the way he used it and the way he held it back. He was attractive to her—never mind his age, ungainliness, the nicotine stains on his teeth and fingers. His skin was warm. A couple of years into the marriage she miscarried, and bled so heavily that she was given a hysterectomy. After that the intimate part of her life with her husband came to an end. It seemed that he had been mostly obliging her, because he felt that it was wrong to deny a woman the chance to have a child.

Sometimes she would pester him a little and he would say, "Now, Maureen. What's all this about?" Or else he would tell her to grow up. "Grow up" was an injunction that he had picked up from his own children, and had continued to use long after they had dropped it—in fact, long after they had moved away from home.

His saying that humiliated her, and her eyes would fill with tears. He was a man who detested tears above all things.

And now, she thought, wouldn't it be a relief to have that state of affairs back again! For her husband's appetite had returned—or an entirely new appetite had developed. There was nothing now of the rather clumsy ceremony, the formal fondness, of their early times together. Now his eyes would cloud over and his face would seem weighed down. He would speak to her in a curt and menacing way and sometimes push and prod her, even trying to jam his fingers into her from behind. She did not need any of that to make her hurry—she was anxious to get him into the bedroom as soon as possible, afraid that he might misbehave elsewhere. His old office had been made into a downstairs bedroom with a bathroom adjoining it, so he

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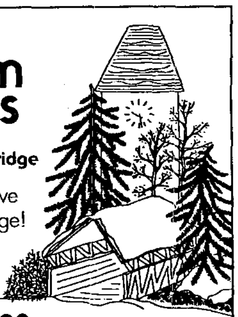

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would not have to climb the stairs. At least that room had a lock, so Frances could not burst in. But the phone might ring, she might have to come looking for them. She might stand outside the door and then she would have to hear the noises—Lawyer Stephens' panting and grunting and bullying, the hiss of disgust with which he would order Maureen to do this or that, his pounding of her right at the end and the command he let out then, a command that perhaps would be incoherent to anybody but Maureen but that would still speak eloquently, like lavatory noises, of his extremity.

"Ta' dirty! Ta' dirty!"

This came from a man who had once shut Helena in her room for calling her brother a shitty bastard.

Maureen knew enough words, but it was difficult for her in her shaken state to call up just which ones might suit, and to utter them in a tone that would be convincing. She did try. She wanted above all else to help him along.

Afterward he fell into the brief sleep that seemed to erase the episode from his memory. Maureen escaped to the bathroom. She did the first cleanup there and then hurried upstairs to replace some clothing. Often at these times she had to hang on to the bannisters, she felt so hollow and feeble. And she had to keep her mouth closed not on any howls of protest but on a long, sickening whimper of complaint that would have made her sound like a beaten dog.

Today she managed better than usual. She was able to look into the bathroom mirror, and move her eyebrows, her lips, and her jaws around, to bring her expression back to normal. So much for that, she seemed to be saying. Even while it was going on she had been able to think of other things. She had thought about making a custard, she thought about whether they had enough milk and eggs. And right through her husband's rampage she thought of the fingers moving in the feathers, the wife's hand laid on top of the husband's, pressing down.

So of Heather Bell we will sing our
song,
As we will till our day is done.
In the forest green she was taken from
the scene,
Though her life had barely begun.

"There is a poem already made up and written down," Frances said. "I have got it here, typed."

"I thought I'd make a custard," said Maureen.

How much had Frances heard of what Evelyn Hubbert had said? Everything, probably. She sounded breathless with the effort of keeping all that in. She held up the typed lines in front of Maureen's face and Maureen said, "It's too long, I don't have time." She started to separate the eggs.

"It's good," Frances said. "It's good enough to be put to music."

She read it through aloud. Maureen said, "I have to concentrate."

"So I guess I got my marching orders," said Frances, and went to do the sunroom.

Then Maureen had the peace of the kitchen—the old white tiles and high, yellowed walls, the bowls and pots and implements familiar and comforting to her, as probably to her predecessor.

WHAT Mary Johnstone told the girls in her talk was always more or less the same thing, and most of them knew what to expect. They could even make prepared faces at each other. She told them how Jesus had come and talked to her when she was in the iron lung. She did not mean in a dream, she said, or in a vision, or when she was delirious. She meant that He came and she recognized Him but didn't think anything was strange about it. She recognized Him at once, though He was dressed like a doctor, in a white coat. She thought, Well, that's reasonable—otherwise they wouldn't let Him in here. That was how she took it. Lying there in the iron lung, she was sensible and stupid at once, as you are when something like that hits you. (She meant Jesus, not the polio.) Jesus said, "You've got to get back up to bat, Mary." That was all. She was a good softball player, and He used language that He knew she would understand. Then He went away. And she hugged on to Life, the way He had told her to.

There was more to follow, about the uniqueness and specialness of each of their lives and their bodies, which led of course into what Mary Johnstone called "plain talk" about boys and urges. (This was where they did the faces—they were too abashed when she was going on about Jesus.) And about liquor and cigarettes and how one thing can lead to another. They thought she was crazy—and she couldn't even tell that they had smoked themselves half sick last night. They reeked, and she never mentioned it.

So she was—crazy. But everybody let her talk about Jesus in the hospital because they thought she was entitled to believe that.

But suppose you did see something? Not along the line of Jesus, but something? Maureen has had that happen. Sometimes when she is just going to sleep but not quite asleep, not dreaming yet, she has caught something. Or even in the daytime, during what she thinks of as her normal life. She might catch herself sitting on stone steps eating cherries and watching a man coming up the steps carrying a parcel. She has never seen those steps or that man, but for an instant they seem to be part of another life that she is leading, a life just as long and complicated and strange and dull as this one. And she isn't surprised. It's just a fluke, a speedily corrected error, that she knows about both lives at the same time. It seemed so ordinary, she thinks afterward. The cherries. The parcel.

What she sees now isn't in any life of her own. She sees one of those thick-fingered hands that pressed into her tablecloth and that had worked among the feathers, and it is pressed down, unresistingly but by somebody else's will—it is pressed down on the open burner of some kind of stove where she is stirring the custard in the double boiler, and held there just for a second or two, just long enough to scorch the flesh on the red coil, to scorch but not to maim. In silence this is done, and by agreement—a brief and barbaric and necessary act. So it seems. The punished hand dark as a glove or a hand's shadow, the fingers spread. Still in the same clothes. The cream-colored sleeve, the dull blue.

MAUREEN hears her husband moving around in the front hall, so she turns off the heat and lays down the spoon and goes in to him. He has tidied himself up. He is ready to go out. She knows without asking where he is going. Down to the police office, to find out what has been reported, what is being done.

"Maybe I should drive you," she says. "It's hot out."

He shakes his head, he mutters.

"Or I could walk along with you."

No. He is going on a serious errand, and it would diminish him to be accompanied or transported by a wife.

She opens the front door for him and he says, "Thank you," in his stiff, quaintly repentant way. As he goes past he bends and purses his lips at the air close to her cheek.

They've gone, there's nobody sitting on the wall now.

HEATHER BELL will not be found. No body, no trace. She has blown away like ashes. Her displayed photograph will fade in public places. Its tight-lipped smile, bitten in at one corner as if suppressing a disrespectful laugh, will seem to be connected with her disappearance rather than with her mockery of the school photographer. There will always be a tiny suggestion, in that, of her own free will.

Mr. Siddicup will not be any help. He will alternate between bewilderment and tantrums. They will not find anything when they search his house, unless you count those old underclothes of his wife's, and when they dig up his garden the only bones they will find will be old bones that dogs have buried. Many people will continue to believe that he did something or saw something. *He had something to do with it.* When he is committed to the Provincial Asylum, later renamed the Mental Health Centre, there will be letters in the local paper about Preventive Custody, and locking the stable door after the horse is stolen.

There will also be letters to the newspaper from Mary Johnstone, explaining why she behaved as she did, why in all good sense and good faith she behaved as she did that Sunday. Finally the editor will have to let her know that Heather Bell is old news, and not the only thing the town wants to be known for, and if the hikes are to come to an end, it won't be the worst thing in the world, and the story can't be rehashed forever.

Maureen is a young woman yet, though she doesn't think so, and she has life ahead of her. First a death—that will come soon—then another marriage, an ordinary share of happiness, new towns and houses. In kitchens hundreds and thousands of miles away she'll watch the soft skin form on the back of a wooden spoon and her memory will twitch, but it will not quite reveal to her this moment, when she seems to be looking into an open secret, something not startling until you think of trying to tell it. ♦

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THE CRITICS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

HORRORS

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

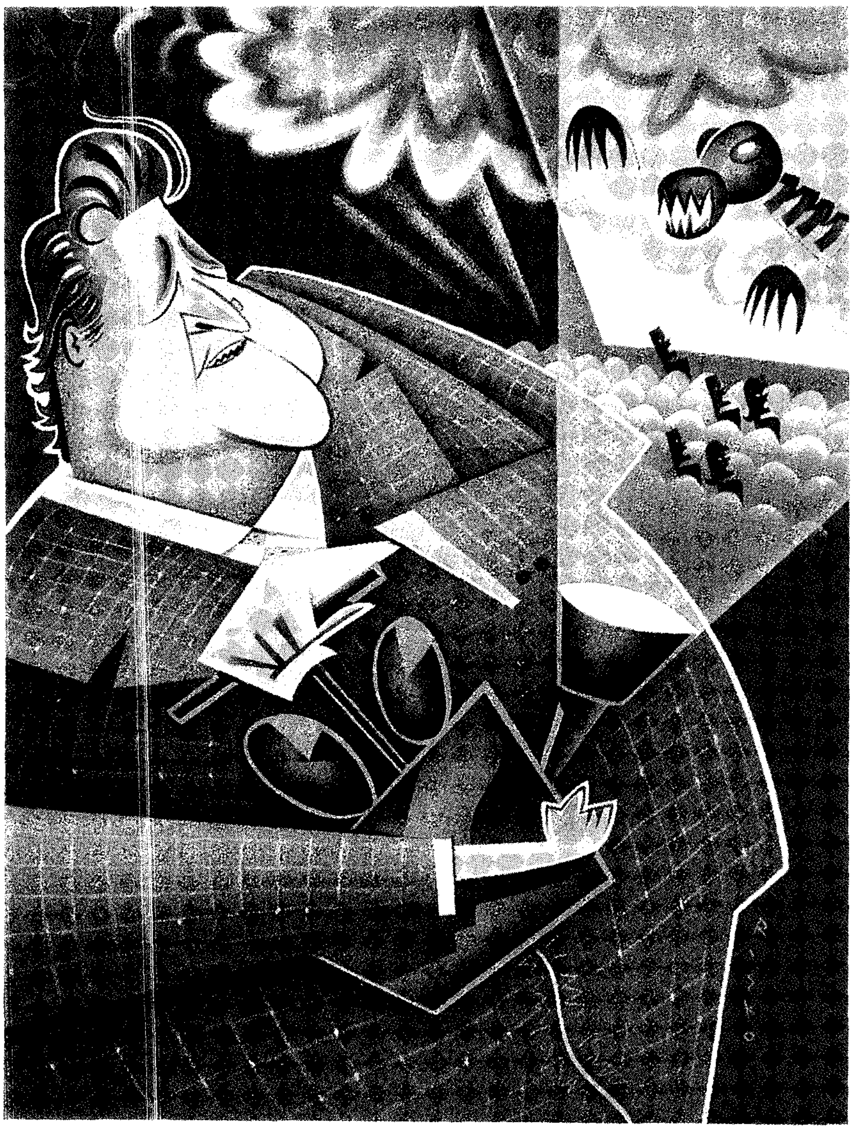
JOE DANTE'S "Matinee" is a big-budget comedy about the joys of low-budget monster movies, and it's not quite cheesy enough to do justice to its subject. It's a memorabilia show, a collection of Kennedy-era pop artifacts preserved in glass cases. The action takes place during the Cuban missile crisis, in October, 1962; the setting is Key West, whose naval base is supplying ships for the blockade. The adults in town rush around in a panic, preparing their bomb shelters and storming the supermarkets for emergency provisions. If the kids of Key West seem a little less worried than their elders about the prospect of nuclear war, it's perhaps because they have other important matters on their mind—notably, the imminent première of "Mant," a mutant-on-the-rampage epic about a creature who is "half man, half ant—all terror!" The trailer for "Mant" (which is the opening sequence of "Matinee") follows an image of an atomic-bomb explosion with a solemn, absurdly perfunctory "scientific" lecture by the film's producer, Lawrence Woolsey (John Goodman). The trailer also supplies a few clips of terrifying "Mant" action—a curvy brunette bends over to pick up the phone, and a giant ant gooses her—and advertises its brand-new sensation-enhancing processes, Atomo-Vision and Rumble-Rama. The kids in the audience are psyched, and the missile scare dampens their enthusiasm only slightly. The attitude of the teen-age hero, Gene (Simon Fenton), is typical: if the world doesn't end before next Saturday afternoon, he's there.

The script, by Charlie Haas, suggests, in fact, that the youngsters' craving for scary movies is actually intensified by the threat of real-life horror. "Matinee" makes explicit the connection between Cold War nuclear anxiety and the popularity in the fifties and early sixties of apocalyptic science-fiction pictures. Haas and Dante seem to argue that the controlled, communal screamfests of horror matinées provide a safe outlet for fears that would otherwise be insupportable, annihilating. Woolsey arrives in Key West a few days before the première to beat the drums for his picture and to help the theatre manager rig all the offscreen gimmickry: the rumbling effects, the smoke that will pour from the air-conditioning vents, the buzzers under the seats, the ant legs stretching from the top of the marquee to the sidewalk. He also befriends Gene, and bestows on his avid fan the accumulated wisdom of his trade, including his speculations on the primitive appeal of horror art: the movie treats him not merely as "The Screen's No. 1 Shock Expert" (the title trumpeted by his ad material) but as a philosopher-king of schlock.

Getting misty-eyed about the pop-culture thrills of youth is, of course, a favorite occupation of the baby-boom generation. There's no denying that many moviegoers—and moviemakers—of my generation got hooked on film through exuberant trash like "Mant." Watching William Castle's "The Tingler"—the original seat-buzzer movie—in a theatre full of crazed and unruly peers was for most of us a far more stimulating experience than sitting through, say, "Judgment at Nuremberg" with a pensive parent on either side. But nostalgia for cultural innocence is a pretty thin emotion to base a feature film on. Finding the coonskin cap and the Beatle boots in the closet might put a smile on your face for five minutes—but not for an hour and a half. After the berserkly funny "Mant" trailer, "Matinee" soon settles into the gentle, amiable tone of a "Wonder Years" episode. The picture rarely reaches the manic heights of Dante and Haas's previous collaboration, "Gremlins 2: The New Batch" (1990), whose comic invention had no redeeming social value, no sentimentality, and no variation in intensity: it hit the ground running and never stopped to catch its breath. By the time "Matinee" gets to its climactic sequence, the "Mant" première, our sense of anticipation isn't what it should be. Like the B-movie veteran he is, Dante (who learned his craft making horror movies and wet-T-shirt comedies for Roger Corman) has always seemed more comfortable with shock sequences and wild comic set pieces than with character development or narrative construction or thematic consistency. He's happiest when he's making the theatre rumble, forcing us to shake (with fear or laughter) in our seats. In "Matinee" the lulls between jolts are just too long.

And when the big sequence finally arrives, it feels, for all its ingenuity, a little secondhand: it doesn't equal the inspired lunacy of the scene in the original "Gremlins" (also directed by Dante) in which the monsters run amok at a showing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Everything about "Matinee" has a slightly worn, almost-as-good-as-new quality. Goodman does his usual shtick with his usual skill and beefy charm, and dark-voiced Cathy Moriarty, as Woolsey's mistress and leading lady, contributes what is essentially a toned-down version of her bizarre comic turn in "Soapdish." The picture has its moments—especially in the extended scenes from "Mant," which are every bit as hilarious as the snippets in the trailer. And it's never really bad; it's just disappointingly tame and familiar. That's a feeling most of us will remember from our youthful moviegoing, too: entering the theatre hoping for something spectacular and then filing out knowing that what we'd seen wasn't earthshaking at all. Exploitation filmmakers like William Castle—who really did barnstorm movie theatres, pulling in audiences like a carnival barker—put at least as much energy and imagination into hyping their movies as they did into making them; and the promotional stunts were often more entertaining than the products themselves.

"Matinee" tries to make us feel nostalgic about every aspect of American life in 1962: it seems to encourage us to mourn the passing not only of crude apocalyptic monster movies but of the very threat of nuclear apocalypse. (The peaceful resolution of the missile crisis here feels anticlimactic: great dramatic buildup, no payoff.) The only thing the movie shows us that seems like a real, irrevocable loss is Woolsey's homemade marketing technique, which is so crass and so nakedly silly that it's utterly winning. It reminds us of a time before publicity put on the sophisticated disguise of "entertainment coverage" in newspapers, magazines, and TV, before the appearance of the monster that might be called Nype: half news, half hype—all terror. Pop culture was a lot more fun when the product was cheap and disposable and the salesmen lugged it door to door. There was a kind of social contract between the huckster and the buyer. You knew, even if you were ten years old, that you were being sold a piece of junk, but getting suckered by resourceful, no-bones-about-it entrepreneurs like Castle was too good a game to be left out of. Although Dante and Haas try hard to evoke the circus atmosphere of early-sixties exploitation filmmaking, and their affection is obvious, the corporate entertainment culture their picture comes out of gives the whole enterprise a suspiciously smooth gloss. After the mild pleasures of "Matinee," you leave the theatre without the sensation that anything has happened to you. You don't feel thrilled, you don't feel cheated, and you don't even feel as if there were something stuck to the soles of your shoes.



John Goodman plays a philosopher-king of schlock in "Matinee."

ROBERT RISKO

It's tempting to imagine how William Castle might have promoted a movie like Kenneth Branagh's "Peter's Friends," which opened in a few cities around Christmas and is slowly seeping into theatres throughout the country. The picture, written by Martin Bergman and Rita Rudner, is a British knockoff of "The Big Chill," and it's even more chilling than its glib American counterpart. Peter (Stephen Fry) and his friends are thirtyish college pals who have gathered, along with their significant others, for a New Year's party at a huge country manor that Peter has recently inherited. The assembled guests are all witty (but somehow dissatisfied) media professionals: a screenwriter (Branagh) and his American wife (Rudner), who stars in the sitcom he writes; a London-based book editor (Emma Thompson); a stage costume designer (Alphonsia Emmanuel) and her actor boyfriend (Tony Slattery); and a husband-and-wife songwriting team (Hugh Laurie and Imelda Staunton). Only Peter hasn't made any kind of mark in the world, but he's witty, too.

The picture is meant to be both funny and dramatic: the characters take turns flinging home truths and barbed one-liners at one another, and we're supposed to cry and laugh and reflect on our own bright (but somehow blasted) lives. But "Peter's Friends" plays like a horror movie. The old house feels haunted by the hostile spirits of the eighties: its rooms are clammy with cleverness, and bons mots delivered in posh accents echo through the corridors. You cower in your seat, steeling yourself against the next grisly bit of repartee; words pop out of these people's mouths with unholy ferocity, like the sharp-toothed creature that burst out of John Hurt's belly in "Alien." The world of "Peter's Friends" is one that, as a result of some unspeakable catastrophe, has been overrun by arrogant, self-absorbed poseurs. Castle would have called it "Day of the Pseuds," and filmed it in Twit-o-Vision. ♦

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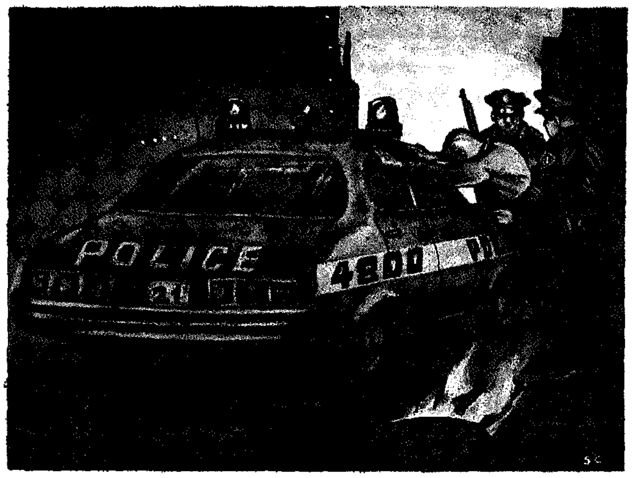
ON TELEVISION

CAR 54, WHERE ARE YOU?

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

No TV series travels as light as "Cops" yet delivers such a powerful load. Its premise couldn't be more matter-of-fact. Each week on "Cops," now in its fifth season on Fox, a hand-held camera rides sidekick in a squad car as it makes its rounds. There are no actors, no scripts, little sense of locale, few scraps of idle chat. Wearing their best game faces, the patrol officers (all 100% beef) sound like instruction manuals as they begin their shifts and offer a few words of orientation. This semblance of normality doesn't last. These aren't ordinary donut runs we're on. To the staccato jabber of walkie-talkies, we're thrown into the thick of hostage dramas, drive-by shootings, domestic disputes ("Drop the knife, Ma'am"), burglaries in progress, drug buys gone bad, tottering hookers exposing their titties to passing motorists, wounded bodies, dead bodies: America After Dark, crowned with red flashing lights. Nothing seems secure. Before long, we insert ourselves in a cop's wary eye and walk. Even a routine inspection of a driver's registration can whip out of control. In its action mode, "Cops" has the thinly sketched scurry of a B-movie melodrama. Only these are real people taking the hits, real children crying.



SUE COE

Camera crews have crammed into squad cars before. Frederick Wiseman's film "Law and Order" was a stress test of the Kansas City police force. Alan and Susan Raymond's "The Police Tapes" took a similar reading of the Newark force. Both documentaries occupied isolated pockets of anger and hate. "Cops" shows how those pockets have multiplied. Originating in Broward County, Florida, a cheap slice of "Miami Vice," "Cops" has since paid visits to most of America's leading hellholes. Despite the familiar signposts of 7-Elevens, McDonald's golden arches, church steeples, mini-malls, and baseball diamonds, America on "Cops" seems an alien country, a warped copy of itself. The living rooms the cops enter look like crash sites. The back yards look like dump sites. America's libido for the ugly, which H. L. Mencken observed, has become a destructive orgy. If President Clinton really wants to study the country's urban siege mentality (which has spread to the suburbs, and even into some rural communities), he could do worse than to watch "Cops." As an ongoing sociology lesson, it's worth a dozen blue-ribbon commissions.

Visually, "Cops" verifies the link between alcohol and violence established in the literature on criminal behavior. "A third of young criminals say they acted while drunk," a recent article in *U.S. News & World Report* notes. "Acted stupid" is more like it. In an almost festively ratty segment, "Cops" put its camera inside a San Diego drunk tank, where one man wrapped toilet paper around his body and set it on fire in order to obtain painkillers. Upping the ante on this kamikaze quest for kicks is the easy access to guns. Many Americans, on the evidence of these shows, seem determined to die half crocked and fully cocked. In a "Cops" episode made in Colorado, police responded to a report of a teen-ager waving a chrome .22 on a basketball court;

a search of a robbery suspect's apartment revealed a gun hanging on the wall; a gang member protested his innocence by saying, "I got enough bullet holes in me now." It's as if the macho men of America had taken their cue from Sean Penn's psychopathic sergeant in "Casualties of War," whose idea of democracy was that anybody could blow away anybody else anytime. When "Cops" ventured overseas, following law enforcers in London and Moscow, the air wasn't nearly as heavily charged with fear. It was the absence of guns that made the difference. The police didn't have to swarm each apartment as if it were a sniper's nest.

What keeps "Cops" from being a monotonous downer—one long obit—is its grace notes. Included throughout the series are examples of personal courage and professional teamwork in the police units, tense face-offs defused, civilians offering help, the satisfying click of a case being solved. And there's always the stifled-giggle titillation of seeing people get arrested—singled out for misbehaving. It takes you back to childhood, when a classmate's being summoned to the principal's office would provoke a chorus of "Dragnet" 's *dum-de-dum-dum.*

My all-time favorite "Cops" bust, if there should even be such a category, came when police were called to collar a huge naked black man during a robbery attempt. How he came to be naked no one knew. Was he naked when he arrived, or did he decide to get comfortable at the scene of the crime? Subduing him became an epic tussle, with four or five cops trying to cuff the wild man (his genitals obscured by an editing device), and everybody bouncing off the floor and walls. When he was finally slammed to the floor, he stared straight at the camera and hollered, "Put my face in the papers!" It was as if an inmate had escaped from the collective unconscious—a taboo figure, the Naked Black Man with the Mad Grin. He tore a hole in reality, then returned, laughing, to the realm of the repressed, a reminder that race is still the joker card at the bottom of the deck. His arrest was practically a piece of performance art, the tragedy of slavery replayed as farce.

The success of "Cops" has inspired a raft of imitations and parodies. Its paw prints are all over NBC's "Homicide," which the network premièred in the time slot immediately following the Super Bowl, not only to bag a big audience but to create some much needed critical buzz after David Letterman's defection. Based on the nonfiction book by David Simon, "Homicide" was shot on location in Baltimore—with hand-held cameras, to achieve that special "Cops" shake. The series tracks the efforts of the homicide unit to keep pace with the rising tide of unsolved murders on the books. "Murder is a growth product," one of the detectives says. And solving them has become a numbers game—there's such a backlog that no one can afford to lavish time on a difficult case. The line of corpses has to keep moving. The swamped detectives develop the cynical shell and black humor of the medics in "M*A*S*H." The series is produced by Barry Levinson, a Baltimore native, who also directed the opening installment.

He didn't do himself any favors. The director of such sweetheart entertainments as "Diner," "Avalon," "Rain Man," and "The Natural," not to mention the runaway fantasy "Toys," Levinson is hardly a nitty-gritty, raw-goods guy. He tries to ape the streets, swinging his camera like a lead pipe, utilizing Godardian jump cuts, lingering over corpses, but his nasal passages remain clean of corruption. What's missing is the low-calibre dedication that the movie director Don Siegel brought to toughies like "The Lineup" and "Riot in Cell Block 11." Levinson's sense of higher calling goes against the show's cinéma-vérité grain, as does Paul Attanasio's clickety dialogue, which sounds like digitalized David Mamet. The one survivor of the show's fake funk is Richard Belzer, who looks like a chewed pencil. An insult comic who's an inside legend in show business (the Lou Reed of one-liners), Belzer uses his skinny nerve to keep the rest of the cast a step behind, sandbagging sincere troupers like Ned Beatty and Yaphet Kotto. It's a cheesy performance that at least fits the context. Everyone else is busy lying low, pretending not to be an actor. It's the squareness of "Cops" that gives it authority. Against such credentials, the Hollywood hipness of "Homicide" can barely hold the screen. ◆

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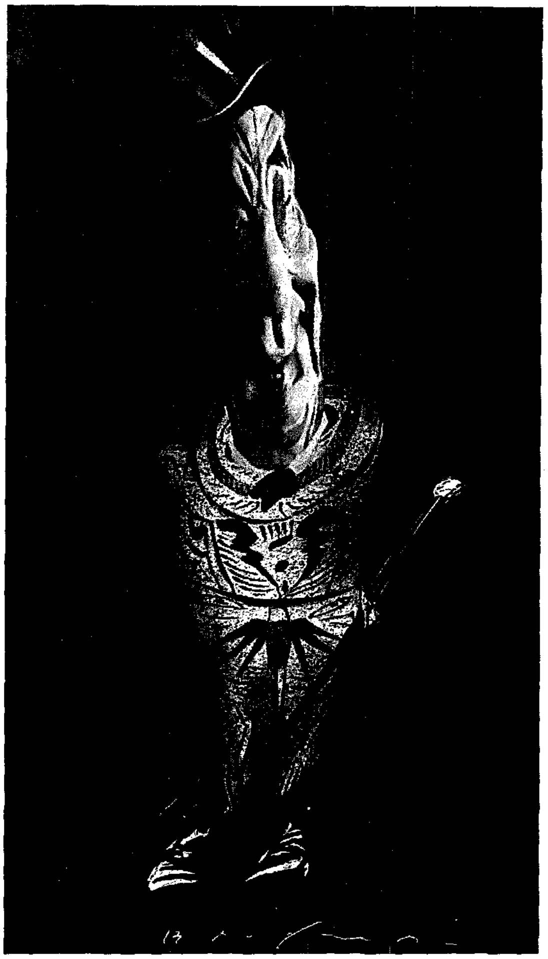
BOOKS

MORE AND LESS TRUE CONFESSIONS

BY CALVIN TOMKINS



Thomas Hoving: the most brilliant museum director of his time—in spite of himself.

STEVE BRODNER

AFTER ten fractious years as director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Thomas P. F. Hoving found a new career as a magazine editor and a writer of popular fiction. Only two of the five books he has published since 1977 are novels, to be sure, but his nonfiction works ("Tutankamun: The Untold Story," "King of the Confessors"), based largely on his experiences at the Metropolitan, read like novels of the sort that are sold at airport newsstands: they are fast-moving narratives, with plenty of snappy dialogue, intricate plotting, and a wealth of insider gossip about the currently fashionable world of big-time museum politics and personalities—many of whom have complained subsequently that the author played fast and loose with the truth in writing about them. "Making the Mummies Dance" (Simon & Schuster; $25), Hoving's latest literary exercise, presents itself as a personal memoir of his years as director of the Met. Like its predecessors, it is a skillful piece of work, highly readable and very entertaining in its irreverent treatment of some rather well-known millionaires and captains of industry, but it also raises, in a somewhat more poignant form than his earlier books, the Hoving credibility problem. Deconstructionist art historians may be able to separate fact from fiction in this zippy chronicle, but how on earth are any other readers going to tell the two apart, especially when the author himself is so clearly unwilling to do so? There he is on the book jacket (seven times, in fact), lean and saturnine, mugging for the camera—the black-tie standup comedian of the museum world. The message seems to be that this man does not expect to be taken seriously, or even to be believed. But the real surprise is that Hoving comes off, in his book, so much worse than everybody else.

"I realized that I wanted to be accepted into the prestige and power of the Metropolitan far more than I really cared about the institution or its needs," he tells us on page 35, in describing how the trustees came to offer him the director's job.

"I'm a very hard, driving, and cold man," he announces a little later on. "I'm bursting with ambition."

In discussing his frequent toadying to rich collectors, he informs us, "With Charles and Jayne Wrightsman, I went beyond toadyism—I was a courtier in their throne room."

Hoving's confessions are offset by the most egregious braggadocio. After mailing what he is certain will be a winning bid for a medieval brass lectern from Oscott College, in England, Hoving tells

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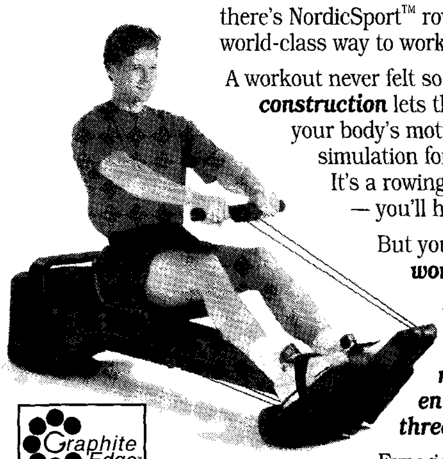
us, he "felt secure in the knowledge that I had—once again—pulled off a major collecting coup." On the verge of nailing down the Robert Lehman collection for the Met, he exults, "What a moment in the history of the museum—and I had done it! This would make everything Rorimer"—Hoving's predecessor as director—"had done seem insignificant." Whether running himself down or puffing himself up, Hoving defines himself as a thoroughly unlikable character, and this is one of his stranger fictions, for, in the years of his Metropolitan ascendency (1967-77), Hoving was dazzlingly attractive. He got his way so often, and achieved so much, because so many people—trustees, donors, even curators—fell under his spell.

What Hoving achieved is not readily apparent in this book. "The most sweeping revolution in the history of art museums," as he modestly refers to it, gets buried in the welter of anecdotes, self-promotions, self-denigrations, and mean-spirited comments on nearly everyone he worked with or fought against during those tumultuous years, but the fact remains that Hoving did preside over a vast renovation and expansion of the country's greatest museum. The master plan that he pushed through, against fervent opposition in certain quarters, more than doubled the Met's size, and his much publicized special loan exhibitions doubled its attendance figures. Under his erratic and often abrasive leadership, moreover, curatorial salaries increased substantially, and the level of professional appointments went way up. Although he got himself and the museum into a lot of unnecessary hot water by "deaccessioning" some important pictures and then making misleading statements about it to the press, Hoving's aggressive acquisitions policy brought in an amazing number of notable gifts and purchases—from Velázquez's "Juan de Pareja" to the magnificent (and perhaps illegally exported) Euphronios krater—and some of the donors he toadied to so effectively are still exercising their largesse in the Met's behalf. From just about any standpoint, he was the most brilliant museum director of his time, but the facile contempt he showers on friend and foe alike in this book makes you wonder how he could have accomplished anything at all.

In spite of his training as an art historian, Hoving has no historical sense. He assumes credit for "opening up" the Met



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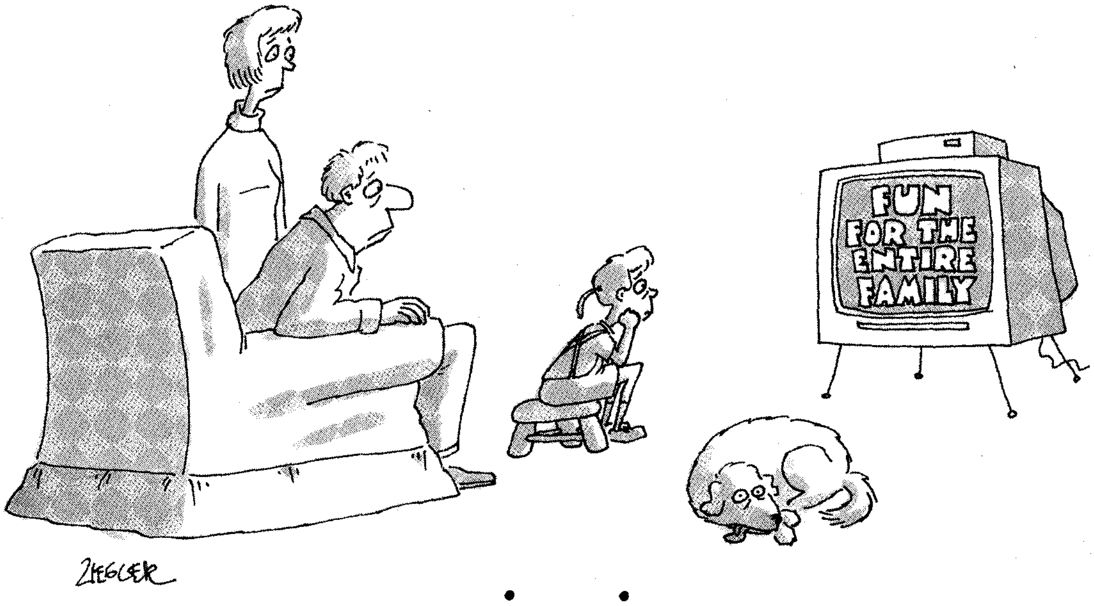


after its long first century as an élitist club, although in fact the museum's founders, in 1870, insisted that their institution's primary function was educational, and throughout its history the Met had made periodic efforts to rediscover its populist goals. Francis Henry Taylor, the Met's director from 1940 to 1955, not only espoused most of the ideas that Hoving would later adopt but also initiated many of the same programs. Arguing that a great museum was not a static treasure house but "a free and informal liberal-arts college," Taylor rethought and reënergized the education program, boosted attendance from less than a million visitors a year to more than two million, and carried out a nine-and-a-half-million-dollar renovation of ninety-five galleries and six period rooms. He also invented the blockbuster loan show, an innovation for which Hoving usually claims and receives sole credit. Largely as a result of Taylor's initiative, a number of European museums that had put their finest treasures in storage during the Second World War—or had temporarily lost them to Nazi looters—were persuaded during the immediate postwar period to let these treasures travel to the Metropolitan, the National Gallery, in Washington, and one or two other American museums, and the result was a series of unprecedented loan shows: English paintings by Hogarth, Constable, and Turner; French tapestries from museum and church collections; "Paintings from the Berlin Museums"; "Art Treasures from the Vienna Collections"; a monumental van Gogh retrospective. Hoving, to give him his due, unlocked the bonanza that made the modern blockbuster possible—a federal indemnity to take the place of prohibitively expensive commercial insurance for travelling works of art—but the precedent for a Metropolitan director as showman-impresario was set a quarter of a century before Hoving's era began.

It has been argued that Hoving's "opening up" of the Metropolitan set the precedent for all other American art museums, which dutifully followed the Met's lead by becoming community centers, tourist meccas, and show-biz-oriented business establishments, whose main focus is on attendance figures and gift-shop sales. This is certainly an overstatement, considering the accelerating interest in the visual arts which has been going on here since the nineteen-forties. The Met under Hoving responded to these stimuli with more verve, more energy, and less caution than its counterparts in other cities, and it prospered and suffered more as a result, too, but the changes were under way in any case.

In his first year as the Metropolitan's director, Hoving wrote an article about the "unforgivable silence" that surrounds works of art in museums. "The task of the Metropolitan Museum is to break through that silence and communicate—simply and conveniently—the full life of a work of art," he said. The note struck here is typically Hoving—glib, catchy, demotic, and meaningless. In spite of Hoving's revolution, quite a few people still believe that the silence around art objects is an essential aspect of their beauty and mystery, and that it can be penetrated only by the concentrated attention of an individual onlooker. This sort of attention has become virtually unthinkable, of course, in the Metropolitan and other big-time museums. The mass audience has displaced the connoisseur, as it had every right to do; the Met, after all, is a public institution, and nobody would argue (well, almost nobody) that museums should try to cut back on the number of people who visit them. Some things have been lost, nevertheless, and an ability to recognize that loss might provide a deeper sense of the museum's true "relevance" (one of Hoving's buzzwords) to contemporary life. In the same year that Hoving wrote about breaking through the "unforgivable silence," Sherman Lee, the respected director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, published an article in which he described the museum's function as a reservoir of the past for the future. "Our first responsibility is to the object, and to the person who wants to respond to it in a private way," Lee wrote. "Art is not therapy or fashion or social uplift, and a museum is not a community center." This view might sound thoroughly antiquated if it were not for the fact that a good many museums today, including the Metropolitan, are looking beyond the populist paradise and rethinking their responsibilities to the past as well as the future.

"Making the Mummies Dance," for all its wisecracking cynicism, is a sad book, because it trivializes both the subject and the author. "It's a shame, Tom is really so much better than that," Ashton Hawkins, the Metropolitan's longtime legal counsel and executive vice-president, said after reading the book. Reviewers have had a field day pointing out the errors, distortions, and apocryphal anecdotes that abound throughout the text, but one senses that for the author all that hardly matters. "I had always been able to lie convincingly without any hesitation," Hoving wrote in "King of the Confessors." He has always been, in other words, a purveyor of popular fictions, some more convincing than others. The sad thing is that a man with a gift for large enterprises should settle for such small ones. ♦

BOOKS

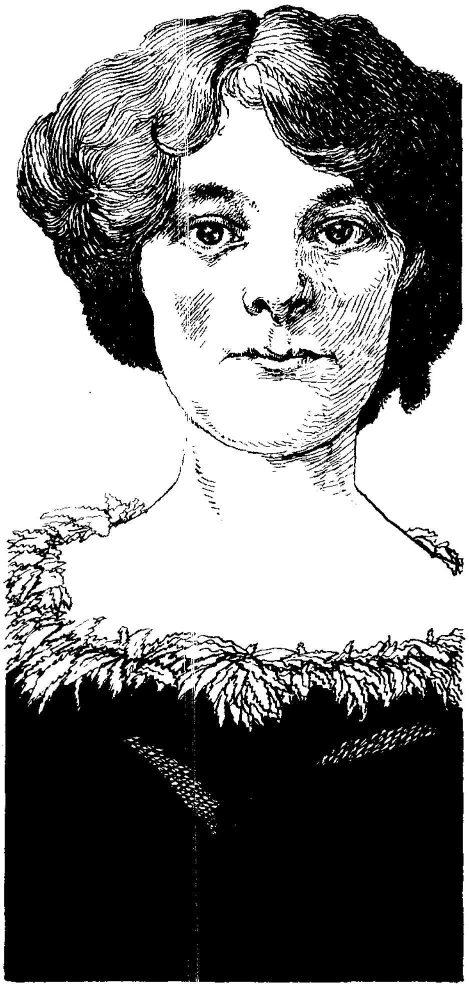
A TERRIBLE BEAUTY

BY GEORGE STEINER

We have superstars. Black-leather crooners masturbating in front of raving millions. Athletes whose earnings in a week exceed those of a common mortal's lifetime. Superstars act out holy writ: Elvis Presley rises from his tomb, Madonna is worshipped. The late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries had personalities. Superstars spring out of the strobe halo of the mass media. Their ministry is that of planetary coverage, of almost instantaneous leaps from one happening to the next. Personalities are hewn slowly out of privacies. They flourish in guardedness. Eccentricity, which is often the badge of a *persona*, of a carved style of presence, demands a center. The energies of the superstar, which can be immense and hypnotic, relate to our current narratives of pulsars and black holes. The force of a personality, which may have been slender by comparison, derives from a focussed, harmonic experience of the world. "The center cannot hold" is William Butler Yeats' best-known line of verse. He lived to see "things fall apart," but had made his life an artifact, a wrought and lustrous design, in the old and ceremonious order.

Yeats' stylishness, his self-construction, mask and all, found its match in Maud Gonne. For a woman of the eighteen-nineties and the turn of the century to achieve personality—to make her motions of spirit and of gesture emblematic—was a rare feat. A sovereign writer such as George Eliot had in a previous generation made of propriety in daily life a symbolic, challenging deed. In the Belle Epoque, when Maud Gonne blazed into view, the personae among women were often the courtesans, the spies, such as Mata Hari, and the louche bohemians, with their cigarette holders. These meteoric marginalities have their counterpart in Gonne's turbulent career. What was unique in her was the welding of two obsessions: Irish nationalism and the occult. Personalities crystallize inside themselves qualities that are for most of us erratic or transient fragments, causes indistinctly shared, bits and pieces that have flaked from some absolute granite.

"I hated nothing in the world but the British Empire which I looked on as the outward symbol of Satan in the world & where ever it came in I was to declare hatred of heresy I declared hatred of the British Empire & in this form I made my solemn Abjuration of Anglicism & declaration of hatred of England," she wrote in February, 1903. The occasion was ritual: Maude Gonne was required to renounce the Anglican Church in order to marry the appalling Major John MacBride (a



Kindred Spirit: Yeats found poetry in Maud Gonne's Celtic magic.

WOJCIECH WOLYNSKI

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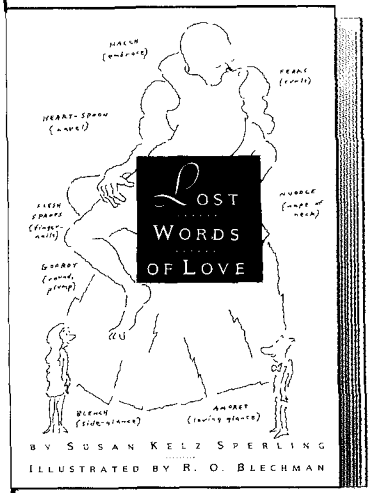

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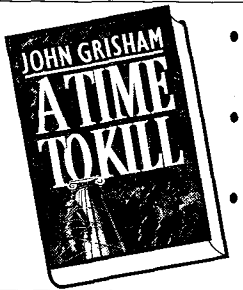

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hero of the Irish Brigade's combat against the British in the Boer War). But the idiom used in this confused, headlong letter to "My dear Willie" reaches far deeper. Symbols of Satan, heresy, abjuration stem from her immersion in the rites and addictions of the esoteric. "The Gonne-Yeats Letters 1893-1938," edited beautifully by Anna MacBride White and A. Norman Jeffares (Norton; $35), is, almost on every page, a chronicle of the occult. The letters recount spectral visitations, astrological determinants, table-rappings, and colloquies with the dead; they tell of blood trickling from holy images, of bodies materializing in mirrors, of clairvoyance in dark woods, of theosophy, of Rosicrucian mysteries and Celtic witchcraft. The sky is shot through with curious, portentous lights. Irish lakes send hermetic messages out of their elfin deeps. Incense and narcotics are tested for "vision" (the key word).

Those for whom astral emanations and ectoplasm are puerile or repellent will find much of this correspondence hard going. (I certainly did.) But it was out of this mumbo-jumbo that Yeats drew and fashioned some of the most powerful, coherent poetry in the language. More than Blake, his tutelary spirit and truest predecessor, he succeeded in making esoteric, encoded material and myths of the parapsychological into images, into movements of perception, into a music magnificently immediate to the uninitiated. The impact of his "Byzantium" poems, of his invocation of phantoms on All Souls' night, of his figuration of sages and masters of magic out of a Celtic twilight or an Oriental noon derives from alchemy. The maniacal or childish source is transformed into a current of vision and suggestion which yields poetry of the most universal reach. Stranger still, it is from the mauve flimflam and tea-leaf mendacities of the occult, of the medium's transparent parlor tricks, that Yeats hammered out verse of a marmoreal, uncannily lit, and tranquil authority. Blake's theosophic fables often remain outside the grasp of anyone but a scholar. T. S. Eliot's uses of the tarot are purely literary tricks. But the Sphinx and the Golden Rose, the "Himalayan" revelations of the notorious Mme. Blavatsky and of the murmurous readers of palms gave to Yeats' informing genius its deep structures, its upward surge into the light of intense, incisively personalized yet somehow general feelings. Specialists add to our understanding of the numerology of occult time cycles that underlie some of the most glorious poems; they explicate the horoscopes and trance techniques implicit in Yeats' bestiary—his birds and rough beast slouching toward Bethlehem. But we need not stumble into the morass of often hysterical conjuring and fancy dress to be persuaded by the presentments of desire, of anguish, of epiphany in the face of natural beauty or terror—so frequently made one in Yeats—which animate the poems and the best of the verse plays. We need not be experts in Scholasticism to be mastered by Dante, where Scholasticism and Thomist Catholicism are high constructs of human reason. The case of Yeats is far rarer: here the marked deck fans out into truth.

If anything, Maud Gonne's plunge into the occult was even deeper. (There are in Willie Yeats occasional flashes of Irish and sardonic dubiety.) Her burning soul lived by diverse directives from the stars, the departed, voices, and visitants. The harvest proved often to be one of mental tumult and private misery. But, again, a body of magnificence obtrudes. Maud Gonne's culture was piecemeal; her politics were brewed of histrionics and hatred; intellectual analysis was alien to her sensibility. But consider a letter written by her on August 26, 1914:

> This war is an inconceivable madness which has taken hold of Europe— It is unlike any other war that has ever been. It has no great idea behind it. Even the leaders hardly know why they have entered into it, & certainly the people do not. . . .
>
> If it goes on, it is race suicide for all the countries engaged in it who have conscription, only the weaklings will be left to carry on the race; & their whole intelectual & industrial life is already at a standstill. The victor will be nearly as enfeebled as the vanquished.

And one from October 1, 1915:

> I was having tea five days ago with Millevoye & his son. Today I just received a telegram from Millevoye his son is killed—& I knew it two days ago, at prayer in Passy Church I saw him dead but I did not dare say it to anyone. The horror of this war has made me strangely sensitive & clairvoyant. I feel the great battle & the thousands of souls going out before I read of it in the papers.

And November 7, 1915:

> I have been seeing, I think I have been among, masses of spirits of those who have been killed in this war, they are being marshalled & drawn together by waves of rhythmic music, it draws them into dances of strange patterns.
>
> The thousands of Irish soldiers who have been killed are being drawn together in this wild reel tune I have been hearing. They are dancing to it, some with almost frenzied intensity & enthusiasm while others seem to be drawn in unwillingly not knowing why, but the rhythm is so strong & compelling they have to dance.

The vivacity, the pressure of the prose is obvious, but what matters is the political and moral intelligence. In August, 1914, the most eminent minds in Europe, Sigmund Freud famously among them, were hailing a war that would be short and cleansing. No military commander or commentator, no economist or sociologist believed this war to be inherently different from previous hostilities between civilized nations, or in any way destined to be terminal for Europe. Maud Gonne *saw*, as if they were in her room, the hidden verity, the uncontrollable dimensions, the eerie automatism—those dancing soldiers—of the catastrophe. She saw it on the instant. Observe the uncanny fusion between her resort to the occult—that strange sensitivity and clairvoyance—and a political insight of utter lucidity. Behind these letters of 1914-15, moreover, lies an unsettling series of prophetic intimations. As early as 1898, Yeats and Maud Gonne registered images of a "blood-dimmed tide" soon to be loosed on Europe. They did so during years in which their European contemporaries basked in the complacencies of what was taken to be lasting peace, progress, and emancipation from unreason. The woman who could pronounce Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist" to be "*deadly dull*" and drearily lacking more than one vividly drawn character, a woman who was addicted to futile anarchic gestures and who made a piteous botch of her private life, manifests in these and other letters a clarity of historical-political perception that was very nearly matchless at the time. And does so out of the crucible of more or less tawdry "second sight" and the fug of burning joss sticks.

WILLIE and Maud shared Ireland and the occult, but the working bond was that of the theatre. Both were convinced that Ireland's native genius and national aspirations would find their most effective expression in drama—a conviction formidably vindicated by the successive achievements of Wilde, of Synge, of Yeats himself, of Shaw, O'Casey, and Beckett, and of Brian

Friel. It was the formation and defense of the National Theatre Society which involved them in the first decade of the century. Yeats' "Cathleen ni Houlihan" and "Deirdre" impressed Maud Gonne—herself the model for the Countess Cathleen—as the inspired paradigm for an Irish dramaturgy deep-rooted in myth, lambent in its poetic discourse, and, at the same time, fiercely apposite to the cause of liberation and national union. Together, Yeats and his "Player Queen"—the title of a play that perfectly mirrors the tragic, histrionic figure of Maud Gonne—braved incensed crowds during the 1907 riots over Synge's allegedly blasphemous "Playboy of the Western World." It was at the Abbey Theatre in 1938 that William Butler Yeats, now the crowned bard of Irish letters, made one of his very last public appearances. Both Gonne and Yeats were actors to the core, dramatis personae in garb and gesture—masters of scenic eloquence, be it in the lecture hall, the courtroom, or the parliament (Yeats became a senator of the new Ireland in 1922), or, most strikingly, in moments of intimacy, which seem to have burned with the same theatricality and music of high speech.

Historians of the theatre and of Irish cultural nationalism will find this material invaluable. What strikes the general reader is its desperate, comical Irishness. Bitter quarrels mark every step in the founding and maintenance of the Abbey and its repertoire. Committees break open in factional loathing or insinuation. Censorship gapes on the one side, public philistinism on the other. Gonne and Yeats squabble over the acting rights to "Cathleen." The local press howls, and backstage intrigue seethes. Implausibly, genius pierces through, though often at the cost of expatriation to London, Paris, or Trieste. Maud's performance of "Cathleen ni Houlihan" in April of 1902 marked, unforgettably, not only the progress of Ireland toward statehood but the history of that precarious alliance between poetry and the stage.

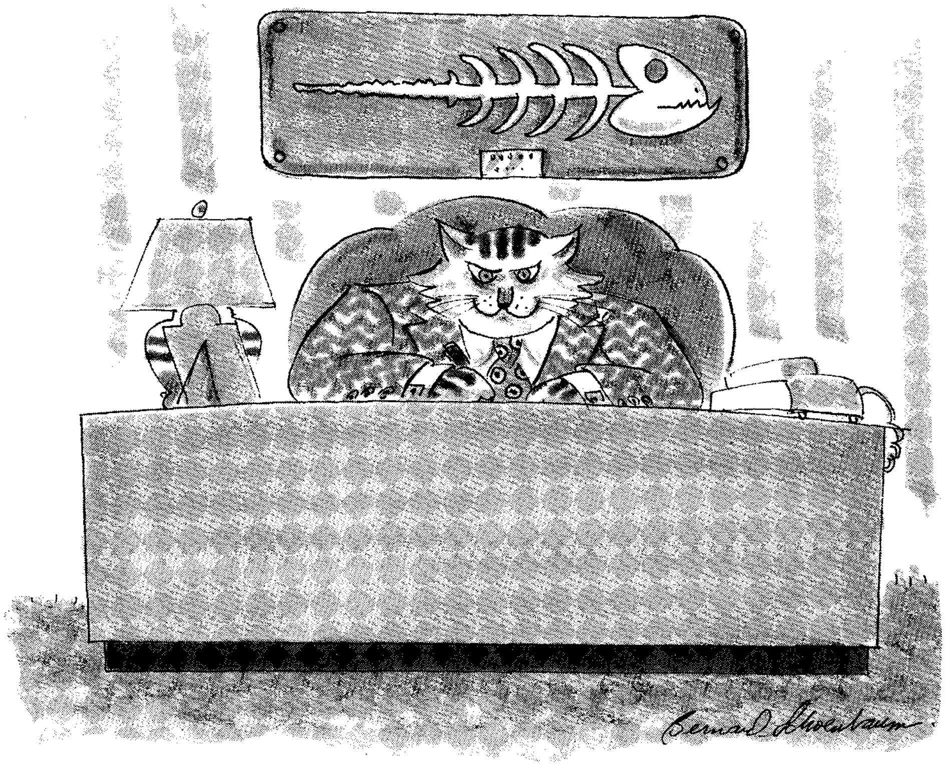
What, then, of their privacies? For a grim reason, much remains conjecture. This book publishes three hundred and seventy-two letters written by Maud Gonne and only thirty by Yeats. When Free State soldiers smashed into Gonne's house on St. Stephen's Green during the savageries of 1922-23, they made a bonfire of almost all of Maud's papers, including the Yeats letters. Inevitably, therefore, this correspondence gives only a fragmented, unbalanced glimpse of a complex tale.

Like many great artists, Yeats was often in love with love. His sexual needs appear to have become imperative in later age (hence the erotic candor and tumult of the last poems). His marriage to Georgie Hyde Lees, in 1917, may well have been one of elected domesticity. (He had considered various more or less suitable partners with somewhat lengthy and almost spinsterish dispassion.) Maud Gonne, for her part, was possessed by eros rather than sex. The drunken brutalities she suffered during her brief married life with John MacBride—the divorce proceedings in the Paris courts dragged over three sordid years—may have confirmed a certain distaste in her nature. Women drew her. The vehemence of her commitments—to Ireland, to homeless and hungry children, to the war-wounded, to prison reform, to literature and the stage—exceeded her enactment of private desire. Ecstasy came in astral visitations and paranormal dream-encounters:

> We went some where in space I dont know where—I was conscious of starlight & of hearing the sea below us. You had taken the form I think of a great serpent, but I am not quite sure . . . & your lips touched mine. We melted into one another till we formed only *one being, a being greater than ourselves* who felt all & knew all with double intensity—the clock striking 11 broke the spell & as we separated it felt as if life was being drawn away from me through my chest with almost physical pain . . . Material union is but a pale shadow compared to it.

Yeats found this final statement difficult to accept. He was exasperated by Maud's lofty insistence on the spirituality of true artistic creation, on the abstentions from sex which unleashed the supreme powers of a Michelangelo. He may have pondered uneasily her suggestion that "sex perversion may also produce strange unquiet haunting things in art—but not the greatest art." At moments in their relationship, Yeats' wishes were plainer. Yeats scholars and the editors of this volume locate the pivotal moment in December, 1908. It seems likely that Yeats and Gonne did sleep together at that moment. For Maud Gonne this consummation appears to have been less than validating. She wrote to the "Beloved" in May of 1909, "I will pray with my whole strength that suffering & temptation may be taken from you as they have from me & that we may gain spiritual union stronger than earthly union could ever be." As their intimacy became a lit shadow, Yeats wrote wonderfully of the drift apart:

We sat silent as a stone,
We knew, though she'd not said a word,



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That even the best of love must die,
And had been savagely undone
Were it not that Love upon the cry
Of a most ridiculous little bird
Tore from the clouds his marvellous moon.

This comely saga had its rather grotesque subplot. As early as 1910, Maud's beautiful, recurrently hysterical daughter, Iseult, had suggested marriage to Yeats. (Such matters do not come to pass in Manhattan only.) Yeats thought that fifteen was too young and that there was too much of Mars in her horoscope. In July, 1916, a week after being turned down once again, ritually, by Maud, Yeats asked her whether he might propose to Iseult. Again, it would be hard to keep a straight face were it not for the poetry:

O would that we had met
When I had my burning youth!
But I grow old among dreams,
A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams.

Iseult's loveliness and her tragic later life, which led to suicide, were to haunt Yeats for years to come.

Much in this ardent fable is dusty with a rhetoric no longer ours. But one arresting feature demands notice. Freud's name appears not even once in the four hundred and three pages of a correspondence alert to European sensibility and historical impulses. When sexuality takes on the form of a serpent, as in the letter I have cited, that serpent is not phallic in the elementary Freudian sense: he is the dweller in Celtic labyrinths and, possibly, the sacred snake of Delphic Apollo. When wild swans trumpet their clairvoyance and light upon naked women, they do so not in the guise of psychoanalytic codes of penetrative violence: their wingbeat is that of planetary conjunctions and Celtic legend. In short, Yeats and Gonne read the world and their own psyches by the light of mythologies as comprehensive, as charged with symbolic suggestion, as satisfying to the subconscious as those proffered by Freud. (There is one reference to Jung.) The implication may be that Freudian analysis, now in its twilight, is itself one of the masks of the esoteric. But the more immediate issue is this: it is the ancient myths of bird flight and star sheen, rather than the new tales of the id and the libido, that fuel the singer and, in a being such as Maud Gonne, trigger that free dance of the self we call personality. ♦

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Now You Know
by Michael Frayn (Viking; $21)

A QUIRKY, intricate novel, at once comic and philosophical, about Terry Little, a middle-aged British lobbyist and media star—a sort of seedy Ralph Nader—whose self-appointed mission it is to bully English government and society into complete honesty and openness. His personal life, it almost goes without saying, is a shambles of evasion and coverup. Inevitably, Terry finds himself ensnared by his own principles when an earnest, overzealous young civil servant, in love with both him and his enterprise, defects from the Home Office with some state secrets and a determination to reveal the truth about *everything*. Mr. Frayn, who is also the author of the hit play "Noises Off," has chosen to tell the story in a chorus of quarrelling voices—not just the two principals' but those of an office drudge, a ditzy Pakistani switchboard operator, a porn-addicted photocopier, and an out-of-it barrister. The result is a pleasing (if occasionally impenetrable) cacophony: the verbal equivalent of Frayn's onstage pratfalls and door-slamming.

Bone
by Fae Myenne Ng (Hyperion; $19.95)

THROUGHOUT the dark family times on Salmon Alley, Ona Leong was the "forward-looking" sister—the one who loved performing the New Year rituals, the one who wanted to live to be a "smart old goddess." But instead she jumps off the M floor of the Nam housing project in San Francisco's Chinatown, and her family is hobbled by bewilderment and grief. Their conflicting understandings of her death are private and guilt-ridden: Ona's father thinks he "stirred up the bad luck" for Ona by not sending Grandpa Leong's bones back to China for burial; Leila, the narrator, feels bad for having followed Nina's example and moved away from Salmon Alley, leaving Ona alone with their ever-feuding parents. These delicate, bitter stories circle around and around Ona's suicide, tracing both the perils of living between two worlds and the loneliness of "dealing with death in two languages."

GENERAL

Around the Cragged Hill: A Personal and Political Philosophy
by George F. Kennan (Norton; $22.95)

AMERICA'S distinguished diplomat and historian of foreign policy tells us that this volume is his response to a frequent request to elucidate the philosophical underpinnings of his political judgments. Mr. Kennan is modest and, rightly, doesn't pretend that his views on the nature of man, God, and government represent novel departures from the opinions of many educated Americans. His skeptical discussion of human rights, however, does deviate from common American opinion, not to mention the Declaration of Independence. He doesn't linger on ultimate questions, and the latter part of the book deals with his criticism of the United States today: we have, it seems, too many people, too many cars, too much television, too much junk mail, and too little respect for the Foreign Service.

Freud's Women
by Lisa Appignanesi and John Forrester (Basic Books; $30)

AN intellectually enterprising survey of the women in Freud's personal and professional life. The authors argue that although in recent decades Freud has been thought of as a domineering misogynist patriarch, he wasn't *only* a domineering misogynist patriarch. He learned from women, beginning with the patients who, when psychoanalysis was being invented, a century ago, were, in effect, collaborators—Anna O., for example, who insisted on hours of talking as a catharsis. Freud's conventional aspirations for his daughters (marriage, motherhood) yielded to his daughter Anna's desire to follow in his professional footsteps, and he gradually acquired a collection of spiritual daughters, young women who became analysts and analytic theorists. The book's concluding section scrutinizes feminists' changing attitudes toward Freudian theory: first considered liberating, it was later seen as upholding female servitude and subordination; more recently, the authors report, some feminist psychoanalysts have been working to reconcile Freud's theories with feminism's demands.

A History of Vodka
by William Pokhlebkin, translated from the Russian by Renfrey Clarke (Verso; $29.95)

THIS book had its origins in a trade dispute of the nineteen-seventies in which vodka producers outside the Soviet Union challenged Russian claims to have invented vodka, and it makes the Russian case in true Marxist-Leninist style—reasoning backward from historical "laws," and eliminating inconvenient possibilities as "historically impossible." This is a shame, because the book contains fascinating information about the development of distilling in Russia, and about the close ties between control of vodka production and control of the Russian (and later Soviet) state. The author's ukase-like tone wears rather better in his appendix on modern vodka and the proper way to drink it. Only one vodka, Moskovskaya Osobaya (nearly unobtainable here), is a true vodka, Mr. Pokhlebkin rules; Stolichnaya falls short because it adds sugar, others because they don't use rye grain, or because their water doesn't come from certain rivers near Moscow. Vodka should be taken straight, chilled, in small sips, and only with food, specifically the Russian hors d'oeuvres called *zakuski*. "Vodka is a drink for gentlemen," Mr. Pokhlebkin writes, "since only a true gentleman knows how to drink vodka while remaining totally sober."

FROM OUR PAGES

Assembling California, by John McPhee, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($21). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

AN UNSENTIMENTAL EDUCATION

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

To the Director of Admissions, St. Euthanasius School: I am writing on behalf of my godson Lawton, who is applying for admission to your pre-pre-nursery program. At only two and a half, Lawton displays a precocity remarkable for his years, and a noticeable interest in geology. Only yesterday I saw him purposefully at work in his sandbox. I asked him what he was doing, and he held up a fistful of sand and said, without hesitation, "Sand!"

BACK CURSOR DELETE

I have known Lawton literally all his life. From the very first day I met him—the day he came back from the hospital, in fact—I have been tremendously impressed by his intellectual . . . *by the fact that he didn't throw up on me.*

BACK CURSOR DELETE

Lawton, though only two and a half, has packed more into his life than many a three-year-old. Just last summer, he went to Richmond to stay with his grandparents for a week. When I asked him about his observations on the city, he told me . . . *"Rishmond! Gaaa!"* . . . that he only wished he had known it before the war.

BACK CURSOR DELETE

I am godfather to several children, but none of them, by the time they were two and a half, had exhibited quite the grasp—or depth, certainly—of spatial relationships that Lawton so manifestly does. For instance, when I gave him an engraved wooden box, he immediately understood that the lid was hinged and . . . *slammed it down on his fingers, possibly foreclosing a career as a concert pianist.*

BACK CURSOR DELETE

Among his many extraordinary qualities, Lawton, at only two and a half years old, displays a fine musical ear. His favorite afternoon activity, aside from reading . . . *chewing on books, actually* . . . is to sit on the lap of his nanny, who has, I understand, already taught him the rudiments of conversational Lithuanian, which suggests an exceptional language ability on his part, and to play some of his favorite tunes . . . *that is, pound on the piano with his fists until the dog urinates on the carpet* . . . admittedly simple ones, but with a brio that is striking in a child so young.

BACK CURSOR DELETE

Let me tell you about a special young man named Lawton.

DELETE LINE

Lawton is most definitely not your normal two-and-a-half-year-old.

DELETE LINE

What can I tell you about Lawton? That by the time he was two and a half he was already conversant with the work of Stephen Hawking?

DELETE DELETE DELETE

Lawton! Just to hear his name fills me with hope for the future of our country.

DELETE

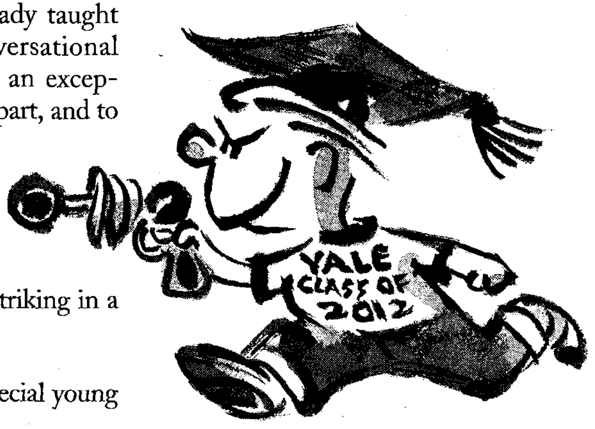
Look, what do you want from me? He's two and a half, for Chrissake. He's a toddler, an infant. A *kid.* He does what kids do: squirms, spits up on your new silk Hermès tie, sticks his fingers into electrical sockets, hits other kids, tries to set fire to the dog, swallows sharp objects, falls downstairs during dinner parties, crawls into sooty fireplaces and then across the new wall-to-wall carpet. What do you want me to say—he's got a one-man show at the Whitney? You know, schools like you give me a big fat

DELETE

SHUT DOWN

RE-START

I am delighted to be writing on behalf of my godson Lawton. Since he's only two and a half, I'm not sure what to say about him except that he seems pretty happy and normal and smart and clean. He doesn't have lice. I can't see why he shouldn't get along with the other kids in your school. His parents



DELETE

Lawton's parents, as you may already know from their application, have a combined household income of well over $400,000 p.a., with a very attractive projected earnings potential. And I am not even counting bonuses, which, if I'm not speaking here "out of school" (ha-ha), I understand from recent conversations with them should be in the 100-150K range (combined) this year. Additionally, as dedicated Episcopalians, they tithe, and I happen to know that their favorite charities are educational ones.

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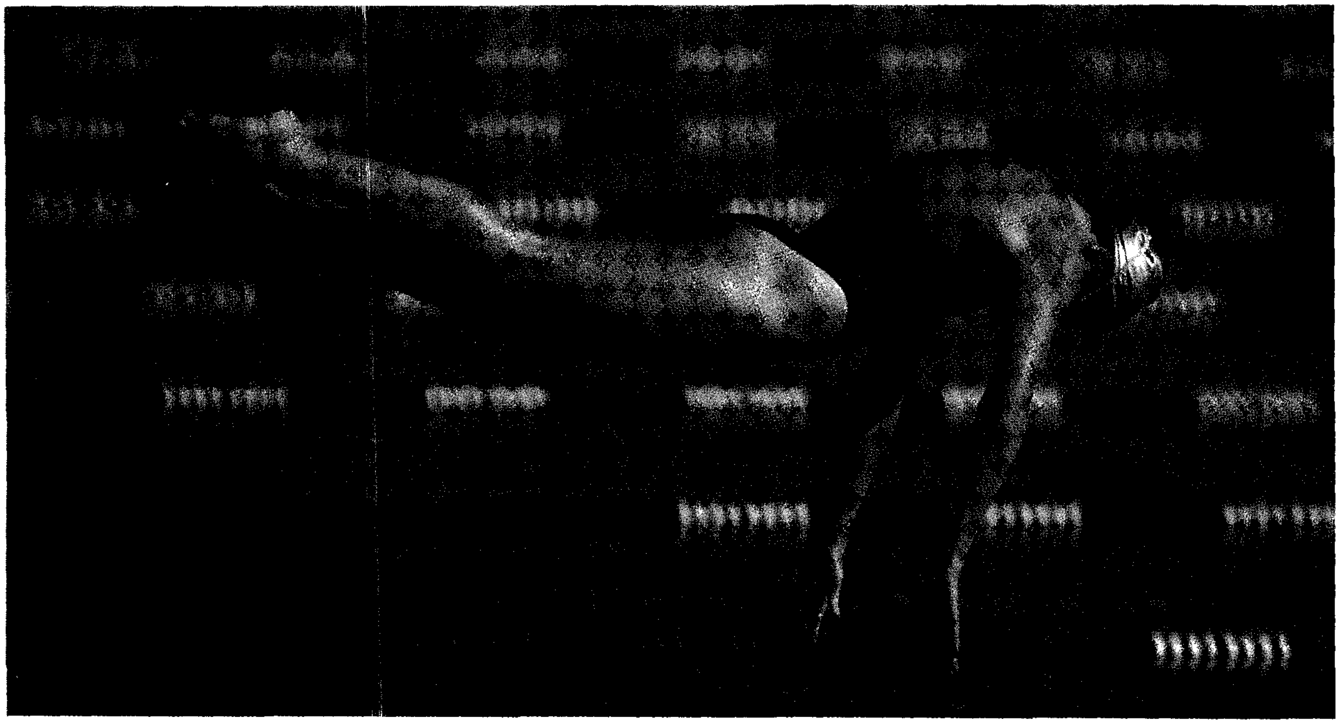

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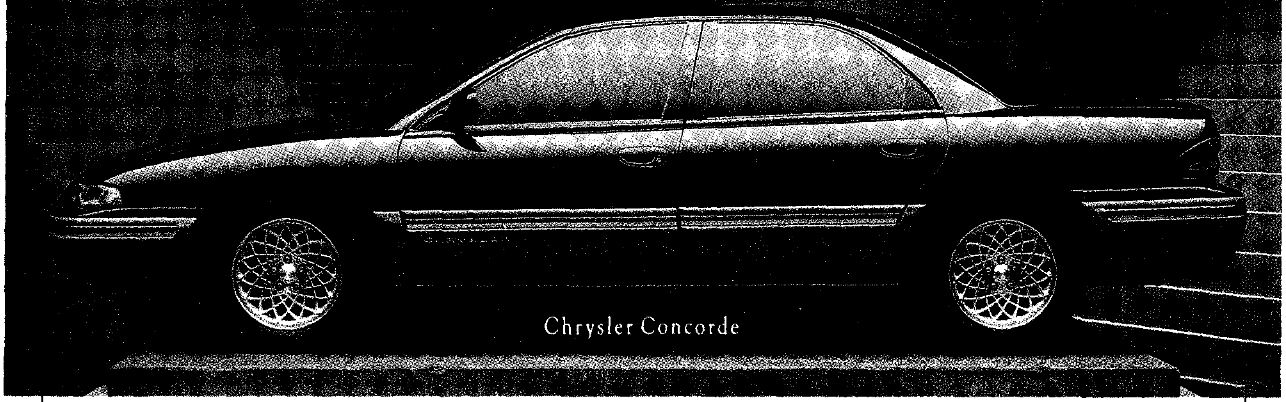

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